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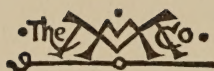
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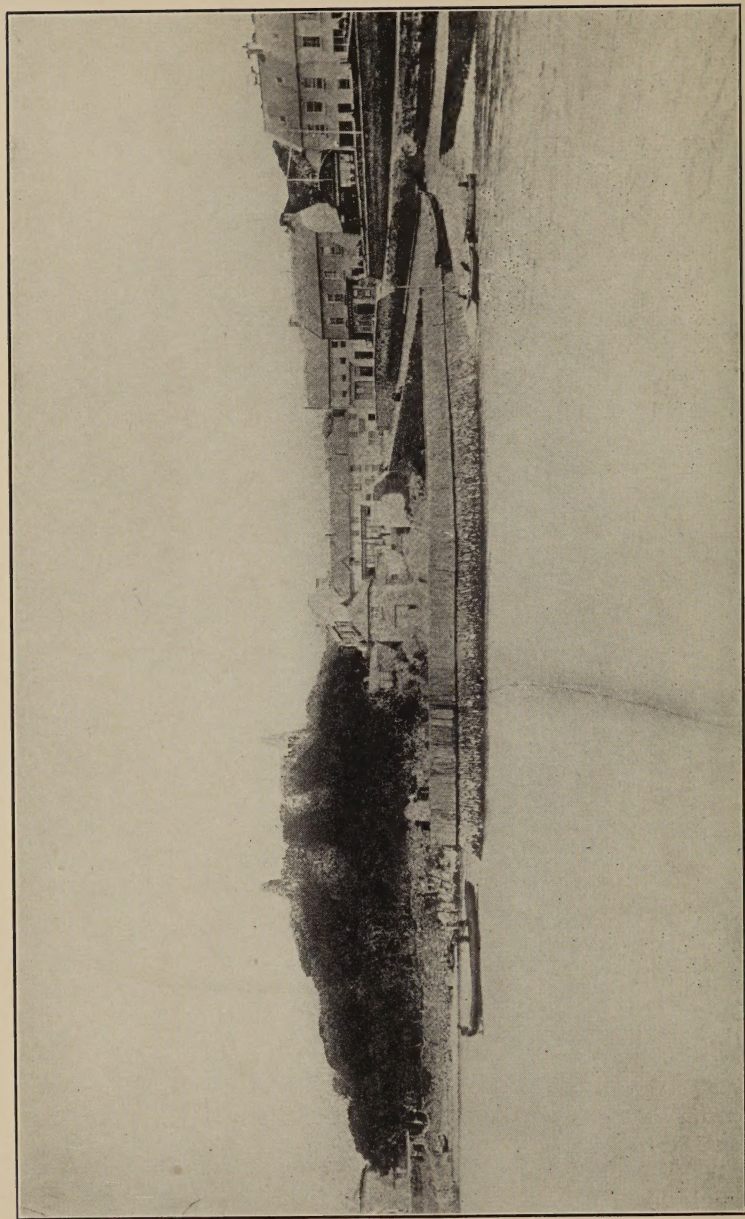
OLD BALTIMORE



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Baltimore, County Cork, Ireland
(In Gaelic, Baltimore means Town of the Great House)

OLD BALTIMORE

BY

ANNIE LEAKIN SIOUSSAT

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES
OF THE MARYLAND SOCIETY OF
THE COLONIAL DAMES OF AMERICA
IN HONOR OF THE AUTHOR

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1932

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PREFACE 1192578

THE compiler of chronicles which tell of ancient days turns perforce to the storehouses of those who have left for our edification the fruits of their goodly labors. In this changing world, however, it is not often that the treasures of three generations, combining the collection of traditions, contact with those who in their day were the actors in the life of our colony and state, and actual personal experience, are permitted to be set down by one who has traveled in company with the history lovers of the past throughout many years of her own life, aided by the printed page and the manuscript of public or private records.

The writer of this work has always admired the formula attributed to a vestryman of one of our old parishes: "My father's father told him and he told me and in those days, sir, gentlemen spoke the truth". To her grandfather and to her reverend father she owes what through them has been collected of tradition and experience, together with the habit, taught in earliest days, of setting down what had been told by the elders. With a memory well disciplined, despite certain handicaps, she has gathered up this record and committed it to the training and inherited love of Maryland of her son, whose aid is thus gratefully acknowledged. Thus four generations in a sense are here represented.

Maryland has been favored with the existence of Archives gathered, none too soon, in the last half century, preserved and in large, printed by the Maryland Historical Society under its long honor roll of officers, until what constitutes a library in itself has thus been provided, for which posterity will "praise their saying". When one adds to this the deposits of the learning and literature of the ages possessed by the Library of the Peabody Institute stored up by its notable custodians of past and present, the pathway

of the student is further made easy. Overseas the writer was privileged to consult some of the original "membranes" or manuscript records at the Four Courts in Dublin before the sorrowful destruction of that treasure house by fire. She has also had the pleasure of correspondence with some of the great Irish landowners connected with early Maryland history, such as the Earl of Granard whose possession of the estates in County Longford enabled him to demonstrate the entire absence of any Manor of Baltimore therein. Lady Beatrice Carpenter, also, kindly furnished copies of the correspondence of Mr. Winslow Jones with Rev. Dacre Mallinder and Rear Admiral Carpenter.

Grateful acknowledgment is made for the use of manuscript material permitted by the late Mrs. J. J. Jackson, the late William Fell Johnson, the late Dr. Robert Johnson, Mr. William Fell Johnson, Jr., and Miss Christiana Bond.

Hon. John H. DeWitt of the Court of Appeals of the State of Tennessee, President of the Tennessee Historical Society, gave his kind permission to use the unpublished correspondence of David Winchester.

To the Library of Congress, and especially to the chief of the Division of Manuscripts, Dr. J. F. Jameson, and his staff; to Mr. Hugh A. Morrison, custodian, Representatives Room; and to Dr. Lawrence Martin, chief, and Miss Mary Wightman, assistant chief, of the Division of Maps and Charts; acknowledgment is made for kindly help and counsel: as also to Mr. Louis H. Dielman, executive secretary of the Library of the Peabody Institute. The Maryland Historical Society and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, besides collecting a wealth of material, printed and manuscript, have printed, the one in the *Maryland Historical Magazine* and the other in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, many records and papers of signal importance: and it is a pleasure to make not only a general acknowledgment but a specific statement of indebtedness for the use of the Journal of Lieutenant Reeves while in Old Baltimore, in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*; and in the Maryland publication of

part of the Journal of Baron de Clozen, Mr. Basil Sollers's article upon the Acadians in Maryland, and many other similar papers. The letters of Ann Dulany were published by the late Miss Kate Mason Rowland in the *Atlantic Monthly* and acknowledgment is made to the publishers of that magazine for permission to quote widely therefrom.

Much has been preserved through a series of scrapbooks kept by the writer in the course of many years which have been constantly augmented by gleanings from the press.

In the preparation of the manuscript, which has been in the care of Professor St. George L. Sioussat of the University of Pennsylvania, most efficient assistance has been rendered by Miss Mabel D. Cherry of the Overbrook High School, Philadelphia. To those who have typed and re-typed the manuscript, Miss Reilly of Columbia University, Misses Calhoun and Macfeat of the University of Pennsylvania department of history, and Mrs. R. M. Tignor, grateful acknowledgment is made.

Finally it is impossible to forego a special word of acknowledgment for the very sympathetic coöperation of the officers of the Maryland Society of the Colonial Dames of America, who have labored diligently to exemplify their legend, "Investigation, Preservation and Publication." Especially to the members of the Publication Committee,—the President of the Society, Mrs. Edward Shoemaker; the Chairman of the Committee, Mrs. Charles Ellet Rieman; and the Counsellor, Miss Elizabeth Chew Williams;—the fourth member of the Committee wishes to express her deepest appreciation for their sympathy and assistance in the effort to commemorate in this way the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Baltimore Town.

ANNIE LEAKIN SIOUSSAT,
Historian.

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OLD BALTIMORE

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PILGRIMS.

THE pilgrims of old travelled over land and sea to the ancient shrines, where for ages memories of great deeds had been preserved.

So, when, more than a score of years ago, the call came from the Motherland to gather for the Pan-Anglican Conference in London, it was answered by a great throng of pilgrims returning from the ends of the earth to the rock from whence they were hewn. Of this great throng the writer of this book was one: and when the royal welcome at Marlborough House and the many other delights of that inspiring occasion had been enjoyed, and the duties of a delegate performed, there came true a dream long cherished,—a pilgrimage to the little town of Baltimore in Ireland. Fate was kind, and on the journey down the peninsula of County Cork to the end of the railroad where Old Baltimore sits by the sea, this Maryland pilgrim had as her companion of the road a typical Irish beauty, with black hair and blue eyes—eyes such as the Irish say come only to those who live by the sea; which, with her splendid carriage, her delightful brogue, and her quick wit, seemed to make her a fit incarnation of the soul of the country. The colleen was on her way to say farewell to a lad setting out to find his fortune in America, and was to meet him at Skibbereen. So the two pilgrims foregathered, and when the Irish maid had given a heart-to-heart account of what had been done for her country in late years—the help in overcoming the “white death”, the metal roof which replaced the thatch, and best of all the chance for her people to possess a bit of ground of their own,—the Maryland pilgrim in her turn explained that she was from over the sea, and that her home was in a wonderful Baltimore which had grown up, not, as in these days, overnight, but throughout many years, and which now sat crowned queen of the coun-

try about her. Crossing herself devoutly the Irish maid said: "May the saints in glory be good to us; and how did it get there?" So the Maryland pilgrim briefly set forth how "the saints in glory" had perchance led the English to the most beautiful of all our shores, and how the Lords Baltimore, who took their name and title from her own neighborhood, had seen the vision which gave us first Maryland, called for Henrietta Maria, the "Queen Mary" of Charles I, and later Baltimore Town in America; and how the narrator was then making her pilgrimage to pay her respects to the ancient grandmother, the little Irish town nearby.

By this time Skibbereen was called, and a most pathetic group of four or five women in poorest garb appeared, with shawls over their heads, while a little mother sat crouched up in a corner, and a local "Con the Shaughran" endeavored to divert their minds from the grief of parting. The group shrieked with laughter, and when the ill-timed wit was commented on, the trainman's answer was, "Och', he's got a shingle off his roof". The up train came in; the intending American was given a coin of the country for good luck. The spirit of Ireland pulled her hood up over her head; the little procession escorted the mother away; the pilgrims parted and saw each other no more.

* * * *

The days of divination are gone and over. Times there were in the misty old past when the dreams of the seer and the visions of the prophet held the hearts of the people.

Today we have bartered our seer for a Wizard and with all the available forces of nature in harness we are ready to measure our traditions (and some other things) with the ellwand of the modern and merciless critic.

There is still, however, a remnant left for whom the romance of origins will ever have an irresistible fascination, and we who love our Baltimore well like to tread the path that leads us beyond the rugged roadway of fact, to the threshold of the unknown, where tradition takes up the story and gives an Irish title of an ancient town.

Phœnician, sea-rover, trading along from the Mediterranean to the little islands in the North Sea, even to Ultima Thule: Druid, making stately procession with victim bound toward the sacrificial cromlech far into the heart of these same islands: Spaniard, sea-ruler, standing for power and plunder: all these may have justified the seer who on the shores of the landlocked bay of Baltimore in Ireland with the little river Ilan flowing into it, gave to the port the pregnant title of

The Place of the Great Town

or

The Town of the Great House.

It seems not too fantastic to feel that the spirit of divination which gave the name to the ancient godmother appeared once more in our Baltimore Town on the Patapsco, or to find a resemblance in our little landlocked harbor, the outflow into the bay and thence to the ocean.

But when we come to pay tribute to my Lady Baltimore securely enthroned upon the Patapsco, her hill country about her, with her far reach over the inland sea of the Chesapeake Bay and thence out into the Atlantic Ocean, it is difficult to realize what a young thing she is in comparison with the other seaboard cities: and equally is it interesting to follow the long and tortuous journeys by which she has finally arrived at her present abiding-place.

Indeed, it was quite possible, not many years ago, to converse with a patriarch within her borders, who in his youth had been familiar with men whose fathers, arrayed in the picturesque costume of the day, gravely looked on while the lines were held and the stakes set for the laying out of this latest Baltimore Town, "in the good old colony days, Sir, when we lived under the King".

Notwithstanding her many vicissitudes, coquettish in the matter of sites, through four attempts, at the least computation, to make a permanent lodging, deliberate in her appearance on the stage in the wake of her elder sisters, she has withal inherited both sober facts and tales of

romance which carry her far beyond the records of the older colonies, antedating even that interesting occasion when, through inheritance from the English knight who was made an Irish peer, Sir George Calvert, Baron Baltimore of Baltimore, the name came into the colony, and our Baltimore Town upon the Patapsco was thus finally linked with the quaint old town in County Cork.

Today the little town "sits solitary". Only the memory of her former prestige remains, but the bounty of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts has helped to revive the old industries, and the fisheries for which it has been so long famous. It trades in mackerel, lobster and Carigeen moss and sends out still from its hills slate and copper, from its surrounding countryside wheat and flax, and if only the steam trawlers of the all-pervading tourist could be persuaded to keep outside the three-mile limit, it would mean life to the fisher-folk.

The town has kept the old traditions and dwells lovingly on its folk lore. An ancient keeper dispensed hospitality and disclosed glimpses into the past. From his bit of ground on the hill, where a watch tower left from the Middle Ages was rented by the Government as a signal point for the naval manœuvres, "Regan" rejoiced in the title of "The King's Landlord". The Driscoll of his generation, who had the honor of signalling the first train into the town, was wont to tell how in his midnight vigils as watchman for the life-bringing railroad, the lights shone out sometime from the castle, the clink of glasses was heard, and the old revels seemed to be again in full tide. Their faithful rector and priest cared for the souls of their flocks. Perhaps some day their toils will be rewarded in fresh prosperity for the town.

But it is the "parish nearest America", and as the great home-going steamers forge out past Cape Clear, the white cone of the light house on its little peninsula is the last bit of the old country to be seen and seems to give the farewell greeting of our little fairy godmother on Baltimore Bay.



Map of Southern Ireland.

CHAPTER I.

A ROCKBOUND coast, a landlocked harbor, a blue sky, a dimpling bay reflecting in its coursing waves the dazzling sun rays—this is the setting which frames the survival of the once powerful port of Baltimore in Ireland. Bal-tee-moore they pronounce it today.

Shorn of its glory, the castle stands sentinel as of old; the foes for which it watched and the friends for which it waited gone like the sands washed out to sea by the tide at its gates.

Its steps carved in the solid rock are worn with the tread of many feet. On the side toward the land, the escarpment of rock rises sheer a hundred feet, smooth as polished marble with never a rift nor a crack for foothold—and so this “important foreign mart”, which “is well sheltered and affords facilities for shipping such as few other Irish harbors can command”, must have seemed practically impregnable.

Perhaps as one stands within what was once the main hall of the castle, great curtains of mist will drift in from the open ocean just outside, and drape in their silver folds shore, islands and bay, bringing to mind the shadowy days when the O'Driscoll could count three castles to Cape Clear, of which two bore the fairy names of the Castle of Diamonds and the Castle of Gold; or the mist may part and in the clear light of day one may see from the heights the ruins of the “dissolved Cistercian abbey nearby”, conferred in the year of grace 1543 upon one Ichingham, at Baltimore in Munster, for his command of the soldiery of that place. This worthy knight, Sir Osborne Ichingham of Essex, who coveted and covered much territory in the neighborhood, rides into our ken, and into the town of Baltimore in Munster, with a retinue of thirty-four horsemen, as marshal of the English army in Ireland. He was a

member of the Privy Council, and after he had acquired his ecclesiastical holding he modestly asked for more, and received Dunbrody Abbey as a trifling token of the appreciation in which the king held his military and diplomatic services.

The Lord Deputy St. Leger was instructed by his gracious sovereign King Henry VIII that Ichingham was to have "the garde and custodie of Baltimore in Munster with the number of men wh' he hath in these our wage. So as he find so many at all times ready at his own charge according to his office [Marshal of Ireland] and ready at all Hostings when you, our Deputy, shall require the same".

Nor was this the only evidence of appreciation of the strategic importance of Baltimore, for one reads in Sir Humphrey Gilbert's report of 1572, in a "Discourse on Ireland", among the "petitions to be required of the Queenes ma^{ty}",

Furst to haue graunt of the Ile of Balletymore wth a Frerye standing therein upon w^{ch} ther must be a fortification made.

Secondlie to haue an Iland wthin the harbor of Balletymore in w^{ch} the spanyardes lye aground duringe the tyme of there fisshinge, wherein also there must be a forte made to kepe the shippes in. For that thother roade is of such lardgnes, as, uppon comynge of eny tempest they are in perill of wracke."

These were stirring times for Baltimore in Munster, and the days were not far distant when the "hostings" with the men and the women who, so the story goes, fought with them, would be called out to battle, for there were few periods when the country was not "up". Later the Invincible Armada swept down along the coast and its wreckage drifted into the nooks and corners of the seaports. There were some of the Spanish sailors saved from the buffeting of the waves and the butchery of the wild Irish, who were well content to stay in such friendly quarters as they found in Baltimore Bay. Their descendants are plainly to be traced in many an Irish beauty of today.

But the later efforts to bring England back to the Span-

ish Dominion constituted a struggle as fierce and bitter as the famous sea-fight had been. The Castles were besieged by this same Spaniard; and the gates of the Castle of Baltimore were opened to the enemy by no less a person than Connor O'Driscoll, son and heir of Sir Fininge O'Driscoll, Knight of Baltimore, who naturally, after this feat, appeared among those "who are Munster pensioners in Spain and whose attendants are of that country".

These flights into the dominions of his Catholic Majesty were so far-reaching in their effects that it is not remarkable that still another implanting of Ireland was called for.

"It may please your Lordship", says the council, "to consider, that, in regard these three havens, viz., Beerhaven, Baltimor, and Castellhaven, are places of great consequence to be kept for His Majesty [James I], and that the proprietors of them are all in Spain, and likeliest to draw forces thither, that some gentlemen of worth and trust may have the command of them, who, by their continuance there, will inhibit the passing of all dangerous persons, who do most commonly land and embark themselves in these remote parts."

These wise counsels did not go long unheeded, for as we shall see later, even then some of the gentlemen "of worth and trust", were on their way to a fresh plantation and to "have the command" of these parts.

But if gradually the fear of Spanish interference in Ireland was passing, there loomed over the little town on the open coast of Ireland another and more fearful danger. There was an old medieval saying to the effect that "the grass never grows where the foot of the Turk has trodden". Of such a tragedy Sir William Hull, one of the English admirals, made report when, on June 21, 1631, he wrote to the Earl of Cork that the Turkish ships, concerning which there had already been an alarm, were plying off and on near Mizen Head, and had been there for eight or nine days, but were not known to be Turks. "They took two excellent pilots with them from Baltimore." They were said to be making up a fleet to wait off the Land's End next August for the return of the Newfoundland ships. "If these

pirates are not driven off trade will be ruined, and the people will be utterly unable to pay their debts. I would lend two sakers and shot to Baltimore and Crookhaven, but there is a complete lack of powder. Mine was exhausted when my ship was sunk. I hope we may have some from the King's store."

But no aid appeared from the king or council: and even before Hull's letter had been penned there had already taken place what Thomas Davis, the famous Irish ballad writer, has celebrated in his poem "The Sack of Baltimore":

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

I.

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles—
 The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles—
 Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;
 And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard;
 The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;
 The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray—
 And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—
 Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

* * * * *

IV.

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
 And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet—
 A stifled gasp! a dreary noise! "the roof is in a flame!"
 From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—
 And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's fall—
 And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
 The yell of "Allah" breaks above the prayer, and shriek and roar—
 Oh! blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

V.

Mid-summer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds began to sing—
 They see not now the milking maids—deserted is the spring!
 Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town—
 These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown;
 They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprent,
 And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went—
 Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Cléire, and saw five leagues before
 The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

VI.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed—
This boy will bear a Scheik's schibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed.

Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;

And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.

The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey—

She's safe—he's dead—she stabbed him in the midst of his Serai;

And, when to die a death of fire, that noble maid they bore,

She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of Baltimore.

* * * * *

CHAPTER II.

IN the years which lay between the siege of the Spaniard and the sack of Baltimore in Ireland by the Algerian pirates, there ran the chronicle of a Yorkshire lad who began his progress towards these same parts. He was not only to have to do with the regions round about Ireland, however, but also, as one of the "gentlemen of worth and trust", was to carry their traditions and institutions to the New World.

George Calvert was born, probably in 1580, in the little village of Kiplin, a township in the parish of Catterick, union of North Allerton, wapentake of Gilling-East, North Riding of Yorkshire; and came of a good hardy English stock. He had done well at the humanities and had said his Latin grace for the regulation term in Trinity College, Oxford, where with his rounded periods and clever dissertations he had commended himself alike to courtier and king. A warm friendship with Sir Robert Cecil carried him overseas, perhaps in the train of the embassy which Cecil conducted in 1598. How long he remained on this foreign tour is not certain; but he may well have returned when Cecil came back that same year, for we find him, a few years later, busily at work at the English Court. His preferences were many, but those that more nearly concern us are his Irish adventures. In a letter of 1606 from the king to the Lord Deputy Chichester, there comes an echo of the request made after the Spanish siege of Baltimore that gentlemen of worth and trust might be sent into that country. "Considering how necessary it is that persons well qualified and trained in public service should be chosen and called to employment in public offices, he [the king] earnestly recommends his good subject, George Calvert, as a gentleman of good sufficiency, to whom, for the respects above said, to grant the office of clerk of the Crown and of assize



Sir George Calvert Lord Baltimore.

*From the Original at Gorhambury in
the Collection of Viscount Grimston*

*Your affectionate friend
and servant*



Geo Baltimore

His Seal & Autograph from an original Letter in the possession of

John Thane.

and peace within the province of Connagh and the county of Clare, . . . during his life." Thus with this important clerkship in Ireland, he became definitely identified with the country from which, two decades later, he received the title of his barony. And so begins his political and diplomatic career. We find him in the gay pageant with those whom the king delighted to honor, and see him rise from the royal footstool, in 1617, Sir George Calvert, Knight.

In the partition of Sir Walter Raleigh's effects, after the execution of that worthy, his maps, charts and instruments, together with his notes on the best situations for settlements were for awhile in the possession of Sir George Calvert. It was doubtless through Raleigh's influence that Sir George Calvert was among those who adventured in the founding of the Virginia Company in 1606. We know that England gained, for the knight she lost, one who was destined to aid in carrying out the dreams and the visions of the Father of Colonization. Certainly the experience which came from their counsel together was later in the day to be a notable factor in the choice and making of our province of Maryland.

We get our next glimpse of him in the appointment for the thorough inspection of the new plantation of Wexford, in which he was to have the only home in Ireland of which we have record.

Advanced to be a secretary of state in 1619, the devoted Calvert became a storm centre in the House of Commons, from which he wrung unwilling supplies for the King's necessity. When Prince Charles and his boon companion Buckingham took their madcap flight into Spain to bring home the Infanta, it fell to the lot of Sir George Calvert, so far as in him lay, to keep peace at home, for the consternation which befell when the escapade was made known might have shaken the stoutest courage. But Sir George went serenely on his way, not at all dismayed by the London mob which hooted and jeered the foreign envoys. When the court met to keep St. George's Day at Windsor, he was the life of the party, his knightly figure standing out in the foreground in fine array as special host

to the Spanish dons, "very gay and gallant, all in white, cap a pie even to his white hat and feather".

If we wonder at the determined efforts to make England solid with Spain, we must bear in mind the latter's place as a great world power. Her enormous wealth, with the resources of the two continents in her grasp, had always impressed Calvert. No doubt the vision came to him, as it had to Gilbert and Raleigh, of the peaceful acquisition, by such an alliance, of some of those glories for his own people through a future colony in the New World; and of the added lustre to be assured thereby to England in her increasing sea power and colonial dependencies.

But meanwhile the story of Calvert's first great sorrow is told in the epitaph on the altar tomb in the chancel of St. Mary's Church, Hertingfordbury:

Sacred to Almighty God and to the most pleasing memory of Anne, daughter of George, and grand-daughter of John Minne, a woman born to all excellent things, who has departed to a better [world], for Piety, Chastity, Prudence, incomparable

George Calvert, son of Leonard, grandson of John, Knight, Chief Secretary and Privy Councillor to the invincible James King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Pious, Fortunate, and always August, with whom [sc. George Calvert] she lived seventeen years, void of offence, and left ten children, equal in number of each sex; Cecilius, Leonard, George, Francis, Henry, Anne, Dorothy, Elizabeth, Grace, Helen, and had given birth also to a sixth son, John, the forerunner, alas! of her death and of his father's mourning—her husband, in memory of so sweet a wedded life, overcome by so great pain and grief, sorrowing, has placed with his hands this monument to his sainted wife, for himself his [children], and their posterity. She lived forty-two years, nine months and eighteen days. She died August the eighth, Ad. MDCXXI. 1621.¹

This is our only chance in these pages to see aught of Lady Anne Calvert, who had from her knight such loving testimony, when to the king's inquiries for her, he made

¹ As to the date 1621 see the list of authorities for this chapter.

answer, "She hath brought me ten children, your Majesty, and is not a wife with a witness". She rests upon her marble couch in a richly embroidered robe, with the tight-fitting sleeve of the period, and the Elizabethan ruff about her neck. Over her head is the kerchief found so often as a funereal headdress, while above the tomb are the shields of arms of Calvert, Crossland, and Mynne. Her pedigree, which the shields thus epitomized, is extended over many feet of parchment, to be seen today among the treasures of the Maryland Historical Society.

From the pomps and vanities and joys and sorrows of the English courtier, we must turn now to the pages of the landholder and colonizer. Like many another, Sir George Calvert had an accumulation of landed estates: and from a consideration of the properties which he held in Ireland may be derived some light on that most interesting of questions,—the linking of the name Baltimore as applied to the English family with the name as found in Ireland.

The grant in County Longford made to Sir George Calvert by the king in recognition of his faithful services contained the important provision that he was "not to sell to Roman Catholics of any nation, and to require all settlers to take the oath of supremacy and be conformable in point of religion".

His frequent appointments on commissions to try recusants, to hunt seminary priests and to clear the country of every vestige of suspects, tell their own story of his devotion to the English Church and State. Up to 1624 he performed his functions faithfully as a member of the Church of England, his justice tempered with mercy, we believe. But about that date Calvert announced his change of faith at a time when, under his own commission, he would have had to depart the kingdom. The same reasons which induced him to give up all worldly preferment in the resignation of the secretaryship and its attendant delights at court, made it impossible to keep his lands under their original tenure. So that his departure from office was followed at once by the surrender of his patents, returned to him within the month, however, by the king, with the religious pro-

visions stricken out, with the earnest efforts of Charles I to keep him still in the council, and with his erection to the Irish peerage as Baron Baltimore of Baltimore in Ireland.

No county is named in these patents, although his possessions were many, and his lands, either by purchase or grant, lay in Clare, Wexford and Longford, the only stipulation being that his estate in the barony of Rathlyn or Rathlyxe should be erected into the manor of Ulford and that in the barony of Longford into the manor of Baltimore.²

² In view of the subsequent destruction by fire of the Four Courts the following official abstracts from the records there made for the writer at the time of her visit to Dublin seem to be of sufficient value to warrant printing them in extenso.

Patent Roll, 1° Charles I.—Part 2.

Membrane 1.

Letters patent conferring on Sir George Calvert the title of Baron of Baltimore.—Feb. 16, 22° James I.

Charles R.

The King to Lord Falkland, Lord Deputy:—

Right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, we greet you well: Whereas our right trusty and well-beloved, the Lord Baltimore, hath acquainted us with his purpose to repair into that kingdom, to reside there for some time; being an eminent person, and a nobleman of that kingdom, we have thought good, by these our gracious letters, to recommend him to your special favour, requiring you not only to give him all lawful assistance and good expedition in such occasions as he shall have there, but also to respect him according to his quality and degree, and as one who is parted from us with our princely approbation, and in our good grace.—Westminster, May 29, 1° Charles I.

Membrane 2.

Surrender by Sir George Calvert to the Crown of the lands in the succeeding article mentioned, which had been granted to him by letters patent dated 18th February, in the nineteenth year of the reign of King James.—February 12, 22° James I.

Grant to George, Baron of Baltimore, of the lands of Dromlish in the barony and county of Longford, Barrowbeg and Barrowmore, containing 104 acres arable, and 248 acres wood and moor; Dorrowe, Greaghmore, Greaghishshell, and the entire of the lands of Moneoghill, Knockinagurskin, Gortvonny, Garveoghill, Kanaghbegge, and Corlea, all situate in the barony and county of Longford, and containing altogether 1,000 acres arable, and 1,323 acres of wood and moor; also the castle and lands of Ulfeed [*sic*], containing 295 acres arable, and 272 acres wood and moor: Aghawadan, Donegan, Cowletegle, Coledraghnegee, Carrowhobegan, Carrowbolgannagh, Carrickehugh, Liswilliam, Ballingurtin, Lissmackegan, Mullaghbracke, in the barony of Rathclyn, in the county of Longford; excepting 20 acres arable in Ulfeed, adjoining the church of Cashel, assigned by Lord Baltimore for a glebe for that church: all which last-mentioned premises contain 1,304 acres arable, and 282 acres wood and moor: with courts leet, view of frankpledge, law-days, assize of wine, bread, and beer, chattels, waifs,

On the authority of information furnished to the late Judge William A. Stewart by the Most Rev. Dr. Woodcock, Bishop of Ardagh, through P. L. O'Carroll, Esq., a descendant of the ancient house of Ely O'Carroll, whose lands in the early days lay near to the acres of Lord Baltimore in County Longford, we learn that there is no Barony in Ireland called Baltimore, neither is there a parish by that name. Nor is there a Baltimore in England or Scotland, so that it is quite certain that Lord Baltimore who founded the State [Colony] of Maryland, after whom Baltimore City is named, derived his title from Baltimore in County Cork, Province of Munster. This is confirmed by Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King at arms, as quoted by Cokayne in his "Complete Peerage".

Moreover, no trace has yet been found of a manor of Baltimore in Longford, either in the Record Office of the Four Courts, Dublin, or in the Down Survey charts, made by Sir William Petty, most quaint and curious in their drawing and coloring of the old baronies of Ireland, to which the writer had access during her pilgrimage. Lord Granard, also, through the long connection of his family with County Longford, was able to assert with positiveness, the entire absence of any manor of Baltimore in that county. It is safe to conclude, then, that Lord Baltimore conferred his name upon the manor, which long since ceased to exist, his own title having previously been taken from the only Baltimore which has been found in the three kingdoms, from the "parish nearest America". Perhaps in these days of revelations we may find what hidden spring of purpose or experience further connected him with this especial point. It may be, indeed, that he carried from thence his second wife, the intrepid Lady Joan, who shared his travels and toils and whose untimely fate doubtless hastened his own end. He

estrays, goods of felons and fugitives, felons of themselves, and put "in exigent": To hold for ever, as of the Castle of Dublin, by knight's service. The lands in the barony of Longford are erected into a manor, to be called the manor of Baltimore; and the lands in the barony of Rathelyn are erected into a manor, to be called the Manor of Ulfeed, with liberty to appoint a seneschal, who shall have authority to inquire of all felonies, transgressions, deceits, injuries, and all other offences and crimes, and hold a court baron, with jurisdiction to the extent of 40s.—March 11, 22° James I.

had spent the years, since his surrender of office at the court of England, in Ireland; although "the house at the back of Lincoln Inn Fields" frequently saw him come and go as he arranged his affairs, or was recalled to the court to lend his aid to disentangle some diplomatic problem, such as the case of the marriage of the Prince to the French Princess; or as he made ready for one expedition and another pertaining to the many colonization schemes at home in Ireland, and abroad in Virginia and Newfoundland.

Before his fateful visit to the North, he had sent out a notable company under Captain Winn, to his plantation in Newfoundland, where delightfully exaggerated accounts of the flora and fauna of the country were registered and returned to England. In this adventure certainly one minister of the Church of England went with the expedition, with another whose orthodoxy was not so clearly defined. Calvert had probably called the place Avalon in the hope that he might plant religion in that part of the world, as St. Joseph of Arimathea had planted it at Glastonbury, with its flowering thorn for a witness.

We catch occasional glimpses of him in his Irish home, not in Longford, however, for we have no trace of his occupation of the manor of Baltimore. He was interested in the defence of the country since he appeared with the Bishop of Ferns, Wexford, Lord Esmond, Viscount Mountgarrett and Lord Baron Killeen, in a subscription for the purchase of arms. Meanwhile, he was preparing a more stately home, since the gossip of the day disclosed that the "Lord Baltimore with his wife and family are now come to live in Ireland and reside at Ferns, Co. Wexford, where he hath purchased land of Sir Richard Maisterson of the value of £1,600. The place to be called Cloghammon, here he will build, and in the interim he dwelleth at the Manor House of Ferns, having two children at Waterford to be brought up in a favorite school of humanity."

Before long he was dating his letters from the new house at Cloghammon, which we are told was "a brave house, but of no great strength nor built castlewise," from whence he wrote from time to time to his friends. Later in the year

he sailed for his plantation in Newfoundland. He remained only a short time, although he left behind him in Avalon a portion of his family who had accompanied him from England, with two seminary priests. Short as was his sojourn he contrived to accomplish much in sowing and planting; and in successful combat with the French fleet under de la Rade, in which Leonard Calvert, his second son, a mere lad of eighteen, distinguished himself. He came back to those of his family who were still in Ireland, in the autumn of that year. The need for his speedy return to his possessions was great, and in January, 1628, the king, Charles the First, wrote the Lord Deputy that My Lord of Baltimore will go to supervise the growth of his Newfoundland colony . . . "He is to go from any port in Ireland he likes" (a necessary safeguard for his journey) "and take what he wishes with him"—great and kingly favor in the day when no man's house could be called his castle, when his goings out and his comings in were regulated by authority. And so he departed, like the patriarchs of old, with his flocks and herds and all his family, sons-in-law Peaseley and Talbott included, leaving only Cecilius, the newly wedded bridegroom, in the superb old castle of Wardour with his fair young wife, our Lady Anne Arundell, the second Lady Baltimore, who looks down upon us today with the wistful eyes that Van Dyke knew so well how to paint, from her frame on the wall of the great dining hall at Wardour Castle, amid the lords and ladies of her baronial surroundings.

Sorrows awaited him. The French had been busy with their depredations. This is not the place to recount his adventures, we can only recall the sad face of winter for eight months over the land, "the house . . . a hospital", and his mainstay the courage of Joan, Lady Baltimore, who, remaining until spring, sustained by her own pluck the colonists through the terrors of the sickly winter. At the close of the short summer, he writes, "I intend to quit my residence, and shift to some warmer climate of this New World." It may have been now, if tradition is to be believed, that Lady Joan, when favoring winds came, made

her own little expedition, sailing into the Chesapeake and aiding her lord in his choice of the country, which should by special desire of the king come to be named for the young queen, Henrietta Maria, whom Calvert had known as a baby princess at the court of France, and had afterwards helped to bring to her home in England. In another month he had travelled down the coast of America, arriving at Virginia, where Governor Pott tells us "he hath seemed well affected to this place [Jamestown] and willing to make his residence there with his whole family".

This rather unexpected arrival was not acceptable to the Virginia colonists generally, and much searching of spirit was caused by the prospect of so important a Papist invasion of their territory "where as yet none has gotten foothold", their only visitors of that persuasion having been sent out "lest they should pilott in a foreign enemy". One, at least, of the baser sort gave vent to his defiant spirit and broke the sacred obligations of hospitality, for Thomas Tindall in his occupation of the town pillory had leisure for reflection upon his uncivil and contumacious conduct in "giving my Lord Baltimore the lie and threatening to knock him down".

He was a man of many resources, however, and having had the benefit of Raleigh's charts and maps, he journeyed at once to England to procure his patent in territory about which there could be no dispute. But his days were shortened by the crowning grief of his life, when on their return the ship containing Lady Baltimore and some of her children was cast away on the high sea. His half century of life came swiftly to its close, and before the new venture which bore the name of Mary-Land could receive the great seal, for which through some caution on the part of Mr. Noyes, the Attorney-General, Lord Baltimore was advised to delay, he had taken his longer journey and his son reigned in his stead.

CHAPTER III.

MORE than a century before Leonard Calvert, governor for his brother Cecilius, brought the *Ark* and the *Dove* into the Chesapeake, to the founding of St. Mary's on the Potomac, Vasquez d'Ayllon, one time auditor of the Spanish island of Jamaica, had preserved record of his journeyings in a map. Crude it is, with its marginal Chinaman in one corner, and elephant in the other, revealing that hopes of Cathay were still alive; but it presents the first outlines of Chesapeake Bay. Later the Spaniards endeavored to make settlements here; and Jesuit Fathers gave their lives in the massacre of the Rappahannock.

Both Raleigh and the Pilgrim Fathers had looked toward the Chesapeake, but in the changes and chances of this mortal life, Roanoke claimed the one, and the bleak coast of Massachusetts the other. It was to the Chesapeake region that the settlers of Virginia came: and after the founding of Jamestown, Captain John Smith, on June 2, 1608, in an open barge of two tons' burden set forth to explore its waters. "Passing along the coast," he writes, "searching every inlet, and Bay for harbours and habitations, Seeing many Isles in the midst of the Bay we bore vp for them, but ere we could obtaine them, such an extreame gust of wind, rayne, thunder, and lightening happened, that with great danger we escaped the vnmercifull raging of that Ocean-like water."

There are many of us who could tell the same tale, for with all the protection of a yacht or steam launch a drenching has been our portion in the "Ocean-like water", and certainly few of us would like to encounter in an open boat one of the all-too-familiar squalls upon the Bay.

"30 leagues we sayled more Northwards", continues Captain John Smith, "not finding any inhabitants, leaving all the Easterne shore, lowe Islandes but overgrowne with

wood, . . . the Western shore by which we sayled we found all along well watered, . . . We passed many shallow creeks, but the first we found Navigable for a ship, we called Bolus, for that the clay in many places under the cliffs by the high water marke, did grow up in red and white knots as gum out of trees; . . . which made us thinke it Bole-Armoniack and Terra sigillata".

Fortunately for our ears, the Indian name Patapsco has survived the chemical nomenclature: but the red earth identifies the river as that on which our Baltimore was to appear.

But the first settlement, St. Mary's, was destined to no great accomplishment from the civic point of view, and the reasons are given in the story told by Charles Lord Baltimore as late as 1678. "The principall place or Towne is called st. Maryes. . . . Other places wee have none That are called or cann be called Townes. The people there not affecting to build nere each other but soe as to have their houses nere the waters for conveniencye of trade and their Lands on each syde of and behynde Their houses by which it happens that in most places There are not ffifty houses in the space of Thirty Myles And for this Reason it is that they have beene hitherto only able to divide This Provynce into Countyes without beeing able to make any subdivision Into Parishes. or Precincts which is a Worke not to be effected untill it shall please God to encrease the number of the People and soe to alter their Trade as to make it necessary to build more close and to Lyve in Townes."

"St. Maries' Citie" was alone in its glory for a generation, and while it afforded successful basis for the paternal care of the province, never grew beyond the supply of the manors and plantations. "Sixty houses" filled its quota, and the pious forecast "until God shall send us more" was never realized for it. Picturesque and beautiful for situation, it fulfilled its mission. Picturesque and peaceful, it lies today, untowned, and returned to its original fields at the head of the St. Mary's river near the Potomac.

In the naming of the bays and creeks about which

nestled the points and promontories, chosen for sites by governor, chancellor, priest and people, the religious fervor which had characterized the settlement stood sponsor, and national or family tradition stood aside and waited while St. Clement, St. Gregory, St. George, St. Inigo, had designated these prominent points. Strange to say, the province had achieved its manhood space of twenty-one years before the name of the Proprietary's title appears upon the map for either manor or country.

Even then, the growth of this territorial division of Baltimore County was but slow, and the impenetrable forests, the difficulty of comprehension of the rights of the white man by such lords of the soil as the deadly Susquehannocks or the Senecas, naturally hampered growth. There was also a chance for legislative grievance in the "Act for seateing all lands in Baltemore County", since it was judged "prejudiciall to the Inhabit.^{ts} of that County in as much as itt obliges them to keepe 3 Servants above 16 yeares old: . . . which many of them are not able to doe beside that they have allowed to shorte a tyme to Seate in after the 25th of March [Lady Day] 1655 and an unseasonable tyme of the yeare".

Matters were, however, made lighter when the usual rules and regulations in the matter of setting up ducking-stools and pillories were relaxed, not because there were fewer scolds or termagants in the community to be swung over into the cold water, or of contumacious and reproachful brawlers to occupy the pillory, but only that Baltimore County with its primeval forests and Indian raids was exempt until further settlement, and these disciplinary aids do not appear until half a century later.

The land hunger, ever the inheritance of the Englishman, found food in these same forests of oak and chestnut, poplar and pine, sycamore and locust. Tract after tract was slowly taken up, and names from the lower counties began to appear as those of masters of these upper plantations.

Settlements were making, and justice presently demanded

a local habitation. Courts became a necessity, for the manors on which the court leet and the court baron could be administered were but few and far between. The city of St. Mary's was more than a sabbath day's journey away, and so the county court was held at the house of Francis Wright, to try a Seneca Indian, and Captain Howell had a case before him in his home then in Baltimore, now in Cecil County, and the succession of municipal and judicial centres had fairly begun.

Then the government of the colony waked up to the necessity for towns and ports of entry. The assembly created from time to time batches of legislative points of trade, assigning a site to one here and another there. But there were other factors beside the willing or unwilling planter to be dealt with. The Indian brought his peltries from as far away as Canada, and found beckoning to him the trading-posts which dotted the choice situations on the rivers from the head of the bay to Mattapany on the Patuxent, to Point Lookout on the Potomac, or to North Point on the Patapsco, where he might barter them for the corn of the planters and his wares just arrived in the latest barque from the home market. These commercial amenities, it might have been supposed, would decide the site upon which a town might grow. There are, however, forces in nature which allow no quarter and give none, and so the drifting alluvium, the tide and the marsh deposit were silent but deadly foes to progress, and it sometimes happened that before the necessary legislation could be accomplished and approved from over the sea, places were unseatable and consequently towned and untowned, until like the fairy rings of the old country they appear at night and are gone with the day.

We find, then, many creations but few preservations. A Baltimore Town appears like a meteor on the river Elk in the very northernmost part of the province, but vanishes as swiftly as it came. When, however, in addition to a place on the map of Augustin Herrman, in 1672, a town has achieved a mention in the court records of the day, it is safe to say that its history is making, and when we



Herrman's Map of Upper Chesapeake Bay.

learn from the yellow leaves of the journal that "a town should be laid off on Bush River on the Town Land near the Court House", we salute our first permanent Baltimore settlement.

Trade had now veered to the westward and the current set toward deep water at the head of the Bay. Here had been one of the strongholds of the Susquehannocks, though they were beginning to migrate, and just here, regardless of the possible raid or foray, the Bush, a tassel in the fringe of rivers which one passes today in the trains to the northward, claimed our Baltimore Town, which for breadth of outlook into the Chesapeake Bay, and depth of draught, could have laughed to scorn our early contracted quarters on the evil-odored basin. Here at the head of the Bay, where Osbornes, Philipses, Hollises and many others had traded, there was settled for a sufficient number of years to complete its lawful majority, Baltimore on the Bush, which regulated the affairs of this part of the province.

The course of this world seems not to have been too peaceably ordered for it, since from its first erection by the Captain General as a port of entry, efforts were not wanting to deprive it of its honors. The sturdy little town provided a court house, a prison, and an inn, for the promotion of virtue, the punishment of vice, and the comfortable maintenance of man and beast. Later there are glimpses of the old church in Spesutia Hundred, with the sunken graves about it, marking the place where the early settlers had worshipped, and where, when the day was done, they rested from their labors.

The church registers of St. George's, Spesutia parish, the residuary legatee of these first churchmen of the log church, show that one John Cook was here born in 1681, and also demonstrate how the vestries did duty in their day and generation in the overlook of the morals and education of the community. One of the terrors of frontier life appears in the proclamation nailed to both church and court house door, defining the signal to be used in alarms of Indian attacks, when a gun was to be fired three times

within fifteen minutes, and this signal was to be repeated from house to house. The shots which echoed through the neighborhood, so the story goes, had been of little avail when the Susquehannocks had descended in one of their forays on the plantation of William Osborne and carried off his first-born son. The neighboring planter, with his own retinue of servants, took up the search in all the nooks and corners of the customary haunts of the savages, aided by the friendly Indians which many of the families were permitted to keep to hunt and fish for them. Over the ferry at the head of the Bay they followed the trail with fleet-footed horse, but the aborigine had centuries of cunning and woodcraft behind him; the search was fruitless, all traces were lost.

Tradition tells us that years after one of the peaceful chieftains brought in tidings that the boy had been spared and kindly treated by his captors, had been adopted into the tribe, and was now one of their great men. After Osborne had departed from these earthly scenes (his burial was the first of a white man in the settlement), his son signed one of the important treaties, with his many-syllabled and unpronounceable Indian name and with queer animal cartouche, the Terrapin of the Susquehannocks.

The Osbornes were a typical English family of good birth, and as younger sons, emigrated to the colony early in the day. The land which they had taken up was needed for the seating of old Baltimore on the Bush, and the tract of Common Garden, the site of the old court house, has only lately been traced through the energy of one of their descendants. In the transfer the grantee delivered "a Spanish bitt", a silver coin, affixed to the seal of "these presents".

But the ever present litigation of the day appears when William Osborne and Mary his wife are summoned to say why they do not finally make over the court house land unto their lordship's justices and their successors. In the end the affair is arranged with delivery of turf and twig, the old common law "livery of seisin".

Meanwhile, quaint old figures flit across the stage and

attempts at migration begin. Thomas Thurston, one of the pioneers of "the people called Quakers", presents his petition to Clement Hill of his lordship's council to remove the court house from Baltimore to Winter's Run where "it will be neere the middle of the County" [incidentally to the acres of T.T.], "it would be a meanes to drive back the heathen further into the woods" and ". . . it will be neere the path that goes from Potomock to the Susquehannoh Rivers and that will encourage Strangers, and enlarge our County".

It is difficult to realize that at this time there were only bridle paths, and that the jurors for Baltimore County had already presented the road-overseers for not making the highways passable for man or horse. Indeed, it was not until the end of the century that the roads were made wide enough for carts. Later on, the Assembly ordered that on the roads leading to ferries, court houses, or churches, or to the port of Annapolis, the trees should be notched with two notches, and that those leading to ferries, and dividing from other roads should be marked with three notches. "The three notched road" is still well known today in the lower counties, and the blazing of the splendid old oaks is still to be discerned deep in their massive trunks.

We see, too, the shadowy form of the old clerk of the court who receives in consideration of town lots conveyed, "three hundred gallons of good syder" [of a renowned plantation brand] to be paid him on the 10th of September for each year during his life. His days were long in the land, for he lived to escort in his official capacity two migrations of the august body with its belongings from the court house of Baltimore on Bush to an intermediate site of the plantation of "Simm's Choice", and to hear the wails of the plantation owners over its later removal to Joppa on the Gunpowder.

The traces of the stone abutments of the wharves of the Old House Point, with the splendid sweep of the Chesapeake before it, make one wonder that it did not longer hold its own, but the battle with tide and silt still goes on,

the channel has long ago filled in, and all that remains today of Baltimore on the Bush is the farm that bears its name, and the graveyard with a solitary tomb which shows the last resting-place of James Philips and Martha Paca, his wife, the only connecting links with the generations who lived and loved and vanished from Old Baltimore.

For awhile, in the latter years of the seventeenth century, the Court House of Baltimore County appears to have rested upon the Gunpowder River, not, as was once thought, on "Foster Neck", but probably at a plantation known as "Simm's Choice", but really the next of kin in the town family, the succession of Baltimore County court houses, was Joppa on the Gunpowder River, which after 1707 began bravely, fought lustily, and only gave way in its turn to its rival on the Patapsco after a spirited contest covering the next half-century. Just why this name of Joppa, the abiding-place of the tribe of Dan, from which the prophet of old fled to Tarshish, should have been given to this seat upon the Gunpowder, does not now appear. All of the surroundings are congenial, since in the vicinity, Jerusalem, Jericho and Paradise still survive. In 1712, Joppa became the county seat of Baltimore County.

If a keen conception of human nature means anything, Joppa deserved a long life. The provision that debtors who would bring in their supply of tobacco and produce should be allowed a reduction of ten per cent. from their obligation on all consignments, certainly appealed to the imagination of the only too frequently involved planter. Roads were made wider to give easier access from the town to all parts of the province, and the rolling roads made ready for the horses to pull the tobacco casks to the water's edge. Buildings were improved in quality and appearance. Only brick chimneys were allowed, and houses were to cover four hundred square feet. For the outside, trade was stimulated by the shipbuilding, encouraging the industry which later was to make the region of the Patapsco and Chesapeake famous. But with all these promotions of growth, the little town had its difficulties from the start, for good Queen Anne had not a very clear conception of her possessions



JOPPA

on the banks of the Gunpowder, and promptly proceeded to veto its charter. There was also a question of the legality of title through complication in Colonel Maxwell's family, the principal proprietors in the place, in a deficient son, suggesting a flaw of which investors were wary, but through it all a flourishing town sprang up. The parish church of St. Johns received the glebe land of Stokeley Manor, the pious gift of Jeremiah Eaton for the maintenance of its first resident minister, and a notable social life grew up about it. Its streets are still discernible amid the cornfields which now cover the site.

A few tombstones appear about the foundations of the old church on what was once Church street, and of its belongings a substantial survival appears among the treasures of the diocesan library of Maryland in a set of heavy pewter communion vessels.²

The plat of the town of Joppa, from the county archives, locates for us the dwellings, the inn, the prison and the Amen corner. This last locality caused much discussion in one of the first excursions which the Johns Hopkins University students made under Dr. Herbert Baxter Adams, escorted by the late Dr. Leakin. Only the Rumsey House, with its heavy walls and great old chimneys, remains to show how substantially the letter of the law was fulfilled. It was probably built by Colonel Maxwell, who owned much of the surrounding land. From this quaint old reproduction of an English home, with its oaken balustrade and panelling of choicest wood, went forth later in the century one of the earliest pioneers of steam navigation. Rumsey held the monopoly in Maryland waters, although many of his adventures were made elsewhere. We may not tarry longer at this county seat of Baltimore, for this she was, and this she continued to be, even for a generation after the town of Baltimore was well and duly settled.

² Photographs showing the churchyard were made by the late Mrs. Charles J. Bonaparte and given to the writer.

CHAPTER IV.

AS IN the case of the northern rivers, the Bush and the Gunpowder, so from the Patapsco, the settlements had been pushing inland. By the time that Old Baltimore upon the Bush had reached the height of its glory, Mr. Charles Gorsuch, one of the "people called Quakers", whose family was among the sufferers from the Indian incursions at the head of the Bay, discerned in 1661 a peaceful port at the point of land which juts out into the Patapsco, afterward called Whetstone Point, and took up fifty acres, paying therefor to the lord proprietary one pound sterling per annum. There seems a grim humor in the name, and in the use to which his investment has since been turned, in that for years it was the parade ground for the county militia, and in that Fort McHenry now occupies it, affording suggestions of fire and sword. Charles Gorsuch decided, however, that neither crops nor ores were likely to bring him wealth in that locality, and so in 1702 his patent was vacated in favor of James Carroll, who had lately arrived from Ireland. Among others who took up land in 1661 were Alexander Mountenay and David Jones, to the latter of whom we owe the name of the Falls that have played so large a part in the topographical development of Baltimore. In 1668, John Howard took up Timber Neck, the first of the princely grants from which the Howards, after they had joined forces with the Eagers, who took up Lunn's Lot, donated many sites now the pride of our city.

The last named plantation (Lunn's Lot) impinged on the land of Mr. John Moale. Perhaps the discovery that the red earth which had attracted the attention of the earliest explorers, and which existed in large quantities on the estate of this gentleman, in reality contained iron ore, may explain to some degree the turning of the tide of settlement in this direction. Up to this time, the deep water

craft had been wont to load and unload as far away as North Point, near the place where the Patapsco empties into the Bay. Now arose the necessity for some port nearer the inland plantations, which might be reached by the roads that were replacing the waterways. Among the numerous assembly-made towns which never materialized was one designed to be laid out on Whetstone Point in Patapsco River. Thus as early as 1707 the geographical advantages of this region had been appreciated. The lapse of two decades did but render more patent these advantages, and the gentry who had "seated" on the forks of the Patapsco, now prayed the Assembly for a town to be laid out on the north side of the Middle Branch of the River. Mr. John Moale, however, content with his prospective wealth, tarried not, but hastened to the seat of government, and effected the defeat of this proposition, whereupon the petitioners prayed that the lands, Cole's Harbor or Ely O'Carroll, supposed to belong to Charles and Daniel Carroll, as patented by Charles Carroll on the north side of Patapsco River, might be substituted. That some degree of dubiety seems to have been attached to this title is not surprising to the seeker after truth who has tried to trace the chain of any title of this period. In the language of one who had thus sought, "With patents, vacations, renewals, reversions, and escheat titles, lines were but illy defined and the owners were next to impossible to find."

Charles Carroll, born in the year of the Restoration, a student of law at the Inner Temple, at an early age went into the service of the ministry of King James II. Attracted to the colony of Maryland by the policy of toleration which had rendered it unique, he resolved to emigrate. As we have seen, his forebears had been land neighbors of the Lords Baltimore in County Longford, Ireland. These ties were renewed in the third generation. Charles Carroll, emigrant (so styled to distinguish his individuality from the numbers of the same name who followed him), could scarcely have chosen a more unpropitious moment for his arrival in the Land of the Sanctuary. The Protestant Revolution was at hand; the proprietary government was soon to be dis-

placed, and Maryland for the first time in its history became a royal province. The commission of attorney-general of Maryland, given to Carroll in England by Lord Baltimore and confirmed by the council, proved but a fleeting honor. His indignation at the loss of his office, freely expressed, and his strictures upon the policy of the government, landed him in durance vile, and he was consoled only in the employments given him, and the affectionate appreciation shown him by Charles, third Lord Baltimore, who assigned to him a goodly number of acres as near as possible to his own lands "for the benefit of his society". In the upheaval of the province, the proprietary had been allowed to retain his private rights, his lands and rents. As his agent and receiver-general in Maryland, Carroll was afforded great opportunity for the survey of the situation, and none knew better than he just where the best lands, the strategic points, the safest harbors were to be found. When, therefore, the movement to secure the land of Mr. John Moale had been frustrated by that worthy gentleman, we find Carroll's sons ready to forward the movement at the psychological moment, and to far better advantage for the new-born town.

After the arrival of Charles Carroll in the province, and before the conclusion of these negotiations, stirring times were afoot in the mother country. The toasts which had been drunk by the old clerk of the court at Judd's Inn on the banks of the Gunpowder in Maryland, in "a cup of Sampson"—when, with the connivance of the country gentry he had "with great acclamacons . . ." asked God to bless "King James, our real King"—, were but a reflection in the colony of the periodical outbursts of enthusiasm for the Stuarts. At home, in England, many went "out in the '15". What proportion of these gallant gentlemen left their homes for America is uncertain, but some of those who languished in jail or paid forfeit with their lives had intimate connections with those on this side of the water; and it was Charles Carroll who was summoned, by letter from the commissioner of forfeited estates in London to John Hart, governor, in 1717, to say "touching" the estate



Line Map of Baltimore Town

of Mr. Talbott, [a cousin of Lord Baltimore], . . . "what he knows thereof, and whether he did not treat with Mr. Talbott for his plantations, lands and effects in Talbot Co., and what money he offered him for it and whether he was not in Newgate with him since he was a prisoner there for the late Rebellion, . . . also whether he did not lend him 30 guineas", . . . and if he refused to answer, to serve him with the enclosed summons to attend in London. The third Lord Baltimore died in 1715, the year of the uprising. Charles Carroll followed him five years later. He left his estates to his two sons, Charles Carroll of Annapolis and Daniel Carroll of Duddington. These sons of Charles Carroll, as owners, since 1696, of the lands in question, now united in the petition mentioned above—that the town of Baltimore might be laid out on sixty acres of Ely O'Carroll or Cole's Harbor, which they designate, to place it beyond the possibility of mistake, as that "where one John Fleming now lives". If this tenant of Carroll's should be permitted to revisit these earthly scenes, he would be at a loss to identify his old home in the site near the southeast corner of Charles and Lombard Streets.

By an act of assembly of August 8, 1729, commissioners were appointed to lay off the town, who duly proceeded, the following January, to their task, commencing their work at a point near what is now the intersection of Pratt and Light Streets. The commissioners, Major Thomas Tolley, William Hamilton, William Buckner, Dr. George Walker, Richard Gist, Dr. George Buchanan, and Colonel William Hammond, were all of them, except Dr. Walker, justices of the county. The sixty acres with which the Carrolls, for due consideration, parted, lay west of Jones's Falls, and were thus divided into lots of which these by the water side were at once taken up.

As the town site was confined by surrounding hills and an unhealthful marsh, it was fortunate that enlargement soon appeared. But three years later a second town, a tiny one of ten acres divided into twenty lots, was authorized by act of assembly to be laid out east of Jones's Falls, on the land "whereon Edward Fell keeps store". This was Jones's or

Jonas's Town, which had its own commissioners, Major Thomas Sheridine, Captain Robert North and Messrs. Thomas Todd, John Cockey and John Boring. Soon there was a bridge to unite the two villages, and in 1745 both were combined into one "Baltimore Town", with seven commissioners empowered to levy upon the inhabitants a tax to the amount of £3 yearly, for the salary of their clerks, and in general to superintend the affairs of the larger community. Meanwhile were laid the beginnings of a third partner in the building of Baltimore, when on "Copus Harbor", a property somewhat further to the east, arose the mansion of William Fell. It was not this William, but his son Edward, who some years later laid out into lots Fell's Point, where a bluff jutting out into the Patapsco offered better wharfage facilities than could be found in the shallow basin of Baltimore and Jonestown.

It was doubtless no small matter to have one's household supplies steered through the lapping waters from the ship lying at the Point to the wharf at the foot of one's garden, which stretched down through its terraces to the stream below. Here were the boats in constant readiness for pleasure excursions or moonlight sentimentality along the sedge-fringed banks. But Venice, without the tides and currents which carry out to the restless ocean the wastage of its canals, would be but an unsanitary menace; and so the streams that connected the chain of towns, in their early career, first bridged, were then filled in, until today, one of the chief water-courses of that time,—Harford Run, which was the boundary between Town and Point,—forms a huge arched sewer-way, while the banks of the classic Falls of Jones now support a boulevard, along which speeds the then inconceivable automobile.

The development of Jonestown and Fell's Point of the deep harbor justified the merchant-princes, who with sagacity and foresight settled such large proportions of the old town and through the neck down to the water's edge. Their wisdom was justified in the stately ships which sailed in and out of Copus Harbor: and the survival of their fortunes was notably shown in the beautiful houses which

stretched down to the tide-line, from whose crows-nests, on the tops of their broad roofs, the swift incoming craft might be sighted. No spot about the present Baltimore preserved such amplitude of proportion or such exquisite detail of finish as not so long ago might be found in some of the mansions of Fell's Point, where mantel and cornice, doorway and balustrade, looked down on the latest foreign arrivals, pouring in like a flood to possess the land.

Around Baltimore Town were grouped many of the plantations of the gentry, and it took long to convince them that town lots were desirable investments, or a house built in a new and crude little hamlet necessary to a man who had his hospitable mansion not so very far away, with retinues of servants,—house and field,—trained to the plantation life which he and his forefathers had loved so well. Indeed the settler from the old country or the planter from remote regions of the colony could say as to his permanent habitat, "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away". Nevertheless some diplomatic souls made friends to themselves of the possibilities of the future, kept their plantations, and secured options in Town or Point, which they took their time in improving with buildings.

Of Timber Neck, Lunn's Lot, and Cole's Harbor, or Ely O'Carroll, we have already heard; and to these plantation names were gradually added many others to make up the area of the later city. Among these, antiquarian research has listed Hap Hazard, Chatsworth, Welsh Adventure, Bond's Pleasant Hill, Ridgely's Delight, Mount Royal, David's Fancy, Salisbury Plains, Haile's Folly, Gay's Neglect, Georgia, and several others: and no doubt the same property in some cases appears under more than one name. In laying off the town lots the commissioners had been assisted by the county surveyor, Philip Jones, who is said to have come from Wales. He married Anne Rattenbury and their daughter, Henrietta Maria, married Colonel Nicholas Rogers, who built the Philip and Charles, the first square rigged vessel that sailed from Baltimore. Philip Jones was the ancestor of a distinguished progeny, of which Judge Thomas Jones, who built Walnut Grove on Patapsco

Neck, was a notable figure. At a later time he said that his sister, Mrs. Rogers, had been the oldest inhabitant of Baltimore Town, but on just what grounds is not stated. Ellin North, daughter of Captain Robert North, who in 1760 married John Moale, II, and lived to be a very old lady, was declared later by a somewhat doubtful tradition to have been the first child born in Baltimore.

Even in the early years, the material advantages of Baltimore over her predecessors were great. In the old town on the Bush, and in Joppa, there had been roadsteads: at Baltimore there was a harbor two miles in extent; and if this was in some parts of insufficient depth, at Copus Harbor, soon to be settled as Fell's Point, the largest ships could anchor. Again, the older towns had possessed comparatively few streams that could turn a mill; whereas the land about the new town had abundance of water power for the manufacture of flour and meal. This was most important, for while the planters might be content to send their tobacco over "rolling roads", mills for the manufacture of grain were essential to the economic success of the more varied agriculture that should furnish trade to a real town. If elsewhere the settlers who had pushed back into the hills found it difficult to reach tidewater, the Patapsco, situated between the two great rivers, the Potomac and the Susquehanna, was itself a gateway to the inland country. All these qualifications did Baltimore possess, and the export trade so pluckily begun by Joppa on the Gunpowder constantly increased here. Furthermore, the iron works of Tasker and Carroll on the middle and south branches of the Patapsco were a natural development of the resources of the ore of which Mr. Moale did not possess the monopoly. Meanwhile the outgoing vessels to Europe, Canada, the West Indies, and New England, brought back exchange of supplies for the back-country.

As we have seen, in the year 1745, by act of assembly, Jonestown was legally embraced within the limits of Baltimore Town. This seems to have given a fresh start to progress, which was considerably accelerated by new and unexpected additions to the population from the outside

world. Overseas, the risings in '15 and '45 seem to us of today to have been a foregone conclusion for failure: yet, in this second attempt to bring back the Stuarts, the close connection between England and the kith and kin on the far side of the Channel was demonstrated. When James II lay dying, Louis had promised his aid in bringing back his son to the throne of his fathers, and this combination meant only one outcome to the British comprehension. After the failure of the Pretender's enterprise, and the consequent executions, incarcerations and expatriations, some of the remnant left came over to America. Maryland received her share, and Baltimore claimed most of these. Some of our best and sterling blood thus traces back to the '15 and the '45. Those who came found open arms to receive them. If they had been sold to pay their passage, the gentry redeemed them, and many a romance is woven into the story of those who, in the years following the rebellions, sailed over the seas to a country where they might bury their disappointments and have a resurrection of hope.

Indeed, so strong were such ties that some of us remember fragments of old Jacobite lays which our grand-elders sang to us, albeit with quavering voices, in the days of our childhood.

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"The news from Moidart came yestreen.
'Twill travel fast and fairlie,
For ships of war have just come in
And landed Royal Charlie.

"So over the heather we'll dance together
All in the morning airlie,
With heart and hand we'll take our stand,
For who'll be King but Charlie?"

But in contrast to these impossible loyalties and lost causes, there were those who preferred that anyone should "be King but Charlie". The broadsides and papers of the day are filled with triumphant praise of the successful forces, and even the Archbishop of York, who was sup-

posed to have put on a military habit under his robes, gave occasion for the verse :

“May Priestly arms as well as Prayers succeed
And prove our Church true Militant indeed.”

Another burdened soul appealed to the Pretender :

“Presumptuous youth! To Kingdoms quit thy claim!
Charles, Francis, James or John, Whate’er thy name,
Fly, and thy flag no longer dare display
In fancied triumph o’er the watery way.
Tell faithless France and unrelenting Spain
Heaven guards our Isle, and all thy arts are vain.”

Parson Cradock delivered a powerful discourse in the mother church of old St. Paul’s in Baltimore Town, from the text, “A merry heart doeth good like a medicine”, wherein he drew vivid pictures of the dire consequences of success on the part of the Pretender and bade them give joyful thanks for their deliverance.

CHAPTER V.

AMONG the first to take up "Lotts" in Baltimore Town were the rector and vestry of St. Paul's, otherwise known as Patapsco Parish. This widely scattered flock had been wont to assemble by land and water—chiefly water—through the digitate creeks and necks of that part of the parish, at the triangular lot at the head of Colgate Creek, on which had stood for many years the old church and the vestry house where the early parishioners had worshipped and the youth of the day had their education secular and religious. The division of the colony into parishes, which Lord Baltimore had found impossible in 1678, had come to pass in 1692, and while the establishment by law of the Church of England was a great occasion for stumbling to many, the parish vestries, it must be remembered, occupied the place of petty magistrates in many local matters.

The exact site of the old St. Paul's Church, on Colgate Creek, and the spring which long served to quench the thirst of people and pupils, were pointed out in 1849 by General Tobias Stansbury, then ninety years old, to the late patriarch of the diocese, the Reverend Dr. George Armistead Leakin.

The boundaries of St. Paul's Parish were far-reaching and included Baltimore Town and the country from the Patapsco River on the south, to the Pennsylvania line on the north, and from Patapsco Falls and the county line on the west, to the Chesapeake Bay on the east; while a line to Middle River, the Big Gunpowder Falls, the Western Run and Piney Run hemmed it in on the northeast, where it met St. John's Parish.

A spirit of unrest seemed to possess the gentlemen of the vestry. Through the good offices of the sheriff, Thomas Sheridine, and that important functionary, the surveyor of the Western Shore, Richard Gist, a lot had been purchased

on the Old York Road near Walsh's tanyard. Mr. Edward Fell's speculation in land next attracted them and they determined to build east of the Falls where Mr. Fell had arrived only two years before. Meanwhile came the excitement with regard to the laying-out of the town and when this was at its height the assembly of 1729 defined the desire of the faithful to have the new church in the new town. So Lot No. 19 was chosen at the highest point of its northern boundary.

St. Paul's Church was then and for some time after the only place of public worship in Baltimore Town. The Roman Catholics were well served in the domestical chapels attached to many of the manor and plantation houses; while Father Ashton was ever ready to come in from Doughoregan to answer a call from his people in this sparsely settled section. Nor did the Friends and Presbyterians build their places of worship in the town till later, having their country meetings already established and using private houses for their devotions in town.

Thus, the house of Thomas Todd, the third of that name, at North Point was, in 1714-1715, licensed by the Baltimore County Court at Joppa "for a Presbyterian minister to preach in." Here was welcomed the Reverend Hugh Conn, an Irish-born Presbyterian minister who, on the death of Mr. Todd, promptly married his widow¹ and served for a few years as pastor in a meeting house on the land of John Frizzell on the south side of the Patapsco on Curtis Creek. Similarly, the Friends, after having their meeting at or near the house of John Giles, had organized the Patapsco Meeting on the Harford road.

We may then picture for ourselves the members of St. Paul's coming in from the country roundabout by chair, chaise, or pillion, the use of which was continued for many

¹ Out of this arose a tragedy recalled to us in the beautifully carved gravestone with armorial bearings to be seen today on the Todd plantation at North Point.

"Here lyeth the Body of Elizabeth Conn late wife of Hugh Conn who departed this life . . . 1717 in the 27th year of her Age . . . Daughter E . . . Conn this life . . . 22 . . . 1 year and 12 days."

Tradition has persisted that, returning from a visit to England, both mother and baby had died within sight of home.

a day, or punting up the falls from the river to the cliff nearest the corner of Calvert and Newchurch Lane, now Lexington Street. The falls of Jones at times were used as a waterway. Indeed the late Henry F. Thompson, speaking of a period much later than this, related to the writer the incident of his punting up from Fort McHenry to Christ Church, which then stood near Jones's Falls.

The parishioners of St. Paul's gathered for their salutations after the good old fashion in the churchyard and porch with its beautiful old English tiling, under the shade of the buttonwood trees. The graveyard stretched about and behind the church, wherein were pictured many a Death's Head and the accompanying Memento Mori, which brought terror to the youthful mind; or delightful cherubs, with lengthy trumpets and lengthier epitaphs, which inspired hope in their elders.

In the busy life which surges in and out of Charles Street today it is difficult to reproduce the "spacious environs" with the terraces of rough-hewn steps sloping down to Lexington Street, where a fence hedged them in. The dames and gentlemen who here attended divine service found little beyond the sacred dwelling but green fields and, in some cases, swelling floods, for what is now the heart of the city was then, and long after, woodland and forest.

In 1739 the Reverend Benedict Bourdillon was presented to the living of St. Paul's Parish by Charles, the fifth Lord Baltimore. The reverend rector and his lady, Johanna Gertruij Janssen, who was the niece of Sir Theodore Janssen and consequently cousin both of Lady Baltimore and Madame Bladen, wife of the governor, had quite a charming little family circle. They had sailed away from England with Lord and Lady Baltimore, and Mr. Witham Marshe in 1737, although the Reverend Mr. Bourdillon had been in the province earlier.

Governor Bladen was a most accomplished gentleman, we are told; a great favorite in polished and refined circles of English society. His daughter had been mentioned by Lord Chesterfield as "our friend Harriet Bladen", with a

fortune of £20,000, who was about to marry the Earl of Essex. Her son in later days was to command one of the British ships of the line in our second conflict with the mother country.

The last addition to the family connection had been in the arrival of a small citizen, Thomas Bourdillon, born in St. Paul's Rectory, for whom the governor and Mrs. Bladen stood sponsor. The rectory at that time had one story and a hipped roof, painted red, with its lovely old fashioned garden about it. Here it enjoyed a solitary possession of the situation, there being no other dwelling at that time north of what is now Saratoga Street, or south, until one came to Long, our present Baltimore Street. It was not a great while, however, before a new incumbent for the parish and new tenants for the rectory were needed; for soon, alas, the *Maryland Gazette* announced:

"To be sold at auction for ready money or bills of exchange on Saturday of this instant month (February) at the house of Mrs. Janet Bourdillon in Baltimore Town part of the estate of the Rev. Benedict Bourdillon, late rector of St. Paul's in Baltimore County, deceased, consisting of choice negro slaves under twenty-five years of age; about 10,000 weight of tobacco or more in the late and present sheriff's hands. 50,000 pounds or more in casks at convenient landings on the Patapsco River. Likewise a collection of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French and English books in good condition and newly bound; some household furniture, sundry plow and riding horses, cattle, carts, plantation tools, etc.

Signed James Richards, High Sheriff of
Baltimore Town and County."

Filled with missionary zeal, Parson Bourdillon in 1741 had proposed to the vestry of St. Paul's the building by subscription of a chapel of ease for the "forest inhabitants". These were the people of "Garrison Forest" which had derived its name from the stern realities of frontier life.

While the settlements in the colony had been on the whole free from any great massacre by the Indians within

her borders, there had been often raids when Susquehannocks or Cinnecoos (Senecas) would descend upon the plantation, in which the man of the house would be murdered or mutilated, the women and children would be carried off to be ransomed later, and the flight of these plundering groups might be traced by the pillage they strewed along the highways or wood paths. Such had been the fate of the Gorsuch family not many years earlier.

As early as 1692, it had been considered wise to establish a chain of fortifications in our colony, from Piscataway in Charles County on the south to the Pennsylvania line on the north. The sites of these forts, and the lists of their officers and rangers may be followed today, and under the leadership of the canny Scot, Col. Ninian Beall, and the discipline of Col. John Addison, the people were ready to encounter "the copper-colored cannibal, or the wily French savage". Captain John Risteau, one of the earliest investors in Baltimore Town lots, was in command of the Garrison, nearest Baltimore, at the fort which has left its name in "Garrison Forest." He proved himself to be a worthy descendant of his people, who had left France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

In 1746 there was a wedding in the family, for Parson Cradock, rector of the church in the Forest, had won the Huguenot's daughter. Her dowry was a fine plantation, called Trentham by the groom from his home in old England, which he had left only from his sterling sense of honor. The Duke of Bedford, then at the head of the British Marine, of whose family the Cradocks had been highly valued members, had shown signal favor to the two brothers and had procured the rapid promotion of one of them, who became Bishop of Dublin. He would have gladly advanced our Maryland parson, who was "of good sufficiency", to a nomination for a similar office. The sister of his grace of Bedford, however, had become deeply attached to the young cleric, who felt that it would be better to leave the country, and so to cure if possible this great infatuation. In his cabin, just before the anchor was weighed, he found a figure heavily veiled, and knew it was

the woman for whom he was leaving his home, and who had made this last effort to accompany him. He persuaded her to return to her people, and crossing to our colony made honorable record in his ministrations to the church in the Forest, his life-long friend. For on Parson Bourdillon's death, by virtue of an act of assembly previously passed, the Garrison Church, bearing the title of the blessed apostle Saint Thomas, had been made into a separate parish.

We have thus far recounted how the blessings of the church were extended to our infant town. Now we turn to the interest in the things of this world.

No time was lost in embracing the privilege dear to the old English town life, conveyed to us by act of assembly of 1747, of the right to hold a Fair and Races, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of October, we learn from the *Gazette* "A Fair will be kept at Baltimore Town in Baltimore County. On the first day of the said fair will be run for by any horse, mare or gelding, ten pounds, current money, to run three heats half a mile each and to carry one hundred twenty-five pounds weight" and similarly advantageous terms for the second and third day. The horses were to be entered with William Hammond or Darby Lux at any time before the day of racing, paying ten shillings for the first day and less for the second and third.

The Baltimore Club of that period met at one of the "ordinaries", where the questions of the day were discussed, and where were celebrated the times and seasons. A very representative group of citizens in and around the town, they showed a laudable desire to stand by any member of the club who got himself into trouble, as the following pronouncement of November 26, 1746, will show:

"We the Subscribers Inhabitants of Baltimore County and Town, and many of Us Members of a Club kept in said Town, having understood that an Information hath been made to this Government, that M^r James Richards high Sheriff of Our said County, and a Member of Our Club hath spoken Words reflecting on his present Majesty King George his Person and Government

"We therefore in Justice to the Character of the s^d



Moale's View of Baltimore, 1752.

James Richards do certify that He at all times and on all Occasions, when in Our Company expressed the Greatest Loyalty and Zeal for his present Majesty and the happy Establishment both in Church and State, and frequently declared his utter Abhorrence of the present unnatural Rebellion; and always was One of the most Active and forward in expressing his Joy, on making any Conquest or gaining any Victory over the French, the Pretender, or any of his Majestys Enemies, and particularly distinguished himself on the Days We celebrated the taking Cape Breton, The Victory obtained over the Rebels at Culloden, under his Royal Highness the Duke, and on his Majesty's late Birthday

"And further We believe the said Information to be malicious spiteful and without Foundation"

Signed.

Darby Lux	Tho ^s Sligh	W ^m Payne
W ^m Hammond	Edw ^d Tulley	Tho ^s Harrison
Geo. Buchanan	Tho ^s Cradock	T. Sheredine
R ^d Croxall	Charles Ridgely	Henry Morgan
Walter Tolley	Rob ^t North	W ^m Titfin
Ja ^s Slemaker	Nicho. Rogers	Sab: Sollers
Edward Dogan	W ^m Bond	Alex ^r Lawson
Lyde Goodwin	T. Stansbury	W ^m Rogers
W ^m Fell	W ^m Dallam	W ^m Lyon
Tho ^s Franklyn	Tho ^s Gough	Ja ^s Walker

Not so much as a quarter of a century after the founding of the town, an artistic effort of the younger Mr. Moale, later supplemented with touches by a brother craftsman, undertook to portray our civic possessions in a drawing. So small is the town, that one wonders whether the drawing does not represent conditions of an earlier date than 1752. The sketch resembles nothing so much as the little German toy villages, contained in oblong boxes, that were the delight of our childhood days. The stiff houses, just twenty-five in number, about one for each year of the town life, stand stark, with their little trees and commons about them. Some woodeny fishermen draw seine in the foreground; a few aborigines in an apparently aggrieved state of mind

survey their former hunting ground; while the merchant marine of just two vessels rides proudly at anchor in the harbor.

One of these ships links us with the days when the ship-building interests were centered about North Point, and the story used to go that the *Phillip and Charles*, called for two of the Calverts, was built in Deep Creek shipyard at the head of Back River. Her owner was Nicholas Rogers, and with her consort, the sloop *Baltimore* (which belonged to William Lux, carried twenty guns and was of four hundred and fifty tons burden, working forty hands), she was the only other vessel owned in Baltimore Town at this time, that ventured beyond the Capes. The wreck of the sloop *Dove*, quite near the *Baltimore* in the sketch, is suggestive of the little pinnace which brought our forebears across the ocean.

The streets straggle up and down the main stream, the Falls of Jones, from the hills at the back to the water's edge with the lanes which crossed them. Long, and what is now Calvert Street, much resembling ancient cow paths, are occupied by houses at rare intervals. Payne's Tavern was at the junction of what was afterwards Calvert and Bank Lane; Kaminsky's Inn, which stood until quite lately on Light Street was then well known; while a rival hostel of which Mr. Rogers was host, was on the northeast corner of what is now St. Paul and Baltimore. Here it was that Witham Marshe, secretary of the commission to treat with the Indians meeting in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, sojourned in June, 1744, on his journey into their country. Of his impressions of our town and its neighbors he has left the following record:

"Saturday, June the 16th, 1744. This day the Hon. Edmund Jenings and the Hon. Philip Thomas, esqs., of the council of state in Maryland, having heretofore been appointed (by a special power from his Excellency Thomas Bladen, esq., Governor, under his hand, and the seal of that Province) Commissioners for treating with the Six Nations of Indians, on behalf of the Province, concerning some lands claimed by them, and to renew all former

treaties betwixt the Six Nations and this government, agreed to proceed on their embassy.

"I was required by them to stay at Annapolis, and receive the bills of exchange (to defray our expenses) from Mr. Ross, clerk of the Council; and after receiving the bills on Sunday, p. m., I went to Mr. Thomas's where I lodged that night.

"Sunday 17th. Mr. Commissioner Jenings went over Chesapeake Bay, as also did Mr. Benedict Calvert, who accompanied him to the treaty.

"Monday, June 18th, 1744. Breakfasted at Mr. Thomas's about 8 o'clock this morning, and soon after set out with him and the Rev. Mr. Craddock (who accompanied us in quality of chaplain to the Maryland Commissioners) for Patapscoe. Arrived at James Moore's ordinary, at the head of Severn river about one o'clock where we dined; but such a dinner was prepared for us, as never was either seen or cooked in the Highlands of Scotland or the Isles of Orkney. It consisted of six eggs fried with six pieces of bacon, with some clammy pone or Indian bread. . . . Our liquor was sorry rum, mixed with water and sugar, which bears the heathenish name of bumbo. Of this we drank about a pint, to keep down the nauseous eggs and bacon.

"P.M. Paid for our slovenly dinner and liquor and pursued our journey to Mrs. Hughes's, at Patapscoe River, (over which she keeps a ferry) to whose house we came about 3 o'clock. Here we refreshed ourselves with some good coffee, and toast and butter, which was served to us in a neat and handsome manner. We likewise drank a bottle of generous wine, then paid our reckoning and went over the river to Whetstone Point, and from thence proceeded to William Rogers's Ordinary in Baltimore town, being three miles distant from Mrs. Hughes's.

"Monday evening in Baltimore County I left Mr. Thomas and the Rev. Parson at the ordinary and went to Mr. Robert North's, where I supped with some blithe company, and from thence returned to Rogers's. Mr. Bourdillon, minister of this parish, visited his brother of the cloth, and stayed with us till near 11 o'clock this night. It was with this gentleman and his wife that I came into Maryland on the 1st of January, 1737. She is niece to Sir Theodore

Janssen, Baronet. When Mr. Bourdillon had bidden us bon soir, we soon retired to rest our wearied limbs, having rode forty four miles this hot day.

"Tuesday morning, June 19th, 1744. Rose about 5 o'clock, and ordered breakfast to be got presently, which was done. Drank tea and then mounted our horses to reach Edward Day's, who keeps the ferry on this side Joppa. Came to his house about 11 o'clock, baited ourselves and horses, and then passed over Gun-Powder river on his ferry boat to Joppa town.

"At Joppa. Rested at Mr. Brown's, who keeps a brick ordinary. Here we dined on a boiled ham and some chickens fried with bacon. Drank good wine and small-beer and rendered ourselves fit to encounter the fatigue of riding 25 miles further in this sultry weather.

"Here I waited on the Rev. Hugh Deane, who is parson of this parish [St. John's, Joppa] to deliver him a packet of letters, etc. I received from Dr. Lyon, at Baltimore town. He read to me some of the news mentioned in his European letters, concerning the Queen of Hungary, the King of Prussia, and the Lord knows how many other potentates; but as I was neither politician nor author I gave but little attention to it. I understood Mr. D. had his intelligence from his wife's brother, who has some place in the government at home, or is in dependence of favors from some *great man*; God help him!

"After dinner, about 3 in the afternoon, we took the route to Mr. Benjamin Chew's in Cecil county, whose house is distant from Joppa 26 miles. Betwixt six and seven of the clock in the evening, we reached Susquehanna lower ferry; we tarried some small time, and sent our horses over in a boat by themselves. From hence we went to the eastern side of the Susquehanna, and then rode to Mr. Chew's, almost a mile and a-half distance from the river. At this house we supped very heartily, for which our priest returned thanks. After supper we had a good deal of chat on various subjects, and then, very willingly, retired to bed."

Whether there were or were not palisades at the battle of Senlac was a question long and heatedly fought out between the historian Freeman and his critics. Of this one

is reminded by the unseemly mirth which has been excited over the stockade fence behind which the infant Baltimore Town, about 1750, intrenched itself. The town records do not refer to it as a fortification. On the contrary, they show that it was intended to exclude the animals that hitherto had roamed the streets to the detriment of the fair appearance of the town. It may have been intended also as a boundary between town and country; for in 1748 Charles Carroll requested permission to put the town fence in order adjoining his land, for which the commissioners thanked him. Even if a defense had not been originally contemplated, Baltimore County had had some rather gruesome experiences with the Indians. Earlier treaties contained the proviso that when coming in numbers on any errand, they were to come by water and under no circumstances by land, so our forefathers may have considered the element of protection by the erection of what is baldly styled their board fence, albeit it possessed two carriage gates and one for a footway. On the other hand, it may have been only a touch of overweening superiority over Mr. Jones's settlement or Mr. Fell's Point. But before the real alarm of the French and Indian War had sounded, this provision for guerrilla warfare, whether against man or beast, had disappeared, through the exigencies of weather, which, it seems, induced even some of the most respectable citizens to regard it as a source of supply for kindling. And all this despite a formidable list of city fathers who were to look out for its maintenance!

In the tobacco warehouse which had been put up at the lower end of what is now called Charles Street (Forest in those days) there was, no doubt, an increasing business; although sometimes the trade had its vexations, as, for example, when Christopher Carnan in 1755 wrote that cargoes come slow, for people are more inclined to sell outright than to ship, and they still persist in great prices. He keeps on purchasing a little, but it will be all he can do to load the *Baltimore* (perhaps one of the ships in Mr. Moale's sketch, belonging to William Lux) with the assistance of Elk Ridge, his warehouse and all the tobacco

warehouses upward on the Patapsco. But he still flatters himself with the hope of getting away "near as soon" as Stewart's ship. When one got one's money it was not easy to handle, for Mr. Paca, to whom Christopher Carnan had sent a supply of £100 for his products would gladly have returned his balance but Captain Bigg could not carry the 24£ and 3 shillings in silver cash because he "had no baggs".

This young gallant, Christopher Carnan, had also greatly enjoyed the festivities of the neighboring city of Philadelphia, where, according to a family tradition, he had been one of the Governors of the Assembly at the very early age of nineteen. He had not very long before this made one of those visitations home quite common in those days, which lasted over the current year, an eventful one for him since he had taken it for his wedding journey; Elizabeth North having preferred him poor and handsome to any other of her list of adorers more favored in this world's gear. The dowry of fifteen hundred guineas permitted them to travel in the style befitting her distinguished relatives, by whom she was received abroad. At the end of their year's journeyings they returned to the town with another small citizen born on the high seas in the very year of the map-making of Mr. Moale.

In these early days of Baltimore Dr. Lyon and Mr. Philpot, his partner, enjoyed the monopoly of "chamical means" in the only drug store in town. Perhaps one of the largest lot owners was Mr. Edward Fotterall, who had not only taken up his own but purchased from Dr. Walker and others. Public of spirit, his name is to be found in generous donations to the enterprises of the day. He contributed to the church in the Forest; but hot of head, his sportsmanlike instincts got him into trouble; and early in the day after repeated encounters with his antagonists, growing out of affairs of the card table, our last glimpse of him before he vanishes overseas is his presentment with his sword in hand, making a vain attempt to collect his debts.

He had married into the Dorsey clan and on his return

to the "Ile" of Erin left his daughter Achsah with her mother's family in Baltimore Town.

His house, which stood near what is now the northwest corner of Fayette and Calvert Streets, the present site of the court house, had been built in quite an inspiring advance over the usual architecture of the town—the first brick house in Baltimore with freestone corners and the first which was two stories high, without a hip-roof. His departure left it unfinished, but it served for a variety of purposes that the owner could little have foreseen, notably, in the later shelter of the Acadians and the first beginning of the celebration of the Mass accessible to the public in their sanctuary chapel.

At length, on February 4, 1754, after a quarter century of the town's life, the Governor of Maryland honored Baltimore with an official visit.

His reception was befitting his rank, with a company of foot under arms, the firing of cannon, display of colors of the regiment, "and many other signs of joy and respect", in the evening a *feu de joie* and dances. Very probably these festivities may have been enjoyed in the ballroom advertised by Mr. Fiesoli,—just now quite in demand to furnish a ball one week and a concert the next. With the brilliant costumes of the fair, and the gorgeous outfit of the brave, the scarlet and yellow of the volunteer companies, it was Baltimore's first occasion, and no doubt she made the most of it. We can give our fancy play and picture to ourselves how all the countryside for miles around came in: how the beauty of the Assembly, with her locks built up over a cushion with feathers which swept the low ceilings of the old house, with long-waisted stomacher, embroidered with fine seed pearls, with the hoops of the period, with dainty lace ruffles wherever they could be hung on a ground of yellow brocade, figured out with roses and poppies, and with her feet encased in scarlet slippers with exceeding high heels—stepped out with dignity and decorum: while the gallant who came to take her out by the tips of her fingers for the minuet, had himself arrayed in a complete suit of scarlet velvet, faced with white as to

coat and breeches, garnished with four dozen large jewelled buttons and a half-dozen of smaller size, the ample skirt of his coat stiffened with a yard or more of buckram, a long, pigtailed wig, well powdered, stockings of bright blue silk rolled up over his manly knees, the flaps of his embroidered satin vest reaching to his knee buckles, and the ends of his precious lace cravat, which was tied in the very latest fashion above the billowy steenkirk, with its ends twisted in or out of every buttonhole to his waist.

Soon we get our first official chronicle of the town. "I have taken an Opportunity since my arrival," Sharpe tells Lord Baltimore, "of visiting Baltimore which, indeed, has the Appearance of the most increasing Town in the Province, tho it scarcely answered the Opinion I had conceived of it: hardly as yet rivaling Annapolis in number of Buildings or Inhabitants; its Situation as to Pleasantness Air & Prospect is inferior to that of Annapolis, but if one considers it with respect to Trade, The extensive Country beyond it leaves no room for Comparison; were a Few Gentn of fortune to settle there & encourage the Trade it might soon become a flourishing place but while few beside the Germans (who are in general Masters of small Fortunes) build & inhabit there I apprehend it cannot make any considerable Figure. I am promised . . . by a Gentⁿ therein residing a plan of the town as it is begun & designed to be perfected." Perhaps this was the youthful Moale.

The kindly but pompous governor had not a very strong sense of proportion, and the glories of the capital city had quite spoiled him for anything else. He did not realize that in the mention of the Germans with their small fortunes, he was describing one of the main elements with which Baltimore would go before long to the head of the marching column of cities. The "gentlemen of fortune" were only waiting for the curtain to rise on the next act, for to be added to the Moales, Norths, Carrolls, Walkers and others to be found on the early lists, whose rent-rolls might have comforted his excellency, there soon arrived, in the periodical immigration from Ireland, the brothers Stevenson, whose keen commercial judgment and scientific interest

did indeed accomplish much to advance Baltimore Town to a flourishing place. So rapidly did they move, and so wide were their ventures, in architecture as well as in other things, that the town people decided that much learning had made them mad. But when patients in a short while began to come from far and near to benefit by the new fashion of "taking the smallpox", Stevenson's fine "Folly" challenged admiration for his wisdom, for anything that could halt the pitiless scourge which scarred and maimed where it did not kill, appealed to all.

Nor was his tariff unreasonable, for the bill of Jacky Custis, a little later on, paid by his tutor, the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, was as follows:

G. Washington to Dr. Jonathan Boucher from
Mount Vernon, June 5th, 1771:
"thanks for your attention to Jack in the Small
Pox.

If (?) Fees a £3.....	£42. 0. 0
[F] ar[e] s (?) 7/6.....	6. 7. 6
third of a Doctor.....	10. 0
1/3 of Ditto.....	2. 6
Pennsylvania Money	1. 0. 0

£50. 0. 0"

CHAPTER VI.

ALREADY the gathering clouds hung low: and even family letters were filled with premonitions of impending war. Thus to "Mrs. Ann Galloway, Maryland" was written the following:

"London, March 3^d, 1755.

"My Dearest Dear Nancy:

"I have wrote to you so often by this opp^y—that I only now send this enclosed to Willson to let you know I am very well and will sail with the ship I mentiond before, if possible Tho I have many things to doe yet and must not leave anything of consequence undone. . . .

"If a war sh^d be declared as is now daily expected I will come with a Fleet of Men of War to any part of America. We cant be long out of a war I believe now as the French gives us very high words and haughty answers w^{ch} are not very common wth them. . . .

"Dear Soul yours Saml Galloway".

In truth the final struggle between France and Great Britain for the possession of the vast interior of America was fast on the way. The French, ever alert to protect their control of the valued fur trade, had completed a line of fortifications to draw a cordon about the British possessions, until Montreal had been connected by a chain of posts with French Creek in Pennsylvania.

Opposing these plans, the schemes of the land speculators who formed the Ohio Company of Virginia coincided with the political determination of the oldest of the North American colonies, as expressed in the vigorous activity of that doughty Scot, Governor Dinwiddie. Overseas, the mother country watched every step in this last phase of the long duel with France. Hitherto England had taken the initiative; now it was the frontier of Virginia, Pennsylva-

nia and Maryland, "the Three Western Governments", as Governor Shirley of Massachusetts called them, that was to begin a war. In the map of the great conflict that followed, our little Baltimore was but a pinpoint. For awhile we must think in terms of the province as a whole.

In contrast with the claim of Virginia to an indefinite extension westward, the charters of Maryland and Pennsylvania gave to these provinces distinct limits in the West. But all three reached the region of the head waters of the Ohio, and Indians and fur-traders crossed Maryland as they passed from Virginia to the Ohio Valley. This was the route of Mr. Washington, then but twenty-one years old, when, in 1753, he bore to the French a warning from Dinwiddie to vacate. How, the next year, Virginia sent an armed force to garrison the half-finished fort at the junction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela, how the French seized the post before the Virginians arrived, and established Fort Duquesne, where today are the smoky industries of Pittsburgh; and how the death of Colonel Fry devolved the command upon young Mr. Washington, every biography of Washington, ancient and modern, has told. It was in this campaign that Washington surprised Jumonville and his little party, and through his lack of acquaintance with the language of the enemy let the word "assassination" remain in the articles of capitulation which he signed when, at Fort Necessity, he was obliged to surrender to a larger force under the command of the brother of Jumonville. The alarm and anxiety which this brought to the colonies was at once reflected in England. To Governor Sharpe came a letter from Secretary Calvert: "The affair of the Ohio, the defeat of Major Washington by the French, is the subject here. Lost from his unmilitary skill." But Mr. Calvert continued with the reassuring statement that "Major-General Braddock with considerable Forces and a great Train of Artillery having taken departure for America leaves me little to say on that Head as his arrival will inform you of the expedition."

In the same year in which Washington was sent to the Ohio by Governor Dinwiddie, the province of Maryland

received, as we have seen, a new governor. This was Horatio Sharpe, whose brother William was one of the guardians of the young Lord Proprietary. Sharpe had been a soldier, and that was, no doubt, one reason for his appointment to this office at this time. But after the failure at Fort Necessity Sharpe received another, though but a transient, honor. He was placed in chief command of the forces which were to be sent against the French on the Ohio. But the appointment of General Braddock cut short the term of Governor Sharpe's command. Before Braddock arrived, and after the General's coming, Sharpe was active in preparation. He journeyed to the frontier, met the Deputy Quarter-master General, Sir John St. Clair, and corresponded constantly with the British authorities and with the other governors.

On November 12, 1754, Mr. Benjamin Tasker, Jr., councillor and naval officer at Annapolis, wrote thence to Mr. Samuel Galloway of Baltimore Town and Tulip Hill, West River—but then in London:

[After a reference to violent winds and the highest tides ever known] . . . "In the heighth of this bad weather the Governor received an Express from Virginia that his commission was arrived with Mr. Dobbs of North Carolina in the Garland man of war, and an invitation from Mr. Dobs and Dinwiddie to a conference on the present posture of affairs, and he set out at three hours warning in a vessel of Creaghs; the wind hard at N.E. and the weather very bad; they were glad to get into Patuxent that evening and he quited his vessel and pursued his journey by land. I find the Governor has the rank of Lieutenant Collonell and is to command all the troops to be raised for the defense of the western frontiers. The king has sent over three thousand arms and 10,000£ in cash, and I find the colonys are expected to do the rest, which, you know, is so precarious that unless a union of the collonys is effected, and the several quotas settled each is to furnish, we shall never be able to drive off the French without a yearly supply from home of at least ten times the sum granted this year. The Governour set forth this morning for Wills's

Creek. Last night was the king's birthnight when we had a fine appearance of laced Coats from Alexandria. . . ."

But, unfortunately for the worthy governor, his people of Maryland saw fit to seize upon this time to score a constitutional point against the Lord Proprietor. Sharpe's best endeavors to make clear the necessity for common action against the enemy could not prevail against the claim advanced by the Assembly (and flatly denied by the Proprietor) that taxation for the support of the government should include the proprietary estates.

Curiously enough, in connection with the transportation to America of the "considerable forces", for a moment the veil of obscurity which, in general, hangs over our little town of Baltimore in Ireland, is lifted.

Two regiments, the 44th and the 48th, had been ordered to America under Sir Peter Halkett and Colonel Dunbar. From a letter to a merchant in Baltimore in the province of Maryland we learn that in the secluded harbor of Baltimore Town near Cape Clear in County Cork, Ireland, a little fleet of vessels was waiting for convoy. They were to stop at Cork to take up others, for the French had already captured not a few prizes. One of the captains writes to a ship owner in our Patapsco Town: . . . "as sune as thay arive we shall sartinley sail—The baggage and stores are already shipt and the soldars readey to imbark and we shall certinley sail in three days after the above two ships arive if a fair wind present. This I am told by S^r. Peter Halkett which is from good authority." . . .

The vessels set sail, the regiments came in safely, of their fate we shall soon hear.

Baltimore Town had not as yet achieved the dignity of a military post; and even the gay little capital of Annapolis which had been so closely connected with our own welfare in the constant going and coming of our people (and it now was at the height of its glory) was not chosen as a rendezvous. Bell Haven, better known to us as Alexandria, was to be the starting point for the expedition. The beautiful old Carlyle House with its secret chambers and subterranean gallery to the waters of the blue Potomac was occu-

pied by Braddock and his staff. Here he met the governors who came to confer with him and Governor Sharpe; and saw incidentally great array of beauty and gallantry in the balls and routs given in their honor, while the liveried boatmen rowed over from the other side of the river, the Diggeses, Lees and Carrolls, to join in the parting revel; and here at the foot of the beautiful old staircase, the local tradition says, young Colonel Washington made his adieux to the maid he left behind him.

As he was setting forth upon his western campaign, Major General Braddock wrote Governor Sharpe, "I find impracticable to take my Chariot with me if you will send for it & the Harness for the six Horses, I shall be much oblig'd to you & you will make use of it til I want it." That Braddock had come over with the idea that he could use his chariot shows his entirely inadequate conception of the warfare with his deadly foe in the impenetrable woods. His refusal to accept the advice of Mr. Washington and other men who had had experience with the aborigines brought the inevitable result. At the end of the disastrous defeat the Commander-in-Chief was conveyed from the field in his military sash of which the scarlet meshes had been woven for use as well as ornament. The grave dug deep in the road still known by his name was beaten down that day by the tramp of the hurrying horse and foot, saving the gallant soldier from the horrid mutilation of the dead left upon the battlefield.

Among the Marylanders at the fatal field of Monongahela were a son and three grandsons of Richard Gist, who was surveyor of the western shore and who had served in that capacity in laying out the town of Baltimore. Thomas Gist was fortunate in that, captured and taken to Canada, he was for fifteen years in the custody of the French and not the Indians, since the French had granted such prisoners as they did not care to keep themselves, to the Indians, to hold as slaves. His descendants were surely entitled to live and thrive, as he did for the rest of his life, on the western lands afterward granted him by the government for military service, now in the state of Kentucky.

Upon Colonel Dunbar's retreat to Philadelphia, where he went to winter quarters, the frontier was left entirely unprotected, but from the belated appropriations made by the assembly a substantial stone fort was built through Governor Sharpe's swift energies, and although partially in ruins, Fort Frederick stands today a monument to the brave war governor of Maryland.

Even these efforts for defense could not prevent the plundering bands of savages—some white, some red,—who, after the defeat of Braddock, passed down this side of the two forks, Cumberland and Frederick, getting into an uncomfortable proximity of Baltimore Town, and it was not reassuring to remember that in the ill-fated articles of capitulation at Fort Mifflin the French had set forth, "*We promise to restrain as much as shall be in our power the savages that are with us.*"

The savages that are with us! These allies of the French who had tasted blood and the joy of conquest were more difficult to call off than they had been to arouse, and a great terror possessed the souls of men when they saw the barren waste from Conococheague to Frederick Town.

Yet it must be remembered that the British, too, sought to enlist the Indians on their side.

The desperate straits to which the English commanders were put in order to hold their treacherous Indian friends were sometimes amusing. One of the signal achievements of Secretary Pitt in the first four months of his wonderful régime had been the employment of the Highland Regiments, under their hereditary chieftains, whereby their loyalty and interest were secured. Some of these companies on their way to the field were quartered in town and we can fancy the reunions which took place among the clans. But it appears that Brigadier General Forbes counted on them not only for military achievement in the field, but also for an inspiring impression upon the Cherokees. "The Cherokees," he writes, "are already leaving us owing to their natural fickle disposition which is not to be got the better of by fair words nor presents of both, which they have had a great deal. So if the seeing of our cannon and their

cousins the Highlanders has no effect upon their stay with us we shall lose the best part of our strength as all the Northern Indians are mostly our enemies and were only kept in awe by the presence of the Cherokees. The only way," he concludes, in which to protect the frontier and towns is "to have a stockaded camp with a block house and cover for our provisions at every forty miles distance."

In May, 1757, owing to the panic produced by the small-pox in Annapolis, the assembly sat in Baltimore Town. The regulation warfare went on, sums were still insufficient, the burgesses declined to provide for the king's forts, although Forts Cumberland and Frederick were all that stood between Baltimore Town and the incursions of savages, nor would they permit the governor to mobilize the militia except in case of actual invasion, of which they were to designate the conditions. Even as they sat in council, a messenger appeared to announce that sixty of the Cherokee Indians were at Fort Frederick prepared to receive the bounty promised them for hostile scalps. Messrs. Wolstenholme and Rideout were delegated to repair thither, and after their three days' journey, the warriors came out to meet them in all their barbaric array of war paint and feathers. They drew up in military array on either side the gateway of the gray stone fort and the council began.

In the discussions which ensued, the chief produced four gory scalps, which owing to some misunderstanding of the terms he was unwilling to surrender permanently, claiming the right to carry back home with him these ghastly tokens of their prowess. A compromise was effected, and after generous payment, fifty pounds for a male, thirty for a female, the "hair" as the Indians described it, was delivered and destroyed by the commissioners.

Meanwhile, says Rideout, "The Chief soon after ordered some of their young Men to bring down the two Indian Prisoners which they had taken and by way of Compliment obliged them to parade before us and to sing their Death Songs." The embassy was mercifully spared the final scene of torture and death, but brought back to town a realizing sense of border warfare.

The unrest and dismay produced by the continued successes of the French and the constant alarms at the approach of the enemy, ended in a genuine panic in Baltimore Town, when the men, aghast at what had been and what might be again, carried their women and children on board the ships in the harbor, prepared to leave their homes, as in the case of the outlying settlements which already had been deserted and left a prey to the enemy.

The immediate danger having removed itself to Canada, and the Lakes, the emergency corps marched home again and reassured the community with the statement that they found no Indians near at hand save one and "he was very quiet, for they found him dead".

It was a reminder of early days when in the preparation for Sunday made by the congregation of the Garrison Church in their old houses (many of them still standing in their gray beauty), their arms were burnished and their ammunition made ready on Saturday night. The next day, in the service of the sanctuary, every man's gun was placed in the corner of his pew—the good old-fashioned square pew constructed for repose and defense as well as for devotion and from which one might hold for a while the enemy at bay. So with the little stone fort close at hand they could afford to listen to Parson Cradock's sermons and perhaps to respond fervently to the Psalter: "Why do the heathen so furiously rage together? and why do the people imagine a vain thing?" "He teacheth my hands to war so that a bow of steel is broken by my arms."

The peaceful activities of Baltimore Town, as may be seen, had been rudely disturbed by the echoes of the conflict roundabout it, but it continued to share, notwithstanding, the expense of the troops and provision of army supplies for defense.

In the volunteer companies, which were a feature of the day, the commands were in charge of many of those whose names are known to us as townmen: Gist, Stansbury, Moore, Chaplin and Shelby rendezvous here; and while the assembly haggled and halted about their military ap-

propriations, the Baltimore boys organized to protect their homes.

We can see them march out to the familiar roundelay with its refrain:

1.

Over the Hills, with Heart we go,
To meet the proud insulting Foe;
Our Country calls, and we'll obey
Over the Hills and far Away.

2.

Who e'er is bold, who e'er is free
Will join and come along with me;
To drive the French without delay,
Over the Hills, and far Away.

CHORUS.

Over the Mountains' dreary Waste,
To meet the Enemy we haste,
Our King commands and we'll obey
Over the Hills and far away.

Piteous appeals for further aid continued to beset Governor Sharpe from Loudoun and St. Clair, but volunteers for the defense of their homes meant one thing, and engaging for a distant campaign in the Royal American Regiments, whose officers had been sent out from England, was quite another story.

The recruiting forces therefore were doubled, and the result of their activities was that a dragnet brought in all sorts of military material, and the *Archives* are eloquent with the lamentations, not only of the bereft owners of indented servants, who evidently felt that the day of jubilee had come, but with the woes of the luckless recruiting officers, whose express orders had been to enlist without exception or distinction all apprentices and servants they could persuade to enter the service, and who found it difficult to keep their recruits. An appeal was made from Kent County gaol to the authorities in Baltimore Town from Robert Stirling, who lay a prisoner to the detriment of the service for the too faithful performance of his duty. Baltimore

Town was kept in a state of activity by the troubles of Captain Samuel Gardiner of his Majesty's regiment, who from his recruiting office in that place seemed to form the centre of a state of internecine warfare, which doubtless added fuel to the flame slowly kindling in the direction of revolution. In the course of these tribulations, Mr. Charles Ridgely, affectionately styled Blackhead Ridgely, "with others his accomplices" have not only recaptured six recruits, who had taken the king's shilling, but had threatened to have the sergeant and his posse "whipt out of town". Mr. Bordley, the attorney general, had proved entirely unappreciative of the situation in his comparison of the sergeant with a horse thief.

In keeping with its militant traditions, the church in the Forest had served as a centre for organization and it was here that one of the newly-formed companies, residents of town and county, had agreed to furnish two hundred men for a sortie to take all Captain Gardiner's recruits away from him, Baltimore Town to be their rendezvous. Captain Orrick did appear with twenty of his mounted militia as advance guard and demanded their servants (who had evidently profited by the general unrest to take French leave), but finding none of them in the king's uniform, the detachment rode away.

Legal opinions were procured and Councillor Dorsey decided that the cases of the masters were good, but in most cases the birds had flown.

Out of the war period, with all its alarms and disturbances, there came to Baltimore one highly important element in the social and economic development of the town in the deported habitants of Acadia, a great number of whom arrived in Maryland towards the close of the year 1755. Famed in song and story, the episode is a tragedy, not less from the causes that led to the exile than from the hapless plight of the sufferers. Whatever contention may exist as to the cause of their deportation, the effect was to uproot a contented community, and, separating them from their beautiful country, to plant them in strange and in some cases uncongenial soil. From our little town those

sent here received a cordial and genuine welcome, and quarters and subsistence were provided for them until they could care for themselves. But for political complications, they could have been rendered still more comfortable.

Daniel Dulany had written from Annapolis, December 9, 1755, "Our proportion being nine hundred and three are already arrived at this place, and have almost eat us up . . . What is to be done with these people, God knows". Baltimore no doubt was equally embarrassed. One Andrew Stygar rendered his account to the court as follows:

"1756 Baltimore County		Dr.	
To carting the french neutral goods from Mr. Phil-	pot's Point to Baltimore Town	2	14 0
To maintaining the french neutrals	11		
days at 50p. P day		17	17 6
To ½ cord wood		0	12
Errors excepted		his	
Andrew		Stygar "	
		mark	

Three years later Charles Carroll, father of him of Carrollton, informed his son who was then overseas, "I was glad to serve Manjan, a poor Accadian here; what will become of him or the rest of them, God knows:" and again later, "while we are in the highest Transports of Joy, the poor Acadian prisoners among us are quite desponding and dejected; they are helpless, and people tired of supporting them so long by charity; for my part they have cost me as much or more than the 2,800 livres you are likely to be cheated of."

But thrifty, the Acadians made a steadfast contribution to the economic life of their adopted home. Their settlement was made principally in the territory south of the present Baltimore or Market Street. Some of them, however, were housed in the new mansion of Mr. Fotterall, and converted its desolation into a home for their devotions. What mattered it that the domestic animals roaming the streets had made their shelter in the roomy magnifi-

cence of its parlors? Made sweet and clean, and hallowed with their sacred vessels saved from the wreck of their fortunes by the good curé, who, unable to accompany his flock, saw that they were provided with all that was necessary for their worship, this was sanctuary for them. From Doughoregan Manor or other domestical chapels, they had their Mass served from time to time. There were those of them who begged that they might be transported farther to the South, that they might join their families: and the petitions are yet extant, signed by the heads of these families, while entries in the provincial ship-lists show that many were thus aided in their further emigration.

CHAPTER VII.

THE wave of prosperity which at this time carried Baltimore on its crest seemed only the legitimate outcome of her natural resources and civic energies.

Indeed her progress and prosperity roused the languid interest of Frederick, the last of the Lords Baltimore, who found time amid his oriental travels and Italian sojourns to inquire, through his secretary, Mr. Calvert, to what extent the fortunes of the Proprietary might be benefited by the growth of the town. In his letter to Governor Sharpe, Mr. Calvert descants with much vicariously acquired information on the "scituation" of "Baltimore City by the run of a Large deep fresh stream not subject to the Bite of the worm or water Insect flowting in Sea Water, the ruin to ships Bottoms".

He is also impressed with the certainty of trade arising from the produce "of the N. W. part of Maryland, Ditto the same of the S. W. part of Pensilvania, & is of near Inlet to the Great Bay of Chesapeak & safe passage to the Atlantick Ocean".

No special recognition, however, of the family name place is given by Lord Baltimore; it does not even occur to him to offer to our town fathers a duplicate of the "whole length picture of myself", concerning which he wrote Governor Sharpe, "putt it up with those other portraits of my Ancestors, you have in the province, & inform me of whom they are". We could have dispensed him in this and many other matters if only he had kept among the Calvert papers which, after so many years, came back to us in our Maryland Historical Society, the general identification that he must have received from the painstaking Sharpe.

We owe much to a descendant who with great energy and perseverance secured the full line of proprietary por-

traits, including by what seems almost a miracle that of the first governor, Leonard Calvert, given by him to Margaret Brent, taken by her to Virginia when she fell under the unjust displeasure of Lord Baltimore, preserved through the perils of fire and war, carried away to the northward, and finally brought back to his own people.

The sixth Lord Baltimore could have honored our town with a copy of the "Arms well painted, wh you will place in the Council Chamber or where else you think fitt". But the uncertain procrastination of the Stuarts, and his royal ancestor Charles II, seems to have accompanied him down through the years; and even the proper equipment for the survey of the boundaries of his estate was lacking. His lordship was otherwise occupied. And so Maryland, in time bequeathed to his natural son, Henry Harford, in whose name the writs soon began to run, suffered much in loss of territory.

"But, he that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay."

And the deferred bloom of proprietary interest just developed, got a touch of nipping frost, when his Excellency Governor Sharpe (whose affections were ever securely anchored in his brilliant seat of government) made answer to his absentee lordship, that Philadelphia and Baltimore were erected on entirely different plans, and while the astute and methodical Mr. Penn had left nothing undone, in the way of personal attention to the laying out of his city, and incidentally to the acquisition of surrounding territory, the land on which Baltimore stood was under patent to private individuals; so that investment in town lots was the only way in which his Lordship might share its revenues. Finally to set any further aspirations at rest, Sharpe related, that while Baltimore was getting the start of Annapolis in business it was "almost as much inferiour to Philada as Dover is to London".

This very wide margin jars upon our sensibilities today, and we sympathize with Dr. John Stevenson who resists what he considers the arrogance of some of the merchant

princes who have been dipping deep into the trade of our town, and rather scores one of them in this fashion. Writing angrily to Samuel Galloway, October 17, 1762, Stevenson faulted his Annapolis correspondent for giving him contradictory instructions, and for adding, Stevenson said, "that you live in Annapolis"—"If you Immagine", the irate Stevenson continued, "your Cap^{ts} are not to be Trust^d, send a proper Person to discharge their Disburse^{mts}, the Tradesmen here will not be satisfy^d with the bear telling them that you live In the great City, neither will it pay any contracts made in ship^s here."

Like many of their brethren elsewhere, the merchants of Baltimore Town had been quietly trading in any port where they could anchor, had bought where they could best procure their goods, and had sold their produce in the best markets. They had few or no grievances, the Navigation Acts had not greatly troubled them. Any attempt, therefore, to interfere with trade so long permitted and so constantly increasing meant financial ruin.

From London Captain Sylvanus Grove had been among those who sent words of warning to the colony: "The Parliament is about to levy taxes". The expedient of stamped paper as a source of revenue seems to have been original with nobody in particular. The suggestion occurred to several of the governors, and our own Governor Sharpe passed it along to his superiors in England.

No time was lost, the assemblies welcomed the opportunity to declare themselves, while the unfortunates who had made the exertions usually necessary to the office-seeker, and had received the coveted position of stamp distributor, were dismayed at the reception which awaited them.

Mr. Zachariah Hood was at this time on his way home, with a most unwelcome cargo, which was never landed, but transferred from one ship to another until it was safely returned to its original consignors in its native land.

After an experience of the public mind, and his attendance on his own *auto da fe*, Mr. Hood was not only eager to decline his honors, but anxious to secure himself a place of safety, while all over the land avenging bonfires con-

sumed the effigies of Lord Bute and the other obnoxious statesmen. Samuel Chew writes, 7th of September, "I have just heard of the demolition of Mr. Hood's house".

The Stamp Act Congress, meeting in New York October 2nd, 1765, recognized as the delegates from Maryland, William Murdoch, who came up from his plantation in Prince Georges, where the Methodist University now stands outside our national capital; Edward Tilghman, who left his fine estates on the Eastern Shore; and Thomas Ringgold, who from Chestertown in Kent kept in touch with the clan of Galloways and Chews in Maryland and Pennsylvania.

By February 24, 1766, we in Baltimore Town were organizing the Maryland Sons of Liberty, with threads leading into every county. There were exciting moments, when, in a body, they repaired to Annapolis, and moved the Provincial Court, that the judicial and other offices should open on March 31st for the transaction of business without stamped paper. The governor was properly aghast, the crown offices were dismayed, but the tidal wave carried all before it, the Court yielded and passed an order in conformity, and the fate of the Stamp Act was sealed in Maryland.

Daniel Dulany lent his brilliant intellect to the cause, and his "Considerations on the Propriety of imposing taxes on the British Colonies for the Purpose of Raising a Revenue by Acts of Parliament", remains a monument to the statesmanship of one of Maryland's greatest sons, and we recall with peculiar pleasure the part that it played in Mr. Secretary Pitt's eloquent defence of our rights.

The vigorous attack of statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic, and the pressure upon trade and commerce, brought about the repeal of the Stamp Act, and in no place was the news received with joy more unfeigned and tumultuous than in Baltimore Town. Bells rang their merriest, everybody celebrated, shipping was dressed in gayest colors.

In all this demonstration, however, it seems strange that, as a quaint pamphlet unearthed by the late Mr. Richard Fisher states, in the case of the "Good Intent", "the un-

usual Joy Prevented People from taking any Public notice of the Act declaratory of the Right of Taxation, which passed the same session. More than a year passed before the Duty on Tea, Paper, Glass and Painters Colors was noticed, but then roused by the imminent danger which threatened them and their Posterity forever, they endeavored to interest as formerly their brethren the merchants and manufacturers of Britain, and if possible make them feel some portion of the American distress. For this purpose Associations of Economy and Non-importation of Superfluities took place”.

As a result of the new taxes, the political world was soon agitated by a correspondence between the merchants and traders of Boston and Samuel and Robert Purviance, natives of Donegal, Ireland, but lately arrived in Baltimore. The Massachusetts men urged a suspension of trade, as from January 1869 to January 1870, and invited the cooperation of the Baltimore merchants “especially when they consider that upon . . . their speedy concurrence, greatly depends the success of the measures entered into by the merchants of Boston”.

It did not take long to call a town meeting and in May of 1769, were passed important resolves to which Baltimore adhered faithfully for more than a year. The defections, meanwhile, of Newport, Rhode Island, and of Philadelphia, with the consequent transfer to the latter port of Baltimore's shipping trade, led the Baltimore town meeting of October 24, 1770, to send representatives to a similar meeting in Annapolis. This delegation gave due notice of their intention to depart as Newport and Philadelphia had already done from this compact, “and import every kind of goods from Great Britain, such only excepted on which duties are or hereafter may be imposed by the Parliament of Great Britain”. This moderate proposition provoked an outburst of wrath in the following Resolve:

“That those six persons who style themselves the merchants and traders of Baltimore Town, together with Jonathan Hudson who brought and delivered [an] indecent and insistant message to this meeting have by their conduct

shown a shameful disregard as well as to their own engagement as to the most sacred rights and liberties of America."

The merchants and traders of Baltimore Town, however, as well as Mr. Jonathan Hudson, one of our foremost citizens, survived this fusillade. They were busier with the weightier matters of the law.

In 1769, Governor Robert Eden, the successor to Governor Sharpe, arrived in the province, with his wife, Caroline Calvert, and their children. The governor's lady was almost as much of a stranger to the family possessions in Maryland as her husband, inasmuch as the Calverts had spent much time away and but little in residence, since Charles, the third Lord Baltimore, had gone home. Benedict Leonard had been born abroad and had lived but a short while to enjoy his honors. The circle was a very devoted one. Mrs. Barbara Bladen had just written to a cousin, Mrs. Christopher Lowndes, who was Betty Tasker, condoling with her on the death of her father, Mr. Tasker, President of the Council. As it was not the usual thing for letters to travel alone, Mrs. Eden was to transport this to Maryland. After the proper expressions of grief, Mrs. Bladen hopes there is no "doubt of his having left his estate to the satisfaction of all his family", though "we should not be displeased (if he has shown any partiality) to hear it was to you and your children, as you know you have ever been our favorite.

"I did myself the pleasure some months ago", she writes, "to send you a desert service of our Staffordshire ware which I hope you have received. It is much the fashion here and I will be glad to hear you did not dislike it. Lord Baltimore has given the government of your Province to Captain Eden, who intends setting out with his wife and two children in the spring. I have in speaking the truth said so many advantageous things of you, my dear Betsy, that I am sure the more she [Mrs. Eden] enjoys of your company, the better pleased she will be, and you will find her extremely good-natured. . . .

"This will come to you by Mrs. Eden who sets out next

week. She will bring you a fan from me, and a necklace for my little god-daughter to whom pray give my love. And do me the favor to accept of these trifles, my dear Betsy, not worth sending for any other reason than that they come from one who has the sincerest affection for you".

By a happy combination of pious preservation and good fortune, some pieces of the Staffordshire ware are still in existence today,—or were a generation ago. The fan, too, is owned by the great great granddaughter of "Betsy", and shows little of the ravages of time,—a genuine Watteau with carved ivory stick and side pieces of ivory and mother of pearl.

It was by reason of the ability which had been displayed by his brother, William Eden, and himself that Governor Eden took command of the province. His course was a very careful and diplomatic handling of the situation; and as in the construction of a stately building, the old scaffolding is removed little by little as the work proceeds, so in spite of his devotion to the king on the one hand, and the torrent of provincial fervor on the other, he had preserved the most friendly relations with his colony, and his contact with the principal men had been of the most cordial character. Indeed, on his visits to Annapolis, General Washington, to whom the governor bore a strong resemblance, was thoroughly at home in the governor's mansion, and the two fine figures might have been seen walking arm in arm about the narrow streets of the capital and the broader thoroughfares of Baltimore Town.

Meanwhile the town had taken on new responsibilities. The county seat at Joppa, notwithstanding that all roads seemed to lead to it, had long been found remote, and now that a quarantine for smallpox had overtaken it, its glories and dignities were transferred in 1768 to the Patapsco, not, however, without violent resentment on the part of the forsaken port; Mr. Alexander Lawson, who superintended the moving, having suffered much personal indignity.

The court house of Baltimore County, therefore, left the banks of the Gunpowder (its final migration this time), and proceeded to perch itself, like a coney, in the clefts of

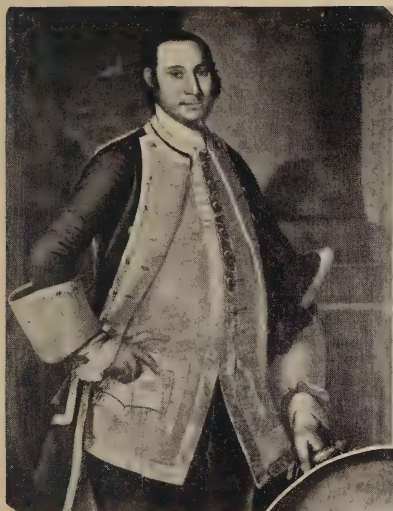
the rocks and hills upon which the town of Baltimore rested. Never a very attractive pile, it seems to have been born old.

Along the buttresses straggled the stairways which led to the halls of justice above, while pillory and whipping-post were very much in evidence. A finishing touch was given later in Mr. Harbaugh's triumph of architecture, which permitted the improvement of Calvert Street by building under the court house an arch, over which the whole structure balanced itself. Nearby, at its base, nestled the powder-house; and perhaps there were misgivings that it might be needed before very long. Travel was increasing, and it afforded an agreeable variety to springless wagons and corduroy roads to make the water journey from town by the packet sailing out of the Patapsco, up the Susquehanna to the Head of Elk, and thence by the post road to Market at Philadelphia.

In 1773 came a most important event,—the union with Baltimore Town of the vigorous rival community known as Fell's Point. So great was this addition to the future city and so important the family chiefly responsible for the development of the region which bears their name that it will be well at this place to look back to the time of origins and to comment briefly on the results of the welding of the two settlements. In an earlier chapter there was noted the uniting in 1745 of Baltimore and Jonestown, the latter defined in the statute, it will be recalled, by the fact that Mr. Edward Fell kept a store there. After 1745 by various further combinations in 1747, 1750 and 1753 the area of the larger Baltimore had been greatly enlarged: and in 1763 Messrs. Plowman and Philpot laid out in lots some of the ground between the Falls and Harford Run, while Mr. Edward Fell did the same for what is now called Fell's Point. It was these "additions" which were brought into Baltimore in 1773 and the whole combination was further expanded in 1781 by several acres which belonged to Messrs. Moale and Steiger. The result of these extensions was not only to increase the size of Baltimore but, quite as important, to moderate the intense rivalry that had

existed between two towns separated by marsh and stream, but also to unite them by redeeming the separating area, by establishing better streets and bridges and by throwing into the one municipality the superior wharfage facilities offered by the deeper water to the east. When, as we shall see later, Baltimore was incorporated in 1797, Fell's Point came in as Deptford Hundred. No one who knows Deptford Hundred in London can fail to observe the parallel with the quarter where so much of the shipping was built and from which the heavy laden craft were launched to go out and circle the earth with their white sails. There was no Peter the Great to use our Deptford as a school for the trade which that sovereign's subjects had to acquire: but our own citizens were built into seamen as the timbers were made into ships. It was the Patapsco that for us took the place of the Thames, but the Thames was remembered in the name of the river street which marked the southern boundary of Deptford Hundred in Baltimore Town.

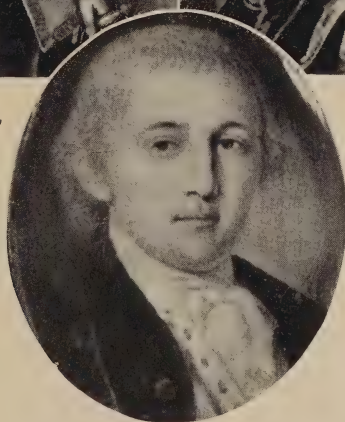
The store kept by Mr. Edward Fell, the landmark of Jonestown in 1732, until a short while ago sturdily resisted the wear and tear of time, but Mr. Edward Fell, a Lancastrian in origin, did not tarry very long on this side of the Atlantic after he appeared at the Cliff meeting of the Society of Friends in 1725 to give intention of marriage with Anne Thomas. It would seem that he had arrived in Baltimore as early as 1723. On his death, after his return to England, he bequeathed by will his property to his infant daughter, Anne. In case of her death without issue his English property was to go to his nephew and his Maryland property to the latter's sister. This nephew, Edward Fell, was the son of William Fell, the "well-beloved" brother of Edward, who came to Maryland not later than 1730. On January 18, 1732, he married Sarah Bond. Thomas Bond of London had given a power of attorney to Edward Fell in London in 1724, so that the close relation between the families of Fell and Bond which marks the whole story of Fell's Point and Baltimore would seem to go back across the seas to Old England. If William Fell, like his brother, belonged to the Society of Friends, that connection seems



COL. EDWARD FELL



MADAME FELL



WILLIAM FELL

not to have long endured, for after 1730 except in the matter of a burial or two we do not find either brother in that goodly company. Participation in the pomps and vanities was forbidden, and those members who entered too deeply into worldly affairs, belonged to the military, and gave balls, were soon disowned, and their names disappeared from the record which the Society of Friends kept with such accuracy and detail. William Fell, as William Fell Johnson has so clearly shown in the publication which commemorates "Fell's Point Bi-Centennial Jubilee", invested as his brother had done but to an even greater degree in lands and town lots in and around Baltimore until his entire holding amounted to more than fifteen hundred acres. His was the mansion house on Lancaster Street as it was in the old days but now with its frontage on Thames, or Fell's Street. Nearby was the old Fell burying ground, at present on Shakespeare Street. There was also a country seat well to the north near the present site of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, from which estate, the elder William Fell Johnson later recalled, a lot was sold for the use of the hospital. As we shall see, later this property was occupied by the highly talented Attorney General of Maryland, Luther Martin.

The son of this William, Edward Fell the younger, inherited the greater part of his father's estate, including the dwellings. Another connection with the Bonds was established when, on November 2, 1758, he married his first cousin Anne Bond, the daughter of John and Alice Anna Bond, who owned some thousands of acres in Harford and Cecil Counties. It was this Edward Fell who in 1763 laid out Fell's Point: and he is the officer who, in the uniform of the provincial forces, looks down with his beautiful wife from the two fine portraits painted by Hesselius from the walls of Rockland, the old family estate of the Johnsons.

He died in 1766 when still a young man. His son, William, born August 27, 1759, was in due time "put to the study of the law" in accordance with the wish which his father had expressed in his will. This William was a

staunch patriot and it was in his mansion house on the east side of Washington Street, as Mr. William Fell Johnson tells us, that he gave the ball of which, in a later chapter, we shall find Lieutenant Reeves speaking with great enthusiasm. This William Fell is said to have driven the first curricule and pair in Baltimore Town, but he too, alas, was not long lived, for he died in 1786. After this event there appeared in the newspaper this rather touching if somewhat ornate tribute:

“On Friday evening last departed this Life in the 27th year of his Age, William Fell, Esq., and late Proprietor of Fells Point—a respectable Part of this Town—a Young Gentleman of Honour and Probity and of an Amiable Disposition. His life, though short, was marked by many acts of Generosity and Humanity.

“On Sunday Evening his Remains were very respectfully deposited in the Family Vault at Fells Point. The pearly drop which indeed it was a luxury to shed, was seen in many a glistening eye over this afflicting occasion. His Friends Recounted with grateful Sensibility his Hospitality and Beneficence, while the Poor Emphatically blessed his Memory”.

His name is the last upon the stately tomb which commemorates both Edwards and both Williams. His estate was left to his two half-sisters and his half-brother, James Giles.

Changes come to all things earthly: those who gave their names to the streets that cut through and around their ancestral domains would scarcely understand the voices around them if they returned today, so little is the English tongue to be heard. But these street names tell the student the story of their origin. There are Thames Street, Shakespeare, Lancaster, Fleet, Granby, Albemarle, Exeter, High, and Frederick, and there were once King and Queen and Pitt that have vanished. The fair Alice Anna and Anne alike appear; and the family names,—Bond and Gough and Philpot. When the connection was established by the last named with his Point, to which, as we have seen in an earlier chapter, the Acadians were brought, there was to be

found there the Exchange. This, the forerunner of our present bulwark of trade and commerce, served as a clearing house for the teamsters from town who had brought in their produce from the western roads, for the shipping clerks, and for the buyers and agents of the Fell's Point ocean transport firms. These for many a day bought everything that was saleable, had a market for pretty much all that was produceable, bargained like merchants of Hamburg, and lived like lords of England.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE matter of journalism, up to this time, Baltimore Town had perforce been contented with the *Maryland Gazette*, so substantially conducted by Jonas Green at Annapolis, which remains to this day for the historian and antiquarian a stable source of information as to our colonial life, and with the four newspapers printed in the English language in our neighbor and elder sister in the town family, Philadelphia in Pennsylvania. These had brought the news to our door, and, supplemented by the broadsides and circulars posted in the coffee houses to give the news brought in by the ships coming direct from abroad, had served our purpose. But now that matters were moving more swiftly in the stirring times of 1773, it was thought well to invite one Mr. Goddard who had been making a name for himself in Philadelphia to transfer his energies from the support and sponsorship of Joseph Galloway, Esq., and Thomas Wharton, Esq., to our virgin field. So there appeared very shortly, in what seems rather an edition de luxe with the armorial bearings of the province at its head, designed by the Sparrows of Annapolis and with the proper couplet from Horace at the top of its columns, our first Baltimore newspaper, *The Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser*.

Not without interest is it that with the beginning of our first newspaper was closely associated the foundation of our national postal system, which weighty task our Mr. Goddard was also undertaking with great success. The old system by which letters could be carried by anyone who went on a journey produced evil results that wrung all too frequent laments from the senders, as readers of colonial correspondence will know. Now added to these embarrassments of hazard and delay came the vexation which might arise from the systematic examination of all letters on the

part of a parental government already cognizant of disaffection. When times were better Mr. Benjamin Franklin had added to his other responsibilities the care of the general post office and had bestowed upon it the great ingenuity and talents that were his. But when Mr. Franklin, no longer in favor, was incontinently deprived of this lucrative office, Mr. Goddard took up the establishment of a complete postal system throughout the colonies. In this task he was ably assisted by his sister, Miss Mary K. Goddard, who was left in charge in the absence of her brother in his journeying to the north to procure the success of his new experiment. She was appointed postmistress and held that responsible position for fifteen years, in an era as full of great events as any that our country has known.

We needed all our facilities for contact with the outside world, for stirring times were abroad. Things were happening in Boston.

The issue of the day had turned on the innocent and comforting product of tea, and the tax of three pence, although light in itself, was held to be constitutionally a burden too heavy to be borne. Meetings were held in many places, and the offending import was either sent back directly, as from Philadelphia; quietly stored away in some damp and damaging place, as in Charleston; swiftly destroyed, as in Boston, by the so-called Mohocks, at Griffin's Wharf, on a moonlit Sunday night of November '73; or, as at Annapolis, October 17th, '74, by the burning in broad daylight, not only of the cargo, but of the *Peggy Stewart* that brought it in. This was to the financial ruin of the owner, since Anthony Stewart lit with his own hand the fire which consumed his vessel, off Windmill Point. His explanatory handbills had been destroyed by order of the committee. He had written that night to Jack Galloway in Baltimore Town: "I shall take it as a favor, if you will disperse some or as many of the inclosed handbills as you can tomorrow. I have wrote S. Steward all about this night's meeting." Mr. Benjamin Franklin had expressed himself very decidedly on the excesses in Boston, and there were those among us who regretted the necessity for such

extremes, but the avalanche had started, and some of the population had the zeal without knowledge, which accompanies all such upheavals.

The four Intolerable Acts were riveted on the people of Massachusetts, and the Port Bill closed up the trade in Boston Town. And in no place was more violent resentment felt than in Baltimore, which with its ships riding at anchor in Barcelona, Calcutta, Teneriffe, Cadiz, Hamburg and the African Coasts, threw interest to the winds and continued to write letters of encouragement to Boston. From Chestertown, the quaint county seat of Kent, the home of Thomas Ringgold, and on his motion, came the proposition to send supplies to the beleaguered town; and we watched the beacon fires, kindling all over the country, and from our own Patapsco Harbor, saw the ships sail out for the relief of the men of Massachusetts.

At the meeting held in the aerie of our court house, May 1774, Captain Charles Ridgely in the chair, Baltimore set at rest any surmise as to her sympathies and intentions; first, in the resolutions for the repeal of the Port Bill; secondly, in the determination to adopt a cessation of traffic; thirdly, in the suggestion of another convention to be held at Annapolis, to provide for representation at a general congress for all the colonies, by which they purposed to publish to the world "the sense they entertained of the invasion of their constitutional rights and privileges".

It was easy to put motions and carry them; but stern patriotism demanded a real sacrifice of a town, whose trade was thus voluntarily cut off in its most important sources.

But the gentlemen riders were off with their messages, and Robert Alexander reports as to his delivery to the Annapolis people, "Baltimore town, considered in a commercial view, is with great justness, esteemed the place of most consequence in the province", and,—delicate touch of flattery,—"coinciding in sentiment with the metropolis, may have a happy effect on the whole". From the other towns through which the Maryland messengers carried the call, came back their hearty assent, while Boston was comforted by the cordial message: "Could we remain a mo-

ment indifferent to your sufferings, the result of your noble and virtuous struggles in defence of American liberties, we should be unworthy to share in those blessings, (which under God) we owe, in great measure to your perseverance and zeal". To this the men of Boston made answer: "Your affectionate letter, enclosing your noble and spirited resolves, gives us an animated confidence for the Liberties of America".

From the convention which sat at Annapolis went forth the delegates to Philadelphia. There Chews, Ringgolds, Tilghmans, Galloways and others, awaited their Maryland kin, and, on September 5th, the little procession of members of the first Continental Congress gathered at the City Tavern, and marched with dignity to the Hall of the Carpenters, where their deliberations were held. Among the members from the southern colonies those from Maryland presented, says Frothingham, "in Thomas Johnson the grasp of a Statesman, in Samuel Chase, activity and boldness".

When they had accomplished their declaration of rights to the effect that the colonies might tax and govern themselves, and, avoiding this time any petition to an indifferent and misguided Parliament, had prepared a moderate and loyal address quite thrown away upon that flinty-hearted monarch, George III, they issued a call for another Congress in May '75, and, after fifty-two days of memorable debate, they separated to prepare their colonies for the troublous times to come.

Baltimore promptly became a veritable beehive; the militia authorized by the convention were rapidly enrolled, but the sum appropriated was but a small provision for the needs of the hour, and so the old guard proceeded to furnish up their accoutrements, urged as they were to have their own firelocks in readiness until supplies could be obtained. There had been good training to endure hardness, for the love of horses and the chase, the birthright of every Marylander, made the long distances easy riding, inured them to fatigue, and secured an aim which seldom missed. Also the French and Indian War lay not so very

far behind them, as the quaint memorial of Henry Ridgely sets forth: "soon after the defeat of General Braddock in the year 1755, at which time the cruel savages were laying waste the Country", the memorialist commanded a company of rangers on the frontier, from which he was promoted by Governor Sharpe to the command of the Elkridge troop of horse. Governor Eden had later rewarded him for his services by promotion to the lieutenant colonelcy in one of the crack provincial regiments, but: "as the Honble Convention did not distinguish between the officers commissioned under the legal or old Form of Government, & those under the authority of the Convention, [the] Memorialist did enroll himself a private in Capt. Tootell's Company although at the distance of twenty miles from his Habitation, rather than be harrassed by the Committee of Observation composed entirely of Militia officers except one man, And to avoid the indignity of being commanded by the first officer of the Elkridge Battalion who most shamefully and cowardly quited his post when under your Memorialist's Command twentyone years ago".

Throughout the province, men of property were giving of their time and means. Stephen West of the Woodyard, the old Darnall stronghold, had been quietly accumulating ammunition and other necessary stores, in preparation for just these emergencies. He is much concerned at the "rubs and mortifications" thrown in his way. "A false backwardness prevails, and too much powder has been wasted in Christmas guns and bird-shooting." Ewing has a company of farmers' sons ready to march on the drum-tap from Baltimore, if Smallwood will take them. Captain Plunkett, of the Calvert connection, has a choice detail of men from town and county, Major Robert Lyon, two of the Howards from Elk Ridge, John Philpot, Dr. Cradock and others. All these occupy front ranks as gentlemen volunteers, from whom General Washington speedily assigns Dr. Cradock for surgical duty. The scarlet uniforms of the older men under General Buchanan, Sr., mingle with the scarlet and buff of Mordecai Gist's command, who have already achieved the distinction of the first company to be

accepted. "Gentlemen, men of honor, family and fortune in Baltimore Town, and although they come of different countries they are all animated with a zeal for the rights of humanity", so he reports.

Stephen Stewart, a decidedly original patriot, of the firm of Galloway and Stewart, whose captains were known in many lands, is occupied with a machine that can float. It will carry twenty 18-pounders, is to be 108 feet long, 32 feet broad, $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep, the sides and ends glassaded, so that the men can fight under cover. This enterprising forerunner of the present day marine batteries suggests the queer looking craft which met the "cheese box" in Hampton Roads, and had some records in history of her own making.

The men come in, minus powder and shot, minus everything most needed. Some of the boys from the counties have neither blankets nor shoes. Camp kettles are scarce, tents are almost impossible to secure in sufficient numbers, but it is found that the sails of their boats can be made to do double duty, and with all there is a cheerful alacrity and a supreme faith that all can be set right in Baltimore Town. The women, too, have their hands full with appeals for aid from Dr. Cradock and the profession. Old sheets for bandages, old linen to be scraped for lint,—nothing comes amiss. Doctors Weisenthal and Stenhouse are collecting in their medical committee stores and instruments, under the warrant of Barrister Carroll, and so the seven independent companies line up, the forty companies of minute men are at last outfitted, and Baltimore once again resounds to the tread of marching troops. These minute men, "ready to ride and to give the alarm", had been a feature in the resolves of the United Colonies.

It was, however, from the town which the king had especially elected to conquer, that the cry went forth at midnight, and that Paul Revere and his night-riders rode off that 19th of April, '75. But not only was it to "every Middlesex village and farm", for from the hour when the shots from Lexington Green and Concord Bridge rang out, the

colony of Massachusetts had, as watcher, every true-hearted patriot at home and abroad.

Our best gift in those days came when the representatives of the people, assembled for the second Continental Congress in Philadelphia, chose for the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, a warrior of whom we have already heard. The nomination of General George Washington, on May 13, '75, has frequently been credited to John Adams. Every Marylander likes to remember that Thomas Johnson of Maryland made the motion. Fortunately for us, Mr. Adams in the delightfully minute detail of his journal, shows that both took part; "the brace of Adamses", walking in the garden of Carpenter's Hall, threshed out this business, and decided that none other than the "gentleman from Virginia" could receive the suffrages of all the members. Although the proper moment from a parliamentary point of view had not arrived, they expressed themselves strongly on this wise, and while Pendleton and others "gainsayed" them, when the hour for the choice to be made arrived, it was Thomas Johnson who made the nomination in due form.

Notwithstanding the patriotic wave which had swept all before it, there must have been a real pang of sorrow in the hearts of many, when the proclamation of the Maryland Convention set forth:

"Whereas his Brittanic majesty King George has prosecuted, and still prosecutes, a cruel and unjust war against the British Colonies in America, . . . and whereas the good people of this province have taken up arms to defend their rights and liberties, . . . and whilst engaged in such a contest, cannot, with any sincerity or devotion of heart, pray for the success of his majesty's arms; therefore resolved, That every prayer or petition for the king's majesty in the book of common prayer and administration of the sacraments and other rites or ceremonies of the church of England, except the second collect for the king in the common service, be henceforth omitted in all churches and chapels in this province, until our unhappy differences are ended."

In the depth of the winter, the immediate defence of the town was begun; workmen were sent into the forests to cut the timber; the smiths at their forges were set to work, while the government proceeded to move its precious records from the capitol at Annapolis to Upper Marlboro, by way of London Town, that long-forgotten rival of the ancient city. We shudder at the possibilities of the journey.

These precautions came none too soon, for while they worked, a man-of-war and two tenders were making their way up the Bay. It was thought to be the *Liverpool*, one of the largest ships of their blockading fleet, "and her destination", says Carroll, "is without doubt, Baltimore". They came very deliberately, so that the whole length of the Bay shores had time to arm.

Expresses were sent to Philadelphia, to forward our powder and small arms, and also to the Head of Elk, to see that they were not captured by the new water route. Captain Nicholson's new ship was well under way, and the committee wrote "he will be in a very good posture of Defence by sunrise tomorrow. We have hove up a Brest work at Fell's point near the ship and shall get several the cannon mounted on it by 8 o Clock". Major Gist's regulars were marched to Whetstone.

Nathaniel Smith, the commander at Whetstone, asked the council if he should not have a flag at his post; and, if so, what device it should bear. There was, however, nothing but the double cross and stripes, which had just been authorized by General Washington.

Much concern was felt for Mr. Hudson's ship, which was aground at North Point, and would certainly be taken with the cargo of stores, which had been ordered by Congress. It might have been thought that a regatta was on from the eagerness of the populace to be at hand. Barrister Carroll and Samuel Purviance testified to the difficulty of getting anyone to attend to business, "and the Committee Rooms are empty". Contributions are coming in, young Chew is moving his mother's valuables and furniture to a place of safety, while she sends "six blancoats which can-

not come amiss", but she adds a postscriptum, "don't let Locky enrol".

The prompt appearance of the *Defense* on the scene, was a marvel to all. She seemed to have come straight from the water gods; equipped with all the guns she could carry, and a "parcel of Buckskin heroes", and other fine fellows, "as we understood Captain Nicholson would grapple at once".

Through the ghostly mists she came swiftly upon her unwelcome guests. The English fleet finding neighbors so close at hand, pushed off with the utmost expedition, leaving prize ship and some of their smaller craft behind. They were very courteous to those who had business aboard, were quite communicative, and had evidently been kept well posted as to "everything here and to the Northward"; indeed, so urbane were they, that Captain Squires, commander of the *Otter*, incidentally invited the patriots to furnish him with a tender "to take unmolested", says the wrathful chronicler, "a New England sloop, laden with bread, flour and other supplies, which had been sent up Severn for safety". But the committee took no notice of this, save to have a fresh guard of fifty men put over her. When, however, some prisoners were returned, who had been picked up in their course, and it was found they had been treated with the utmost tenderness and humanity, "they were complimented with two quarters of beef, in return for this Courtesy, and soon took up their voyage out of the bay".

Naturally, after this experience, the Maryland committee of safety, observation and correspondence, otherwise called the council of safety, redoubled their energies, keeping stricter scrutiny over visitors arriving and departing from the province: sometimes, it must be owned, arrogating to themselves powers which they found it difficult to administer.

The adventures of a certain Mr. Alexander Ross in a comedy of errors, bearing upon the governor's affairs, were far-reaching in their effects. He had with some difficulty procured a permit to visit Lord Dunmore on private busi-

ness. The latter in his brutalities was earning the title, conferred upon him by some of the patriots, of "Devil Dunmore." Pursued by this small but active craft of Captain Barron, under orders of the committee of safety, some correspondence between Governor Eden and Lord George Germain, was found and promptly confiscated; this was dispatched to General Charles Lee, then in command at Williamsburg. He, in his turn, forwarded it with an impassioned appeal to Samuel Purviance, to seize and hold the person of Governor Eden, until the will of Congress should be made known. Meanwhile, Mr. Purviance diligently wrote private letters to the Congress, and incidentally meeting a young officer of Smallwood's brigade, on his way home to dinner, proposed, without more ado, that he should win fame by the prompt kidnapping and deportation of his majesty's representative among us. Captain Sam Smith, always ready for adventure, instantly agreed, and the delightful enthusiasm of the gentleman from Donegal, who frankly admitted that he had not thought it necessary to procure warrant of any sort for this medieval performance, is vastly interesting.

Congress, which as Dr. William Hand Browne suggests, "was only too prone, even at that early date, to magnify its powers", undertook to regulate the matter with the Maryland council. "They", on their part, says the same writer, "too polite to remind Congress that it [the Council of Safety] was not a Congressional Committee," resented this interference, courteously assuring the Congress that they were quite aware of all the facts in the case, and would take proper action; and proceeded to grill Mr. Purviance, while he, smarting under their censure, made haste to find out who had made public his private letter, in which invidious remarks had been made reflecting on the courage of the Maryland council. Then Richard Henry Lee appeared on the scene, and endeavored to pour oil on the troubled waters. The comedy closes with a great resentment on the part of our sister colony, that Governor Eden had not been more severely dealt with. A reprimand to Mr. Purviance and a delicate intimation to General Lee to con-

fine his energies to their legitimate channels followed, and a general amnesty was declared. From private correspondence we learn that when Captain Sam Smith actually appeared with a file of soldiers in Annapolis, to seize the Governor's person, Mrs. Rebecca Key recognized the military, and barely had time to hurry his excellency on board the private craft at the foot of the garden; for which friendly act her husband paid dearly, having been notified to quit his own roof, which was watched to prevent his return.

Although Governor Eden had declined to accept the parole offered him by the authorities, on the ground that to give "parole while Governor of the Province, would be to walk about a prisoner at large", which in view of his connection with the proprietary family would indeed have been a grievance, he later handsomely gave his voluntary parole to the council.

It was not long before another small fleet appeared in the Bay, when Governor Eden, already Sir Robert, with his staff officers, was escorted to his barge by the council with every mark of respect, the sails of the *Fowey* were set for England, and with him went the last vestige of proprietary rule.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Maryland "Marine and Foot" having shown the strength of their preparations to resist the attack, and the *Otter* and the *Fowey*, with Sir Robert Eden on board, having sailed out of Chesapeake Bay, the militia returned to their homes in the counties, and the committees were free to concentrate their energies in forwarding to the Commander-in-Chief the reinforcements for which he was waiting.

The Maryland council of safety, therefore, wrote from Annapolis on August 16 (1776) to their delegate in Congress at Philadelphia, "we are sending all that we have that can be armed and equipped; and the people of New-York, for whom we have great affection, can have no more than our all".

The battalion was placed in Smallwood's command. Colonel Ware (also of Charles County) went as lieutenant colonel, Thomas Price as first major, with the Frederick riflemen in charge. Mordecai Gist, of Baltimore Town, the second major, as we have seen, had raised his own company of "gentlemen of honor", which he had persuaded the authorities to accept as the first fruits of the campaign. So they moved out, embarking from Baltimore Town to join at the head of Elk the detail that sailed up from Annapolis. From thence over the dusty July roads they made their fifteen or twenty miles a day to Philadelphia, where they were quartered at the Friends Meeting House on Market Street. There they halted, the officers standing for a moment with heads uncovered, then moving forward while the soldiers with recovered arms marched in with "precision and decorum". President Hancock, to whom Smallwood reported, saw them come in and forwarded them to the Commander-in-Chief, noting: "We have upwards of a thousand troops from Maryland, an exceeding fine body of men".

They parted with their colonel early in the day, as he was detailed for a court martial. The command then went to Mordecai Gist, and was attached to Lord Stirling's Brigade.

The Maryland troops were needed in many directions for covering parties, skirmishing duty, etc., and found themselves a part of the 13,557 men, many of them raw and unfit, with which the battle line of fourteen miles was to be held against 27,000 British regulars and Hessians.

The strategic importance of New York made it necessary for the Americans to hold Brooklyn Heights. For this General Putnam had 7,000 men in place, one-half guarding the approach, to meet General Howe who came across the Kill von Kull.

The Maryland boys, for they were no more than boys, had the high ground in the centre of the line (we know it today as Battle Hill), and were under command of Lord Stirling himself. The right of the line was on a sand hill on the far western boundary of what is now Greenwood Cemetery.

The battle seemed to be to the strong that day. Overcome by the tremendous masses against which our number were then so signally fighting, for six hours they stood their ground. Then Howe detailed two thousand more men, and the Hessians who had been coached by their officers to expect no quarter, gave none, and with the turning of Stirling's right and doubling his left back upon the centre, it ceased to be a battle and became a butchery.

Sullivan's fate seemed sealed in his fortified camp at Brooklyn. Cortelyou House was held fast by the enemy, but Lord Stirling knew his material and changing front he called up the remnant of the Maryland battalion, far less now than that four hundred and fifty of the lads who had tasted for the first time the "stir of battle", and they made their charge like that of David at Goliath.

'Oh, Stirling, good Stirling! How long must we wait?

Shall the shout of your trumpet unleash us too late?

Have you never a dash for brave Mordecai Gist,

With his heart in his throat, and his blade in his fist?

Are we good for no more than to prance at a ball,
When the drums beat the charge and the clarions call?

Tralára! Tralára! Now praise we the Lord,
For the clang of His call and the flash of His sword!
Tralára! Tralára! Now forward to die.
For the banner, hurrah! and for sweethearts, goodby! . . .

When the smoke had cleared, some two hundred fifty-six or more of the Maryland line lay dead on the field, or worse, awaited the horrors of the prison ship—and Cunningham! But it had been worth while, they had covered the retreat and gained an hour in their gallant sacrifice, "an hour, more precious to American liberty than any other in its history", says the enthusiastic Field.

On the following day, three more companies of the Maryland line and the handful left of Smallwood's, with Shee and Magaw of Pennsylvania and the men from Marblehead, stood for hours on the skirmish line in the pouring rain, doing guard duty, marching and counter-marching all night to mislead the enemy, and finally with Mifflin and Hazlett's command covered the retreat of the Continentals, the very last to embark in the fog which saved the day for us.

In a quaint old copy of Botta's *History of the American Revolution*, General Samuel Smith wrote in his old-fashioned hand the note: "The rascals fired their pistols in our very faces."

But the fortunes of war left little time for grief, although there was scarcely a family in Baltimore Town that did not mourn someone that day.

To Harlem Heights, taking advantage of the shadows of the evening, our forces silently stole away, and the precious prisoners, a stray boat with two or three camp followers, and the deserted fortifications were all there was left to show for it.

The continued reverses of the army and the retreat into the Jerseys brought matters to a point of the lowest depression, and the distance from the buoyant July, when from Independence Hall liberty had been proclaimed

throughout the land, to the Christmastide of that same year, was indeed a long, long stretch. The holidays found us with troops fast vanishing on expiring terms, and the situation appeared to be so entirely hopeless that any active pursuit on the part of the British seemed scarcely worth while.

Yet it was in that wonderful Christmas week, when the lamp burned at its lowest, that the dash was made for Trenton on the Delaware, and one of the Maryland soldiers present at the capture of the Hessians brought home to Baltimore a bit of the flag, which still exists in our midst, rescued from the ruins of time.

Within our own borders, a real depot of supplies was in course of development. There seems to have been nothing from cannon balls to cotton cloth which Baltimore Town did not procure and forward. When lead for bullets ran short, William Paca persuaded the countryside that they did not need clock and window weights, while a special commission was sent out in all directions for a second conscription of blankets from patriotic housekeepers.

It was at this period that the bounteous stores of our foremothers' chests and closets were so important. Nothing went amiss, old linen sheets went for bandages and lint. Counterpanes were sent, and in some cases made into fantastic garments for the soldiers, and later at Valley Forge, the military overcoats having disappeared, draperies of patchwork quilts were gratefully donned by the officers in charge. Many were the expedients to which their ingenuity was put, for not everyone could pay £15 for fifteen yards of cloth to make ten coats, as Captain Jacob did.

It was the week before Christmas, December 20th, 1776, when the gentlemen of the Continental Congress, seeking safer quarters, reached Baltimore Town. John Adams arrived after the session had begun, and as he has given us a very good chance to see ourselves as he saw us, we may well leave him to tell his own story. In February, 1777, he was lodging at Mrs. Ross's in Market (Baltimore) Street, a few doors below the Fountain Inn, which used to be on Light Street near Baltimore.

"The Congress sits in the last house at the west end of Market Street, on the south side of the street; a long chamber, with two fireplaces, two large closets, and two doors." This was the quite new tavern of Jacob Fite, a Quaker, which had just been finished in time for them.

The usual hospitalities began, with a dinner given by William Lux, at which the guests were Dr. Witherspoon, President of the College of New Jersey, and the only minister who signed the Declaration of Independence, "Mr. S. Adams, Mr. Lovel, Mr. Hall, Dr. Thornton, a Mr. Harrison, Dr. [sic], and Mr. George Lux, and two ladies, Mrs. Lux and her sister. This seat is named Chatworth [sic], and an elegant one it is; has a large yard, enclosed with stone in lime, and before the yard two fine rows of large cherry trees, which lead out to the public road; there is a fine prospect about it." Chatsworth had been Dr. Walker's home when he assisted in laying out the early Baltimore Town in 1730. William Lux had married Agnes Walker, daughter of the Doctor, who inherited Chatsworth.

"Mr. Lux and his son are sensible gentlemen. I had much conversation with George about the new form of government adopted in Maryland. George is the young gentleman by whom I sent letters to my friends, from Philadelphia, when the army was in Cambridge, particularly to Colonel Warren, whom, and whose lady, Lux so much admired. The whole family profess great zeal in the American cause. Mr. Lux lives like a Prince." George was rather an original character, highly educated abroad and somewhat eccentric, sometimes abstracted and apt to do odd things. On his way to Philadelphia to his wedding with Katherine Biddle, he had stopped en route for his groomsmen, Dr. Cradock of Trentham, and the indispensable pink coat in which that friendly physician and warrior had so often attended his friends to the altar, when it was found that the prospective groom had left his purse at home. However, the best man proved himself equal to the emergency, and they brought Mrs. George back to Chatsworth.

Later. "8. Saturday. Dined at the President's." Just where Mr. Hancock was lodging does not appear.

Again he proceeds: "The weather was rainy, and the streets the muddiest I ever saw." He absolves us, however, as "they had determined to pave the streets, before this war came on, since which they have laid the project aside, as they are accessible to men-of-war."

"Sunday. Heard Mr. Allison." This was one of the chaplains appointed by Congress, and also Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in town. "In the evening, walked to Fell's Point, the place where the ships lie; a kind of peninsula, . . . a breast work . . . with a number of embrasures, for cannon, facing the entrance into the harbor. The Virginia frigate, Captain Nicholson, lies off in the stream . . . you have a fine view of the town of Baltimore from this Point. On my return, I stopped and drank tea at Captain Smith's a gentleman of the new Assembly."

He sups on the next Sunday night with his friend, Dr. Rush; and Mr. Sargent over the bridge (in Old Town), the two Colonels Lee, Dr. Witherspoon, Mr. Adams, Mr. Gerry and Dr. Brownson made up the company.

"They have a fashion, in this town, of reversing the picture of King George III in such families as have it. One of these topsy-turvy kings was hung up in the room where we supped, and under it were written these lines, by Mr. Throop, as we were told:

'Behold the man, who had it in his power
To make a kingdom tremble and adore,
Intoxicate with folly. See his head
Placed where the meanest of his subjects tread.
Like Lucifer, the giddy tyrant fell;
He lifts his heels to Heaven, but points his head to Hell.'

The same Sunday "heard Dr. Witherspoon upon redeeming time; an excellent sermon. I find that I understand the Doctor better since I have heard him so much in conversation, and in the Senate; but I perceive that his attention to civil affairs has slackened his memory; it cost him more pains than heretofore to recollect his discourse. . . ."



Three Horsemen, General Washington, General Lafayette, and Their Host, Charles Carroll, Barrister, with Mt. Clare in the Background.

Dr. Witherspoon, it may be remembered, was an Irish exile.

"21. Friday. Dined, yesterday, at Mr. Samuel Purviance's. Mr. Robert, his brother and lady, the President and lady, the two Colonel Lees and their ladies, Mr. Page and his lady, Colonel Whipple, Mrs. K. Quincy, a young gentleman and a young lady, made the company; a great feast. The Virginia ladies had ornaments about their wrists which I don't remember to have seen before. These ornaments were like miniature pictures bound round the arms with some chains. . . .

"23. Sunday. Took a walk, with Mr. Gerry, down to a place called Ferry Branch; a point of land which is formed by a branch of the Patapsco on one side, and the basin, before the town of Baltimore, on the other. At the point is a ferry over to the road which goes to Annapolis; . . . you have a full view of the elegant, splendid seat of Mr. Carroll, barrister. It is a large and elegant house; it stands fronting looking down the river into the harbor; it is one mile from the water. There is a most beautiful walk from the house down to the water; there is a descent not far from the house;—you have a fine garden, then you descend a few steps and have another fine garden, you go down a few more and have another. It is now the dead of winter; no verdure or bloom to be seen; but in the spring, summer, and fall, this scene must be very pretty. Returned and dined with Mr. William Smith, a new member of Congress. Dr. Lyon, Mr. Merriman, Mr. Gerry, a son of Mr. Smith, and two other gentlemen, made the company. The conversation turned, . . . upon removing the obstructions and opening the navigation of Susquehannah River. The company thought it might easily be done, and would open an amazing scene of business. Philadelphia will oppose it, but it will be to the interest of a majority of Pennsylvania to effect it.

"28. Friday. Last evening, had a good deal of free conversation with Mr. R. Purviance. He seems to me to have a perfect understanding of the affairs of this State. Men and things are very well known to him.

"The object of the men of property here, the planters, &c., is universally wealth. Every way in the world is sought to get and save money. Landjobbers, speculators in land; little generosity to the public, little public spirit."

O Tempora, O Mores! This from a delegate of a colony which twice within the quarter century had given affectionate thanks for the aid given from Baltimore men to Boston men is not appreciative, to say the least.

There came a new alarm to Baltimore when Howe suddenly determined upon a change of base and made for Philadelphia. His exodus from Staten Island left everyone mystified, and it was not until the ships were fairly in the Chesapeake Bay and the call to defend the town was given that he could be certainly located.

Even the Commander-in-Chief was in ignorance of Howe's whereabouts. Up the Bay through the lovely sheet of water which receives the flow from the Elk, the Bohemia and the Sassafras Rivers, along the shores of the old plantations Howe sailed his fleet, and landing at the head of Elk, made for the Post Road to Philadelphia. On the appearance of this miniature armada off Bodkin Point, August 15, 1777, the country was up, the Maryland militia was ordered to the Susquehanna River, along which lay the thickly farmed counties of Cecil and Harford.

Captain Stricker and his independent company trained as infantry, but like all Maryland men, riding like centaurs, took their own mounts and made a dash for the head of the Bay, so swiftly that they reached it before Howe had time to land, joined our main army near Newport, but were ordered back by the Commander-in-Chief to protect Baltimore.

This town had furnished her quota, one-eleventh of her population at that time, and was bravely represented at the engagement at Chadd's Ford, between Elkton and Philadelphia, where the Brandywine crosses the road. The companies of Captains Sterret, Cox and Bailey, who joined General Wayne on the 21st of September, shared in the rout and the remnant was engaged at Germantown. Many families were left without a man at home.

Mrs. Cox had written her husband from Baltimore Town in September, 1777, of her great alarm at the news, and asked advice as to moving her things "before trouble comes. . . . The enemy will visit us before they leave our Bay. . . . A plot was laid", she continued, "for destroying our magazines at Carlisle and York, but the All-wise Providence has frustrated the design". Her husband, captain of one of the independent companies, wrote from "Downing's Town on the Lancaster Road", "I am yet well and hearty, and I thank God for all his mercies, . . . We are now about marching, and expect to join General Wayne this day." But the next letter was from another hand, a report from Smallwood to Johnson; "Capt. Cox, of Baltimore, a brave and valuable officer with Lieut. Crost, of Johnson's Regiment and several other brave officers and men, were killed within twenty paces of the enemy's lodgment before they were dispossessed of it."

Samuel Smith and his detachment of Continentals at Fort Mifflin, and Commodore Hazlewood's flotilla with Barney as lieutenant, kept the fleet of Howe at bay, securing invaluable time for the army. A more valiant defense than this of the redoubt called "the Mud Fort", which they did not leave until it was battered down about their ears, has never been made. Among Colonel Smith's trophies is the sword which was voted him by Congress for his bravery.

The dreadful winter at Valley Forge saw perhaps the lowest watermark of the war. Smallwood and his detail were with the Commander-in-Chief and the grotesque groups of officers clad in our old counterpanes for roquelaire or overcoats, are remembered today by the descendants of those to whom their fathers told their story.

One of our Maryland women accompanied her husband, Colonel Ramsey, and with her medicine chest, and the few comforts she was able to procure, was long held in grateful memory by the stricken soldiers.

Some of our townsmen were in camp at Middlebrook, and these had captured a vessel with stores that kept them from starvation. But with all that could be done, the suf-

fering of the men was intense, so entirely unprovided for were they.

Soon came belated proposals for peace, through the friendly offices of the Earl of Carlisle, Sir William Eden and Governor Johnson, but they came too late. They were courteously received, but their efforts were fruitless. Then they tried bribery and intrigue, and finding that their own army had already been ordered to evacuate Philadelphia without their knowledge, they went home in a very bad humor. The door was shut, and England had lost her colonies.

CHAPTER X.

GENERAL CHARLES LEE seemed to prefer our town for the theatre of his exploits, and promptly proceeded to explode his "Queries, Political and Military", in Mr. Goddard's *Gazette*, of July 6, 1779, astonishing the patriotic public with attempts to cast discredit upon the Commander-in-Chief, and to prejudice the public opinion against the French, whose treaty, having come on the heels of Burgoyne's surrender, had brought such inspiration and enthusiasm to the country.

But while the complacency of Mr. Goddard permitted the "Queries" to be published in the *Gazette*, the townspeople resented it violently, and from this cause occurred our first serious riot. The printing presses were destroyed, and Mr. Goddard was forced to give the name of the author, while a very unwilling apology to General Washington and the good people of Baltimore Town was extorted by the Whig Club from the paper.

General Sam Smith was drawn into the controversy and received a withering challenge from Colonel Oswald, Mr. Goddard's partner, which for good and sufficient reasons he declined.

The Commander-in-Chief, with his wonderful eye for detail, refused to allow the supplies for the British prisoners at Winchester and Fort Frederick to come up the Bay to Baltimore, since it would give opportunity to the enemy to inspect our harbor and defence too closely, and the route by Hampton Roads was chosen. These prisoners were well tended and made a wonderful contrast with the ghastly exchanges sent, of our own poor men, which finally provoked a remonstrance from General Washington, who declared that the dead and the dying were all that came back to him. The spacious confines of Fort Frederick, and the jail where the North Carolina prisoners were kept, the

Tory House in Frederick Town, were all as bits of the Garden of Eden, compared with the charnel houses which received the American prisoners.

Meanwhile the fleet of D'Estaing had brought the first minister from France to America, M. Gérard. It did not, however, disperse the array of ships in the Delaware, nor was it successful at Newport, and much diplomacy was required to assimilate the allies, with their rigid training and strict discipline, with our already discontented forces.

The scene shifted to the south, where the British captured Savannah and over-ran Georgia. Our Commander-in-Chief was guarding the Hudson, and hoped that Congress might confer with him as to the commander for the Southern forces. But here again the foes were those of his own household, and instead of General Greene, General Gates was sent. In an attempt to dislodge the British from Savannah, the French lost in killed and wounded about seven hundred men, the Continental troops two hundred and thirty-four, and many valuable officers of distinction, among them Count Pulaski.

Meanwhile Lafayette had returned to France, where Marie Antoinette said: "He talks of nothing but America". He brought in his wake Rochambeau, an auxiliary army of nearly six thousand, and a new French loan, none too soon, for the straits of Congress were desperate. Meanwhile, in the campaign of the South, Camden, Cowpens, Guilford Court House, Hobkirk Hill, were furnishing laurels to the Maryland troops under Lieutenant Colonel John Eager Howard, Colonel Gunby, Colonel Ford and others of our townsfolk.

At Cowpens the British line threatened to outflank our right, to meet which Howard ordered his right company to change front, the men mistaking the order faced to the rear, and slowly retired, followed by the rest of the line in good order. Morgan in alarm rode up to Howard, but Howard soon removed his fears by pointing to the line and observing "men were not beaten who retreated in that order". The shock of the charge which Howard ordered was irresistible, one officer after another surrendered to

him, and delivered up their swords until he could hold no more. A sketch made of him on the field makes him appear like Jove with thunderbolts in hand.

Meanwhile, General Greene had assumed charge of the southern campaign, which ended happily in the trap into which Cornwallis was driven on the peninsula.

In the last months of the war, Baltimore was kept in a state of feverish activity, by the continual passings to and fro of the officers and troops on their way to the south. The first attempt to deal with Arnold, who was now employing his brilliant military skill in ravaging and laying waste the Virginia country, had been headed off by the British fleet under Admiral Arbuthnot, off the capes of the Chesapeake.

Lafayette came down to the Head of Elk by the post road and proceeded to Annapolis by water, but returned to the place of debarkation, meaning to go back to join the army at the north. There was need elsewhere, however, and despatches were waiting for him from the Commander-in-Chief to proceed to Yorktown, and he made ready to return, entreating Hamilton, if he would take service in the field, to join him at Bald Friars Ferry on the Susquehanna. He passed the night at Job Haines's near Rising Sun, Cecil County; and the boys in the family have handed down to their children the gold Louis D'Or with which he presented them. At Bald Friars, the Commander became the guest of Colonel James Rigby, one of the planters of Baltimore, now Harford County; and here on a night in the early spring of 1780 was held a council of greatest importance to the success of the American forces. Around the wide-breasted chimney (from whose ample proportions later a small building was erected), the staff, General Hazen, Colonel Vose, Colonel Gimat, Barber, Huntington, and other field officers, foregathered—and as a result, a proclamation was prepared, the effects of which were far-reaching.

Desertions of the troops were, most of them, from the northern states, some of them as far away as Canada, and there was so great an aversion to a southern campaign that

they were then on the verge of mutiny, and it was predicted that not one-half of Lafayette's forces would be with him by the time he reached Baltimore.

In an appeal to their honor, this proclamation set forth "that they were on their way to meet and fight a powerful foe. That for himself, no diminution of numbers would deter him, but that in firm reliance upon the God of battles, and the justice of the American Cause he would continue his march, to meet the enemy."

A free pass to go to his home was offered every soldier who would come to headquarters to receive it. Not a man stirred—and from that hour desertions ceased.

The staff of officers rode out that April day, along the route of the Trappe Church, Priests Ford and Bush of Old Baltimore fame, where they had dinner, to Baltimore Town. With General Lafayette were two personal friends, Colonel Gimat and Captain Greme. The beauty of the Deer Creek region enchanted them, and they agreed to come back some day and settle down together, devoted friends as they were, in this fair spot. But the French Revolution had to be reckoned with, and in the Isle of San Domingo Colonel Gimat found an early grave, and only Greme was spared to live out his last days with his family so near our town.

Colonel McHenry wrote to General Greene April 16, 1781, from Baltimore Town: "While I admire your policy, I have more than once pitied the Marquis' situation. His troops passed here yesterday, discontented almost to general desertion; destitute of shirts, and proper equipments, and in most respects, unprovided for a march. You know the Marquis. He has been with us two days; but, in this time, he adopted an expedient to conciliate them to a degree which no one but himself would have thought of. Today he signs a contract, binding himself to certain merchants of this place, for above two thousand guineas, to be disposed of in shirts, overalls, and hats for the detachment. Without these the army could not proceed; and with these, he has managed to reconcile them to the service. He is also bent upon trying the power of novelty on their minds by giving

to the march the air of a frolic. His troops will ride in wagons and carts from Elkridge Landing to the limits of this State, and how much further he will continue this mode of movement depends upon Virginia."

Lafayette had written in advance to ask that stores and transportation, horses and wagons, might be waiting for him in Baltimore Town, his stay was brief, he needed not only these supplies, but everything else on which an army depends. So little did the state treasury contain at this juncture, that grateful acknowledgments were made to Robert Purviance, Matthew Ridley, who was negotiating for a Holland loan as well, and sturdy William Patterson, for the aid which they so freely gave.

In the march through Baltimore, the officers were entertained in private houses, and the army encamped along the highway, down which they had marched from the Philadelphia Road. What is now known to us as Bond Street was then a continuation of the highway, and there amid chinquapin bushes, and forest trees, stood a farmhouse, which John Ziegler had only a while before purchased from William Hammond and Margaret his wife.

The logs of the little old house had been cut from the trees of the surrounding forest, and the farmyard with the hay stacks in the adjoining field furnished one of the French commands, their camping place.

The old couple, John Ziegler and his wife, greatly enjoyed the excitement of having the soldiers in their midst, and handed down to the next generation the receipts for syllabub and other delicacies manufactured by the soldiers.

The old hip-roof house, and the quaint old-fashioned garden were untouched as late as 1870, and a giant box tree, which had grown to the height of twelve feet, and a circumference at the top of thirty feet, was transplanted to Druid Hill Park when the time came for rows of houses to occupy the site, but like all homesick things, it languished and died.

Short as was the stay of the French Commander, there was yet time for a ball, at which the beauty and gallantry of the day shone forth. That his men should have been so

long in the field without pay, barefoot and nearly naked seems a marvel to us today. The warm heart of the Marquis found it intolerable, and when the dames and demoiselles rallied him upon his pensive state of mind, he frankly avowed his distress. He was assured then and there that they would be provided for, and the morning of the next day found the belles and the beauties making ready for the relief of their necessities, chaperoned by Mrs. David Poe, Mrs. Nathaniel Ramsey, and Mrs. Moale.

Such enthusiasm put life into their fingers, and they stitched and felled away on shirts and trousers, and stories come down today to their great-grandchildren, of the alleviation of their toil, by the presence of a few of the French officers, who remained over and found their partners quite as charming by day as they had been by night. Even the committee of observation relaxed its austerities to bring back by special post the message dated from "Mr. Lyon's Plantation, 20 miles from Williamsburg", the acknowledgments of the grateful Marquis and his staff: "I am proud of my obligations—not only from a general respect to the fair sex, but because I know the accomplishments of those to whom I am indebted."

The town was well watched and guarded, with her network of committees, her merchants were ready for any emergency, alert in danger, and generous in necessity. Not only had she expended some £9,000 in the relief fund for the bitter winter which had just gone before, when the closing of the waterways had brought such suffering to the poor, but Congress had learned to look to the town on the Patapsco as one of the great storehouses of the war, and Pickering, Quartermaster General, with Steuart, Commissary General, said frankly to the authorities: "No apology is needed for demands on men so ready to serve their country."

In the discharge of his duties in these trying days, Major Poe, Quartermaster for the forces around Baltimore, realized, like Israel of old, that the task of making bricks without straw had fallen to him. In February, 1780, he wrote to the committee: . . . "My situation at present

is difficult in purchasing forage to supply the public demand in this place. I have bought some grain and hay within these few days . . . with my own money, and need not apply to the Quartermaster-General for cash until I have your license". Camp kettles are at a premium, "there is not one belonging to the United States in this town". We can only hope his requisition was quickly honored and we like to think that the title of General, conferred upon him by brevet of his fellow citizens, was retained by him to the end of his days.

Congress was indeed in straits, early in the year the specie dollar commanded forty, and no system of taxation had so far been successful. The attempt to make levies of staples, in the military depot of the town, of such articles as corn, pork, beef, and forage was equally unavailing, and the family calendar for that period reveals an account:

1 Pair of boots
 6¾ yds. calico
 6 yds. Chintz
 4½ yds. . . . Moreen
 4 Hdks
 8 yds. quality binding
 1 skein of Silk

which tallied up to \$3,144 if paid in paper, but in specie £18.10s.

So great was the contempt for the rag money, as it was called, that rooms were papered with it, trunks and bandboxes were finished up with it, and there is the story that a little dog had a dress coat made of it and was led up and down the town.

The confiscation of British property was begun at this time. Many of the owners had departed early in the day, and it was considered wise to realize revenue from the property of those who went out from us because they were not with us. Edward Fotterall's fine estate was divided into small parcels, the fine town property of the Dulanys followed suit, a similar arrangement was made for the lands

of the Messrs. Christie, the Principio Iron Works, and many other names well known to us as citizens of credit and renown.

The troops marched out of Baltimore Town and on the 19th encamped near Elkridge Landing, there crossing the Patapsco up which the goodly vessels still came for loading, took their chariots and rode gaily along to Alexandria through Fredericksburg to Richmond, where they found Baron Von Steuben, General Muhlenberg, with General Nelson's Virginia Militia.

Meanwhile General Washington's strategic powers were employed to induce Clinton to believe that he intended to attack New York, when in reality he was making ready for the march to York Town.

A separate campaign was carefully planned with great success, bake-houses and ovens being erected on Staten Island, and every preparation for an attack at that point made in readiness.

In the meantime Cornwallis had chosen York Town as the safest point at which he could mobilize his troops, but he speedily realized his mistake, too late to remedy it.

In answer to his request to be relieved that he might return to Charleston, the order in reply was to send three thousand of his men to protect New York.

Then came the march southward. In Philadelphia the appearance of the Commander-in-Chief, welcome as he always was, bewildered everyone. Matters were not in cheerful trim. The same conditions prevailed as usual, unpaid, unclothed and unfed troops with which to manœuvre. An empty treasury for a southern campaign seemed a doubtful undertaking, to say the least of it.

But again at the darkest hour came aid. General Rochambeau loaned him \$20,000 to be paid by Morris in October, and later Laurens arrived in Boston, with above \$600,000 in coin, the loan from the French king, and the skies cleared. A little past Chester young Rochambeau met him with the good news, that the Count de Grasse had arrived in the Chesapeake Bay, with a fleet of twenty-eight ships of the line and with thirty-five hundred addi-

tional French troops, under the command of the Marquis de St. Simon, who had already been landed at Jamestown with orders to join the Marquis de Lafayette. Washington could not contain his delight. Count de Deux-Ponts said: "A child whose every wish had been gratified could not have expressed a keener joy".

Sending despatches to de Grasse begging him to send all of his transports to the Head of Elk by early September, with Colonel Humphreys he came down over Susquehanna, through Havre de Grace to Baltimore, where he only tarried for the night at the Fountain Inn. Naturally the military—Capt. Morris's troop of light dragoons, attended and the Baltimore Artillery saluted, while Lindsay's Coffee House, where the officers of the French fleet had already found a warm welcome, supplied the ground for festivities. The usual stately address awaited his Excellency, who received it with his wonted dignity. Among other congratulations, "Permit us," said they, "to felicitate your Excellency upon the signal successes in the Southern States with such distinguished honor to our gallant officers and soldiers and on the arrival of the fleet of our magnanimous ally, aided by whose noble and generous exertions we look forward to the day of Peace." And he assured them of his warmest sense of gratitude and called down the particular blessing of Heaven upon "the worthy citizens of this flourishing town of Baltimore".

Soon General Washington was at Mount Vernon, his first glimpse of his home in six years. Here Rochambeau joined him with Chastellux and his aides, and for two days they enjoyed the far-famed hospitality of the place on the Potomac. At Williamsburg they arrived to the great joy of the troops and the people, and dined with the Marquis de St. Simon. But the cry was, On, on to York and Gloucester. By this time de Grasse had enjoyed a sea fight off the Capes, capturing two British frigates, and sending the *Queen Charlotte*, one of the prizes, with Lord Rawdon a prisoner on board, up the James to bring the visitors to the fleet.

And now the last act in the drama appears. Clinton has

sent twenty-three ships under Digny, with five thousand land troops for the relief of Cornwallis. On October 5th, he was to send two columns of smoke if he heard heavy firing at the mouth of the Bay, to let the forces know that he still held York Town. But alas for the plans of men! On the 9th, before the fleet could reach the peninsula, General Washington had applied the match to the first guns, and the siege was on. A furious bombardment, and on the 14th the order came to storm the breastworks. The honors were divided between the French and Americans. Hamilton's splendid charge was the first, de Vioménil's followed. "Such intrepidity and heroism was not surpassed during the whole war."

A suspension of hostilities to arrange terms of capitulation was proposed by Cornwallis on the 17th. The 18th was occupied in the quaint old Moore house in settling these details. On the 19th the articles were signed by which the garrison of York and Gloucester, together with all officers and seamen of the British ships in the Chesapeake, surrendered themselves prisoners of war to the combined forces of America and France. And so the day was won and the British forces marched out and stacked their arms to the tune of "The world turned up-side down".

The good news went out to the country in the course of Tench Tilghman's splendid ride. In the quiet of the city of Philadelphia, he went clattering, where the watch would have jailed him as a disturber of the peace, but the panting sweat-besprinkled horse, the splashed and bedraggled rider, who threw himself over the saddle bow, and pounded with might and main on Thomas McKean's door, the President of the Congress, soon gave forth a different strain, and the message "Cornwallis is taken" rang out on the still night air! Paul Revere rode to rouse the nation to arms, Tilghman rode to awaken them to the tidings of peace, the Song of the Angels.

CHAPTER XI.

WITH this crowning victory men began to draw breath and could turn their thoughts to lighter things. From a belated chronicle of Lieutenant Enos Reeves, who was on his way from Philadelphia to Yorktown, having taken the place of a brother officer, one Pursell, who had resigned rather than to go into the southern campaign, one can gain a realizing sense of the afterglow, in Baltimore Town, of the great victory.

When his company reached Philadelphia on their onward march, they met with great good fortune in "one month's pay in hard money; the first of the kind any of our Line ever received." It was in this fashion that the loan of the French King was bringing relief.

He noted Fort Mifflin on his way down: "the place famous for holding out against the British fleet for two months, before which they had two ships burnt, one of which was blown up, with a number of men.

"On the morning of the 18th, we run down with a North Wester to the mouth of the Potapsco river, . . . landed at North Point, left part of our Baggage and marched up to Baltimore town, sixteen miles in about four hours. We got to town about 9 o'clock at Night. I got my men in quarters and put up at Mr. Grant's, at the sign of the Fountain, the first Tavern in the place.

"On Friday the 19th I dined with Mr. Fell at his Mansion House at Fell's Point, and in the afternoon rode out with him in a carriage to take a view of Baltimore Town. . . . Some of the inhabitants of Baltimore will tell you that it is nearly half as large as Philadelphia, but you may depend upon it, that it is not one eighth as large. Impartially I believe it to be about the size of the Northern Liberties of Philadelphia, which is from Vine street upward—And Fell's Point is situated very much like

Kensington, but thicker settled, with two bridges going to it in the same manner.

"The town is built on a low uneven piece of ground, the streets are not paved. . . .

"There is no Public Buildings here of any note, except an unfinished Church [St. Paul's] and State House, as it is called, which is no other than a genteel Court House. Some of the streets are very regular and wide, but many winding and turning as the first comers happen'd to build; there is a number of genteel houses in the place but none elegant.

"Mr. Fell where I now make my home, is a gentleman of princely fortune. I got acquainted with him at Philadelphia and he has kindly invited me to make his house my home as long as I remain in the place. The whole of the place called Fell's Point belongs to him, which in a short time will be the place of trade; it is now one fourth as large as Baltimore. He is at this time laying the remainder out in lots to be sold, leased or rented. A great estate has fell to him in Philadelphia and if he gets his due a great part of Baltimore will be his . . . the large vessels can go no higher up than the Point, and are obliged to load and unload here . . . this is what is called the North Branch of the Potapsco, and is an inlet which makes up about two miles and is twelve miles from the Bay.

"On Sun: 21.—This morning to my unspeakable joy, I saw the copy of a Letter from the Count d'Grasse to the Governor of Maryland, giving him an account of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis with all the army under his command at York, in Virginia. I was somewhat mortified to think, that I had been eighteen days on our way to that place and by misfortune could not be there. . . .

"We have had a very bad passage to this place, was cast away in the Bay, and Col. Craig supposing us lost, went off and left us. He left Baltimore on the 16th instant. I marched with my men down to the Fort, and quartered them in the Barracks, which are in tolerable repair. Capt. Patterson is left in town in order to prepare for our departure. . . .

"Fort Baltimore, Oct^r 22, 1781. P.S. There is to be a Feu d'Joy at Baltimore this Day.

"Fell's Point, Maryland, Oct 25, 1781. In the evening the Town and Fell's Point were elegantly illuminated—what few houses that were not, had their windows broke. About eight o'clock got tired and went to Mr. Fell's (where I made my home) who had a genteel Ball and Entertainment for the Ladies and gentlemen at the Point. Capt. Gasseway and myself were introduced to the company, where we danced and spent the night until 3 o'clock in the morning of the 23^d, as agreeably as we could wish—As the ladies were very agreeable, and the whole company seemed to enjoy themselves perfectly, and indeed seemed to be carry'd away beyond themselves on this happy occasion.

"This day Captain Patterson being unwell gave up the command to me, I have exerted myself and shall be ready to sail tomorrow morning".

In pleasing contrast to the somewhat chastening criticisms of Congressman John Adams and of Lieutenant Reeves the people of Baltimore can take to heart with the warm appreciation of their ingenuous sentimentality the enthusiastic laudations bestowed upon our little town and its residents by a young officer who was especial aide in the military family of M. le Comte de Rochambeau. This young officer who rejoiced in the name of Jean Christophe Louis Frederic Ignace de Closen had passed hurriedly through Baltimore as the French troops marched down to Yorktown. But on his return both the progress of the army and the writing of the diary which Closen carefully kept could be maintained in more leisurely fashion. It was on July 25, 1782, that after a march of six miles Closen reached the ferry of the River Patapsco. They had yet eight miles to go three of them by an abominable road new-made and crossed with wood, before arriving at Baltimore, where the royal Deux Ponts took the left of the Bourbonnais and the other regiments were successively in line facing the town and the part of the Bay which formed the port. Within a couple of days came in more regiments,—Soissonais and

St. Onge. The legion of Lauzun made camp a little in advance of the left of that of the army.

When on August 5 M. de Rochambeau, who had returned from Philadelphia several days before, reviewed his army, Closen could not repress his astonishment at the beauty of the scene. The troops could not have done better in France. The coup d'œil was charming. The camp crowned the town from on the side nearest Virginia and all the troops were under arms in front of the camp when the general appeared. All the town was to be found there. There was an infinite number of very pretty carriages as well as the ladies perfectly placed in a little enclosure which augmented the beauty of the scene.

De Closen was inspired to remark that according to his taste the women of Baltimore had more charm than all the rest of the lovely sex in America. Most of them had very fair complexions. In order to preserve the delicacy of their complexions they wore great hoods of an enormous size.

They ravished one by their freshness and the brilliant vivacity of their eyes. Among them were many of slender figures with very beautiful little white and plump hands, dainty feet marvelously shod, better than in most other places. They wore their hair with infinite taste and affected greatly the French fashions: those especially who had beautiful long hair had the knack of making profit by letting float freely a tress and curls that fell nonchalantly over beautiful shoulders and upon other charms of the whiteness of alabaster.

Finding that it was incumbent on him to return some of the great hospitality that had been shown him he availed himself of a beautiful room which his hostess put at his disposal and on the eighth gave a little ball to which many of his new-found friends accepted his invitation. Among these was Mrs. Lee, wife of the Governor. All went well: and the next day he called upon each of his guests, who were good enough to say that they had been greatly entertained.

There followed the pleasant interruption of a journey

to Annapolis at the invitation of Governor Lee. The governor's Mansion Closen thought not very handsome, nor did he think the gardens were very well tended: but the latter he attributed to the short period for which officials were elected and held office. But he had only chants of praise for one of the ladies whom he met,—Madame Lloyd, born in London. Her husband, a rich "particulier" of Maryland, was a student in England, and courted her; but won her only on the condition that the first two years of her married life should be spent in France and this, added to her great charm, gave her in the estimation of our young French officer the title of "the most beautiful woman that I have seen on this continent".

On his return to Baltimore there was comedy and disaster. On the fourteenth there was a large dinner at Madame Smith's, a very pretty woman of Baltimore, and after dinner there were the manoeuvres of the St. Onge regiment where he gazed once more upon "The fair Lloyd". She and many other ladies of the city were all prepared to go that evening to the ball which was to be given by the quartermaster generals' aides. Closen was counting also on going and had gone home to dress, but an attack of most violent fever took him all at once and forced him to abandon all his fine plans for the ball and to go to bed. Next day his friends came to express their regrets at not seeing him, but he was so feeble that it was hard to listen to them: but a day later he was better and was regaled by his hostesses with a detailed account of all the persons who were at the ball and how the supper went, the point on which they dwelled the most. Before many days our young officer was on his feet again and marching away to the north, and we leave him at the Susquehanna ferry where during an excellent breakfast tendered them by the owner of the ferry they met one of the pretty country girls whom they recalled later by the name of "Miss Susquehanna".

For many months after the surrender at Yorktown, while the officers, American and French, were on their way northward, the people of Baltimore were making addresses

to every possible recipient, and would have liked nothing better than to have presented the freedom of the city in a gold box to each of the officers of our allies from overseas. At any rate, they made their due salutations to the Marquis as he passed through in November, 1781. Next year the town found great outlet for the superfluous enthusiasm of the hour in celebrating the birth of the young Dauphin of France. The 25th of June was chosen for the festivities and at the Independent Spring an elegant dinner was served, with the French Consul, the Chevalier d'Annemours, prominent among the guests. Soon came the knowledge that Great Britain would not continue the war and the happy news of the negotiations which led first to the preliminary and finally, in 1783, to the definitive treaty of peace.

But there were those to whom the passing of the old régime was not welcome and to whom the confiscation of their property had given an added sense of injury to their regret at the rending of the authority of the mother country. Of the loyalists in Baltimore none was more prominent, or in the new régime behaved with greater dignity than the Dulanys.

The two Misses Tasker had married respectively Daniel Dulany, Esq., and Samuel Ogle. Mrs. Ogle was now a widow. Her son, Benjamin Ogle, also later to be governor, and with a gay and pretty wife, was in sympathy with the Revolution. Not so the Dulany family, for although Daniel Dulany had in his brilliant "Considerations" done so much in behalf of the repeal of the Stamp Act, the political duel between him and Charles Carroll of Carrollton had lost to the Revolutionary party one of the leaders of men. One of his sons, Benjamin Tasker Dulany, however, was on the side of the colonies and had served as aide to General Washington.

The Dulanys' beautiful seat of Hunting Ridge, a suburb of Baltimore, has been described by William Eddis as "one of the most beautiful situations on the continent of America". From the back piazza the survey reached into more than one county, and the Eastern Shore was visible across

the delightful waters of the Chesapeake, with the river Patapsco from its entrance at Bodkin Point to the town of Baltimore. It was from this lovely old estate that a correspondence was carried on by the little Tory maid, Ann Dulany, which the late Miss Kate Mason Rowland so delightfully reproduced many years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Although she could sympathize with Mrs. Washington over the death of young Mr. Custis and say philosophically, "There is no such thing as perfect happiness in this world of uncertainty", our little Tory maid was bold enough to write, "I am much obliged to you for poor dear André's epitaph, and do most ardently join in the wishes of the writer in regard to a certain very, very great personage. I like the comparison between him and Richard,—even Richard gains by it. The other has not feeling enough to have a *troubled mind*."

Miss Seward, the "Swan of Litchfield", in her Monody on Major André had compared Washington to Nero!

Early in 1781 Ann Dulany gives evidence that the mails are still censored.

"By what you tell me . . . at least three of my letters have been stopped by the Inspectors. They were sent by our servants to the Post Office at Baltimore Town, and I am certain they went from there unmolested. It must have been between or *at* Annapolis, that Den of ————." She refers to a beautiful spot near Philadelphia, then, in contrast, adds, "But even bad as this place is in all probability we shall not have it in our power to remain here much longer, as I believe there is little doubt of the Confiscation Bill passing. . . . S. C.," concludes the young lady, "can make his geese do anything"; by which disrespectful abbreviation she was probably pointing at Samuel Chase. She is determined "for the future, to direct to your papa in the most unladylike manner, that it may pass without inspection".

Most amusingly our Tory maid reveals how in her intense predilection for what was English she viewed the French, with all their brilliance, as little less entitled to her

disdain than her patriot fellow countrymen. With regard to a race which she attended in 1780 she commented, "What a strange mixture of Dutch, French, and every nation but the right [one]; quite a ribble-rabble." And next year, with much interest in bright colors, she writes, "What a beautiful mixture bright red and a full orange must be! I am sure it must be French, for no other people under the sun could invent anything half so tawdry. Also hoops are the rage. Mamma has been giving me a description of one. They were fashionable many years ago." Later when "about dieing" for herself "a calash of the fashionable color" she offers to "die" anything for her friend and it may be sent in the care of Mr. Clarke, a merchant of Baltimore Town.

She had written "I would not give one dear Britain [*sic*] for the whole tribe [of Frenchmen]. The formidable Count Dillon that there has been made such a work about you have seen; should he be named in the same century with our old acquaintance Sir Robert Eden?" But towards the end of 1781 we catch a little change of tone. "A few days ago", she writes on December 29th, "I had the pleasure of three French gentlemen (real gentlemen) to drink tea with me. One of them was a Count Somebody with a hard name; a very elegant man of fashion, one might see it at once. He holds his commission under the French king, and not under King Con. Also a youth of sixteen, who is the best performer on the violin without exception I ever heard. He was on board the ship that captured Lord Rawdon. He told us in broken English that Madam Doyl [Lloyd] is a sweet lady, and that he could not tell how much he loved the British prisoners, and that he cried like an infant when they parted. . . .

"There have been petitions on petitions for and against the playhouse. I have nothing to do with petitions, but I have done all in my power to contribute my part. L'Argeau is to have my harpsichord, and they talk of having part of Lord Cornwallis's band."

Finally in 1782 our little Tory Ann writes from Baltimore Town: "I am so charmed with the last evening's

entertainment, and so much fatigued with sitting up till two o'clock in the morning . . . the British band¹ played a hundred new and elegant tunes. You know my passion for music (I need say nothing of the British). The whole affair was conducted with the utmost decorum, every delicacy on the table that can be imagined infinitely superior (with sorrow I say it) to anything I have seen these six years. . . . The *polite* end of the town have cause for envy (for you must know this ball was at Fell's Point). There is a Miss Steele, who I wish you could see, as I know you are fond of looking at pretty things. She has, without exception, the finest face I ever saw; in the Plater style, but without art or affectation.

"The playhouse continues to be crowded every night. There had like to have been much mischief occasioned by a party of young fellows who were very drunk at the last play, but, by the mediation of friends, it is managed to the satisfaction of all. I saw a Frenchman next day, and said to him, 'There was a fight last night.' He laughed very much, and said, 'They made lady fright, but no blood, madame. Upon my word, they did great things,' . . ."

Fate has its ironies. The little Tory maid, after all, married a Monsieur de la Serre, of whom her relatives seem to have known nothing save his nationality, and they were among the emigrés in London at the time of the French Revolution. Her daughter married Sir John Hunter, physician to the Queen, and the American Dulanys heired her fortune. The jewels sent over had been tampered with on the way, and the little nine-year old heiress had only one or two bits to remind her of these forebears.

¹ Upon this British band B. C. Steiner's *Life and Correspondence of James McHenry* affords these interesting paragraphs.

" . . . Mr. Lindsay, the manager of the Baltimore Theatre, bears the letter and asks that the band of music among the prisoners at Frederick be paroled to Baltimore, where Lindsay will employ them on a salary. This favor will increase the pleasures of Baltimore and satisfy the anxieties of the ladies.

"Washington answered this letter on the 18th, stating that he referred the request to the secretary at war and had 'no doubt of his acquiescence,' adding: 'If the ladies should derive as much additional pleasure from the allurements of this band, as I wish them, they will be soon at the summit of happiness.'"

It is only just to say that in the confiscation act, the Dulany country property in the "Valley of Jehoshaphat" was returned to the Dulany daughters.

But all of Ann Dulany's correspondents were not so unreconciled as she had been. Mrs. Ogle writes to a cousin: "I assure you the town is very agreeable. The minister has been about two weeks here, and two agreeable men with him, and a gay French officer, General Armand, with whom I danced last night at a ball where there were sixty ladies. Our friend was there in scarlet and gold, [probably Sir Robert Eden] and looked like himself. You know I always thought him superior to most. We supped with him two nights ago, a snug party. Generally dine once a week with the president. The last time was day before yesterday, with forty. . . .

[A day later]. "I came home early, and had Mr. Harford and Mr. Smith to supper. Sir Robert at Strawberry Hill. . . . This moment a card to drink tea at Mr. Harford's."

In 1783 Congress was meeting in Annapolis, where the Maryland Assembly was also in session. The resources of the little state capital must have been somewhat taxed, and there was a bewildering array of legislation. There was quite a representation of our French allies, Major General Portail, Brigadier General Armand, and others, who were now memorializing Congress for pay due the officers under the French commanders. The Chevalier d'Annemours, the French consul general, had come down from his country seat near Baltimore Town (where the Samuel Ready now stands) to hold conference with a committee of the legislature of Maryland, and the Chevalier de la Luzerne, now the French envoy in succession to M. Gérard de Rayneval, was present to be in touch with the Congress.

General Mifflin was president of the Congress,—a Philadelphian, indeed, but like so many of the gentry over the line, very much at home in our midst. His stepmother, Madame Bordley, lived on the still beautiful estate of Wye Island.

Familiar figures and faces were to be seen again and Sir

Robert Eden could forget his stately farewell in the welcome of his return; but Mr. Henry Harford had some misgivings as to his hold upon the state of Maryland, which Lord Baltimore had left to his illegitimate son as a province, with all the papers, deeds and documents relative thereto. These Mr. Harford might have saved for us, and might have then and there presented them to the land which they so nearly concerned. They were indeed partially restored to us about a hundred years later, through the energies of the officers of our Maryland Historical Society, and the generosity of Mr. T. Harrison Garrett. Very agreeable and fascinating, Mr. Harford was much courted in town and city, in view of the hope that in addition to his position as the heir of the late proprietary, he might yet be made Lord Baltimore.

The anxieties of Mr. Harford were set at rest, as the new legislature which had arisen on the superstructure of the old, had no especial use for either the deeds or person of the young proprietary. Indeed, the presence in our midst of those who had not only not been for us but very decidedly against us proved so irritating that they were politely but firmly requested to make their homes elsewhere.

CHAPTER XII.

THE end of hostilities left our commercial treaty with France in full vigor and Baltimore hoped, no doubt, for great expansion of commerce with our ally. The ties of English speech and ways were strong, however, and it was easier to try to slip back into the old routes of commerce of the English-speaking world. But here was a rude disappointment, for the decision of the British government to enforce the old navigation acts and acts of trade, and to make the Americans pay for their independence the price of exclusion from the British West Indies, for the time being threw into a confusion what would have been a normal trade. Even worse were the sorrowful state of the finances of the United States. Maryland, indeed, had helped in the effort to establish some basis for a solid economic structure when she so insistently demanded the cession by the great claimant states of their lands west of the mountains, and only after this had been accomplished agreed, at the urging of the French government, to ratify the Articles of Confederation. But, notwithstanding, it was revealed that the government under the Articles lacked sufficient financial strength and the only real resource seemed to be continued borrowing. Meanwhile there loomed the specter of military reaction, which found expression in the sullen discontent of the officers of the army and here and there in the mutiny of the troops. For all of which the greatest safeguard lay in the decision of General Washington not only to lay aside his command and promote the disbanding of the army, but also to use his vast influence in constraining the discontented to peace and patience.

It was on Thursday, the 4th of December, that in the great room of Fraunces's Tavern in New York Town, out of which place Sir Guy Carleton had departed nine days before, that General Washington in that most affecting of

scenes bade farewell to his officers: and after a journey overborne with addresses and thanksgivings passed into Maryland and to Annapolis, where he was met by General Gates and General Smallwood. Here after further celebration, on the 23rd of December in the little senate chamber, only in recent years restored to its original beauty of line and proportion, he resigned his commission into the hands of the people who had given it to him: and thereafter hastened on to Mount Vernon.

Although, as they had no gift of seeing the future, they were unable to envision the final significance of such events, the solid elements of Baltimore's population must have observed with interest the greater movements in which the state was concerned and which in their constructive purpose stood out in contrast with the serious defects and disappointments that marked the later years of the Articles of Confederation. Such an enterprise as that of the Potomac Company, which looked to the development of water transportation between the East and the West, marked a forward step. There were already experimentations with the use of steam. But most important was the decision of Maryland and Virginia to appoint commissioners to confer upon the jurisdiction and navigation of the Potomac and Pocomoke Rivers and that part of the Chesapeake Bay which lay within the limits of Virginia. As Mr. E. S. Delaplaine has shown in his life of Thomas Johnson, that worthy did not attend the meeting of the commissioners, but Samuel Chase, Thomas Stone, and Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer did; and, meeting with the Virginia commissioners at Washington's home, they arranged a compact to cover the disputed points. The Maryland legislature, approving this compact, recommended further discussion of matters of interest to the two states, and suggested that Pennsylvania and Delaware be asked to join. This suggestion, seized upon by the insight of Madison, afforded a basis for the issuing by Virginia of a call for a convention of all the states to meet at Annapolis on the first Monday of September, 1786. Unfortunately a mistaken scrupulousness on the part of the Maryland senate, based not on any

wish to weaken the government of the United States but on a fear that separate state compacts might give foreigners exactly the impression that such a weakening was in progress, produced the somewhat absurd result that Maryland was not represented at Annapolis.

But almost at once came the call for a convention on a larger scale to meet in Philadelphia in May, 1787. In that body Baltimore Town was represented in the person of Dr. James McHenry.

Of the delegates originally selected by the legislature of Maryland to go to the Constitutional Convention, McHenry was the only one to serve. That Charles Carroll of Carrollton declined to go to Philadelphia is said to have been due to his old co-worker, Samuel Chase, who was now attempting to raise popular disapproval against the senate of Maryland for having rejected a proposal against an emission of paper money. So, by later election, the Maryland delegation consisted of Daniel Carroll, Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, John Francis Mercer and Luther Martin. As is well known, the divisions which characterized the convention as a whole were manifest in the ranks of the Maryland delegation. Luther Martin, especially, violently opposed what he considered an excessive centralization, refused to remain in the convention till the final vote was taken, and later, when the Constitution was before the people of Maryland, bitterly denounced what he considered the fatal interference with the rights of the states. Mercer, like Martin, refused to sign the Constitution. Daniel Carroll and Jenifer leaned to the other side, and gave their support to the new plan. But the course of McHenry is of particular interest as he was the only one of the delegation who came directly from Baltimore.

Born in Ireland, probably in 1753, James McHenry had come to Philadelphia in 1771 and next year was a student at the Academy at Newark, Delaware. After this he studied medicine in Philadelphia under Dr. Benjamin Rush and went into the army at Cambridge to serve as a surgeon. Captured at Fort Washington and long held a prisoner, he was appointed, after his release, as one of Washington's

secretaries and in August, 1780, was transferred to be an aide to General Lafayette.

His father, Daniel McHenry, had established a mercantile business in Baltimore in 1773 with a younger son, John, and it was this connection which enabled McHenry to be the intermediary between Lafayette and the merchants of Baltimore which resulted in the rendering of such whole-hearted assistance to Lafayette's campaign. McHenry had been present at the surrender of Cornwallis but by that time he had been elected to the senate of Maryland where he continued until 1786, but in addition, in 1783, he was elected by the Maryland Legislature to be a member of Congress: and as there was then no objection to such a course, he sat in both bodies. In 1786 he resigned his seat in the senate.

James McHenry's biographer, Dr. B. C. Steiner, has said of him that "he was not a great man, but he participated in great events and great men loved him, while all men appreciated his goodness and the purity of his soul". Identified with a commercial family, he was given to versifying: and while he did not pursue the practice of medicine after he left the army his intellectual attainments were sufficient to bring him election to the American Philosophical Society. Of his later service as Secretary of War in the cabinets of Washington and Adams we have little to say, as that belongs to our national history, but it seems only proper to call attention to the part which McHenry played at the Philadelphia Convention. Unfortunately, he was absent for several weeks by reason of his brother's illness, and as some of the Maryland delegation were late in arriving, Maryland was robbed by this weakened representation of the full weight which she might have had. It was August 6th, that is, nearly toward the end of the convention, before it was possible to hold a full meeting of the Maryland group. McHenry's rôle was that of the mediator, and while there were some things that he did not like in the Constitution he, no doubt, expressed the opinion of many when he wrote, as one of the reasons for his support of the new Constitution, "1stly. I distrust my

own judgement, especially as it is opposite to the opinion of gentlemen whose abilities and patriotism are of the first caste; and as I have already frequent occasions to be convinced that I have not always judged right". Among his other services it may be mentioned that he kept, during this convention, or those days of its session when he was present, a valuable journal, which in important particulars supplements the notes of Madison and adds no little to our knowledge of what went on in Philadelphia. It has been considered particularly important in its revelation of the "caucusing" or conferences of the delegates from Maryland.

After the adjournment of the convention McHenry was elected to the special convention held in Maryland for the ratification of the Constitution. That Baltimore approved of his course is indicated by the fact that in April, 1788, McHenry and his colleague, John Coulter, the Federal candidates from Baltimore Town, received, respectively nine hundred and sixty-two and nine hundred and fifty-eight votes to three hundred and eighty-five and three hundred and eighty given to Samuel Sterett and Daniel McMechen who were on the Anti-Federalist ticket. One reads with amusement the charges of the Anti-Federalists as to the voting: the too liberal commissioners had permitted manhood suffrage, so that some voted who were still subjects of Great Britain and Ireland, France and Holland, while on one of the election days "many men, including foreign sailors and servants armed with bludgeons, took possession of the polls and prevented peaceable German citizens from voting":—a harbinger of the later difficulties of our city.

But Baltimore County seems to have been of a different mind. Four delegates were to be elected. Many candidates appeared; among them, George Lux of Chatsworth, John Cradock, Captain Charles Ridgely of William and another Charles Ridgely, his cousin, Benjamin Nicholson, Thomas Jones, James Giddings, Harry Dorsey Gough, Thomas Cockey Deye, Nathan Cromwell, Edward Cockey, and John Eager Howard. Over and above the question

whether one favored or opposed the Constitution local and personal matters appear to have played a large part. Evidently there was considerable jealousy of the Ridgely influence;—Captain Ridgely was against the Constitution. There was some opposition to those who were members of the assembly and George Lux was among those nominated by a group who believed that “one office was enough for any man”. It was even felt that the ticket should represent an even distribution as to the parts of the county. The curious thing is that while at first it was thought that Federalists were elected this was reversed, and finally “the sheriff declared the Anti-Federalists elected by great majority”. So Edward Cockey, Nathan Cromwell, and the two Charles Ridgelys defeated Gough, Giddings, Howard, and Cradock. In the vote in the convention all the Baltimore County delegates were in the negative.

When Maryland’s ratification was known, a lively demonstration was made in Baltimore Town; and Philpot’s Hill, the middle ground between town and point, was chosen as the place for the celebration. Captain Moore and young Plunkett who was connected with the Irish family of that name were in charge. Everybody turned out and Joshua Barney crowned the occasion by the production of a miniature ship fifteen feet in length completely rigged and manned called *The Federalist*. A select crew of captains went through the usual manoeuvres of shipboard. The entire marine of the town, captains, mates and seamen, marched after her and perhaps no happier design could have been found emblematical of the prosperity of Baltimore, who although swayed about by adverse winds has usually sailed a straight course to the harbor. Certainly to no people has she been more indebted for her eminence than to her marine.

The final resting place of the bark was upon the elevation from which signals were received from the outgoing and incoming shipping, and from that day to this it has been known as Federal Hill.

The merchants and shipmasters decided that the craft should be presented to General Washington and so Barney

went aboard and navigated the little *Federalist* into Mount Vernon landing, where his excellency received it as an earnest of future success for the Ship of State and referred feelingly to the prompt action "of the agricultural state and the commercial Town of Baltimore", in their unanimity in the recent decision with the hope that it might influence their sister States, his own legislature being then in session. Very shortly afterward when the news was received that Virginia had joined her sisters, great demonstrations were again made, and an elegant entertainment at the Fountain Inn concluded this festivity.

The best gift which could have been bestowed upon the people of these United States was the unanimous election of General Washington as their first President.

Maryland only lacked her full number of electoral votes from causes beyond control, which detained two of the gentlemen at home; and the ice-bound Bay probably never made prisoner of a more impatient victim of the weather than when one was thus prevented from making the journey, while the hereditary affliction of gout was equally exasperating and *mal apropos* for the other. Maryland therefore gave six votes for General Washington and six for one of her own sons, R. H. Harrison.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THIS Baltimore of ours, as it was in the days of the Revolution, we have had glimpses through the eyes of our visitors from the outside—John Adams, Lieutenant Reeves, and Baron de Closen, and from our “unreconstructed” Ann Dulany. For the years after the Revolution, when peace had come again, we are fortunate in that we can turn to a clear-cut word-picture from the pen of Robert Gilmor, who later was not only one of the most prominent of Baltimore citizens but one of those who had the widest general interest in things intellectual and cultural. In 1844 Mr. Gilmor described to the members of the Maryland Historical Society the Baltimore which he had known in his boyhood in the years immediately after the peace of 1783. From these reminiscences one gathers, first, the impression of the survival to that day of that condition of marsh and stream of which we made note in an earlier chapter, and which had persisted in spite of attempts at reclamation. The waters of the basin then flowed up to the causeway; and behind its banks, as well as on the marsh between the embouchure of Jones’s Falls and the Center Market at Water Street, he had shot many a snipe and blackbird: while “the road from that side of the Falls to Water Street at Frederick Street was so often overflowed as to require two or three bridges to cross the streams made by the tide. At the foot of Gay Street, within 50 yards of Lombard Street, the waters of the basin rippled on a sandy shore, and there was little interruption to the shore from thence round by the commencement of Commerce Street, the foot of South at Lombard Street, and on to Light Street southernly by the city spring in Charles Street to Christopher Hughes’s property at the head of the basin. As a boy I have crabbed with a forked stick the whole way”. Even in 1782 when Mr. Gilmor’s father sailed for

Havre, he embarked his family in a boat which came up to Exchange Place, within thirty feet of the house in which Mr. Gilmor then lived.

When the Gilmors, father and son, arrived from the eastern shore in December, 1778, they landed at Fell's Point, "at that time the residence of the principal shipping merchants as well as long after". Mr. Gilmor has not much more to say about the Point: but he recalled "the sparse situation of the houses at the Point and the cornfields and trees, especially between that place and the town". Space does not permit the reproduction of all Mr. Gilmor's paper with its most interesting identification of particular houses, especially those in the vicinity of Gay, Water, Market (now Baltimore), South, Commerce, Bank, Calvert, Charles, and Howard Streets: but we must not omit his observation that beyond Light Street on the heights overlooking the basin were here and there old wooden houses and a row of one-story hip-roofed houses, forming the lower part of Charles Street, which were built for the French refugees from Nova Scotia in the war of 1756, and the section had been long known by the name of French Town.

Mr. Gilmor remembered his parents going to a ball in the Assembly room which was once the market and gave its name to Market (now Baltimore) Street. Then "the country people with carts lined both sides of north Gay Street, while others occupied the sidewalks of Market Street. . . . Market Street was not then paved for I well recollect seeing a drummer of the army when it marched through Baltimore to the south about 1781, nearly swamped in a deep mudhole opposite the corner of North Street, and was with his pony extricated with difficulty".

Equally interesting are Mr. Gilmor's notes on the churches upon the hill, the park of the Belevidere estate, the old Lux property called Chatsworth, and the old Alms House, back of which he remembered seeing a review of the French army on its way to "York".

It was with reference, also, to this post-Revolutionary period of Baltimore when the town was "so conceited, bustling and debonair, growing up like a saucy chubby boy,

with his dumpling cheeks and short grinning face, fat and mischievous, and bursting incontinently out of his clothes in spite of all the allowance of tucks and broad salvages", that John P. Kennedy, another Baltimorean with a sense of cultural values, in his lecture "Baltimore Long Ago" gave such a charming picture, which if space permitted we should be tempted to draw upon very largely. For repetition has not made it trite. But, omitting the topographical descriptions of Mr. Kennedy's essay and most of his moralizings, let us content ourselves with the little sketch which he gives of the people whom he remembered on the streets and in the houses of our city.

"I have a long score of pleasant recollections of the friendships, the popular renowns, the household charms, the *bonhomie*, the free confidences and the personal accomplishments of the day. My memory yet lingers with affectionate delay in the wake of past notabilities, male and female, who have finished their voyage, and long ago, I trust, found a safe mooring in that happy haven where we fondly expect to find them again when we ourselves shall have furled our sails and secured an anchorage on that blessed shore. In the train of these goodly groups came the gallants who upheld the chivalry of the age—cavaliers of the old school, full of starch and powder: most of them the iron gentlemen of the Revolution, with leather faces—old campaigners renowned for long stories; not long enough from the camp to lose their military *brusquerie* and dare-devil swagger; proper roystering blades, who had not long ago got out of harness and begun to affect the elegancies of civil life. Who but they!—jolly fellows, fiery and loud, with stern glance of the eye and brisk turn of the head, and swashbuckler strut of defiance, like game-cocks, all in three-cornered cocked-hats and powdered hair and cues, and light-colored coats with narrow capes and marvellous long backs, with the pockets on each hip, and small-clothes that hardly reached the knee, with striped stockings with great buckles in their shoes, and their long steel watch-chains that hung conceitedly half-way to the knee, with seals in the shape of a sounding-board to a

pulpit; and they walked with such a stir, striking their canes so hard upon the pavement as to make the little town ring again. I defy all modern coxcombrity to produce anything equal to it—there was such a relish of peace about it, and particularly when one of these weather-beaten gallants accosted a lady in the street with a bow that required a whole side pavement to make it in, with the scrape of his foot, and his cane thrust with a flourish under his left arm till it projected behind, along with his cue, like the palisades of a *chevaux-de-frise*; and nothing could be more piquant than the lady as she reciprocated the salutation with a curtsy that seemed to carry her into the earth, with her chin bridled to her breast and such a volume of dignity."

But the glories of our Baltimore were not left to be celebrated in mere prose, even the romantic prose of Mr. Kennedy, and in the distant *Newport Mercury* appeared the verses of an unknown bard who wrote:

Torn from herself, where depth[s] her soil divide,
 And Chesapeake intrudes her angry tide,
 Gay Maryland attracts the wand'ring eye,
 A fertile region with a temp'rate sky;
 In years elaps'd, her heroes of renown
 From British Anna nam'd her favorite town
 But lost her commerce, tho' she guards their laws,
 Proud BALTIMORE that envi'd commerce draws;
 Few are the years since there, at random plac'd
 Some wretched huts her happy port disgrac'd;
 Safe from all winds, and cover'd from the bay
 There, at his ease the lazy native lay,—
 Now rich and great, no more a slave to sloth
 She claims importance from her hasty growth,
 High in renown, her streets and domes arrang'd,
 A group of cabbins to a city chang'd.
 Tho' rich at home, to foreign lands they stray,
 For foreign trappings trade their wealth away.
 Politest manners thro' their towns prevail
 And pleasure revels, tho' her funds should fail;
 In each gay dome soft music charms its lord,
 Where female beauty strikes the trembling chord,
 On finest airs with nicest touches dwells

While from the heart the bright idea swells;
Proud to be seen, 'tis theirs to place delight
In dances measur'd by the winter's night,
The evening feast that wine and mirth prolong,
The lamp of splendor, and the midnight song.
Religion here no gloomy garb assumes
But sells her tears for patches and for plumes.
The blooming belle (some favorite swain to win)
Talks not of angels but the world she's in,
Attach'd to earth, here born and to decay,
She leaves to better worlds all finer clay.

Now that the days of peace had come again, there was time to undertake some of those improvements, the absence of which had so pained Mr. John Adams. Thus, steps were taken toward the paving of the streets, while oil lamps were erected to penetrate the darkness, and improvements were made in the policing of the community. The Custom House, the Market House, and the permanent theatre were all soon under way.

In 1786, if the statistics of the *Gazette* were correct, there were entered in the Port of Baltimore no less than fifty ships, fifty-seven brigs and one hundred and sixty schooners and sloops. This gives an earnest of the importance of commerce, despite the international difficulties, to which allusion has already been made. Only two years later, a special board was constituted to examine and license pilots. In the same period there were improvements in the machinery of the mills about the city and all the while the needs of agriculture and commerce called for expansion in the system of highways which led to Baltimore.

Perhaps the scheme of improvement held no more picturesque features than the efforts to enlarge the usefulness of the volunteer fire companies. For us of today the appearance of the paraphernalia is stimulating, although a fire alarm may be somewhat disquieting, especially since our experience with the Baltimore fire of 1784. But in the olden time, when through unpaved and unlighted streets, the companies had to find their way as best they might, with

scant supply of water, just how the town was preserved seems a minor miracle.

In 1787, however, the piping times of peace had come and the four pioneer fire companies, the Mechanical, the Mercantile, the Union and the Friendship, met at Mr. Grant's Fountain Inn, and decided that the townspeople should be asked to cooperate further with them. The next conflagration, therefore, witnessed after the alarm of the watchman's rattle, the twinkling of lamps, not alone in the windows in the neighborhood of the fire but throughout the various streets of the town; then came the householders, either personally or by proxy, with two good leathern buckets (in excess of their private stock) marked plainly with the name of the owner. Each fire company was to form a lane down which the buckets were to be passed and each of these men was to carry a white staff eight feet long. As such times of tribulation produce evil-disposed persons who plunder when they should protect, a certain number of the company were to be property men. These, when reporting to duty should have the crowns of their hats painted white, that they might justify their authority in taking charge of the property. The secretary of each of the four companies was to transmit his list of lane and property men to the secretary.

That such philanthropic institutions should ever have developed into centres of mob rule and riot is most discouraging; but that was the case. When later the reel and truck were more developed, so that the "boys ran with the machine", all that was necessary was an alarm of fire (and there were times when it was given purposely) for a battle to be waged between the different fire companies.

As yet, the city had not gone out very far. The old duelling ground was still in use. On the spot in Howard's Woods devoted to this tragic purpose, and as a result of a challenge which passed between himself and one Hatfield, young Sterrett fell a victim to the Code duello. It would have gone ill with Hatfield if he had been overtaken, for Sterrett came of one of the sterling families of the town and was greatly beloved. But the Englishman's horse was

fleet and relays awaited him. He did not draw rein until he crossed the Potomac. Once in Alexandria, he was protected from the vengeance of the Baltimore authorities by the mayor and council and thus made his escape.

There were still open commons between the improved sections of the town, which were a veritable No Man's Land, and highway robbery was as common as on Hounslow Heath; thus D. Stodder (*sic*) must have had an unhappy New Year when he was robbed between Town and Point on December 31, 1787. Nor was it always highway robbery, since Mrs. Commodore Barney was mourning later, the loss from her home, 11 Charles Street, of a travelling toilet containing two large round miniature pictures set in gold, one gold and garnet rosary, a number of rings and bracelets, also a yellow satin bonnet with yellow crepe trimmings.

If anyone thinks that the speculative zest of our ancestors was any less than our own he can persuade himself to the contrary opinion by a very slight reading of newspaper items and by the correspondence of the time. Some enterprising citizens considered the possibility of a provisional loan for erecting in this town a house for holding the sessions of Congress and other proper buildings for the great offices of the United States. But this hopeful plan yielded to the greater generalship of other aspirants for the capital city and the Potomac prevailed over the Patapsco. In 1789 no less than twelve separate objects were authorized to be undertaken by lottery. Among these laudable projects were the Episcopal parsonage for which the ground had lately been given by the generous hand of John Eager Howard, a parsonage for the German congregation, a grist mill to be worked by steam, a circulating library, a second church for the Presbyterians and a set of bells for the German Reformed Church. That some of these ends were accomplished we well know, for today the beautiful rectory of St. Paul's remains enthroned in its dignity at the head of Liberty Street: and although they are heard no more the bells of Otterbein long rang out on Howard's Hill.

Expressive of the new prosperity and important for the

organization of credit in the rapidly expanding town was the establishment in 1790 of the Bank of Maryland. The names of those concerned in this enterprise gave ample testimony that the confidence of the community lay both in men who had braved the perils of war in the field, as in the case of General Samuel Smith and Otho H. Williams, and in men who had been leaders in business and civic affairs, such as William Patterson, Robert Gilmore, and James Carey. Naturally, the Bank of Maryland received liberal privileges from the state: and its great success led to the rivalry of many institutions of a similar nature.

We have seen how, before the French and Indian War, the coming of the Acadians had drawn upon the generosity of the infant town of Baltimore and how a number of these refugees remained to contribute an important element in the building up of the place. The contacts which the War of the Revolution brought on the one hand left pleasant recollections of the rising community on the Patapsco in the minds of some who had visited it; while on the other, commercial advantage knit some closer bonds. For example, when the treaty of commerce was made with France in 1778 and Ministers Gérard and Luzerne successively came to this country, the Chevalier d'Annemours, or d'Anmours, as the name was sometimes abbreviated, was made consul general at Baltimore. In 1783, at the end of the War the office was reduced to a consulate and in 1793 this consulate was suppressed by the revolutionary government in France. But though his official duties thus came to an end, the Chevalier did not return to France, but, like M. Genêt, remained safely in this country. Replying to an inquiry made through Fauchet, d'Annemours indicated with some irony his preference for the retreat where he lived, busied with the sciences and arts, and identified by a long stay with the manners and customs of a country whose language he spoke and wrote with more facility than his own, and where he was not the object of attention himself nor of the jealousy of those who were. He lived on a little property called Belmont, at the intersection of the present North Avenue and the Harford Road, now owned and occupied by the

Samuel Ready School, until his later days when he seems to have moved to New Orleans.

It was to d'Annemours that the city owed the erection of the obelisk to the memory of Christopher Columbus, now to be seen at the Samuel Ready Orphan Asylum. The corner stone was laid August 3, 1792, the anniversary of the sailing of Columbus from Spain.

In Baltimore, as in other communities of the United States, the successive stages of the French Revolution were followed with keen interest and with varied emotions. There was a deep sentiment of obligation: but the excesses of the revolutionists in France and the unwisdom of M. Genêt produced a great revulsion of feeling. This added one more cause of division to the already sharp party lines of American politics: and the schism of opinion was increased by the development of the international war in Europe and the complicated problem of neutrality which faced President Washington and his Cabinet.

Soon another addition to the French part of our population appeared in those who took flight from France. There were many whole families who came to escape the Terror or the shifting changes of French politics. Fortunate in the reception which he had at Doughoregan Manor, under the care of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, was Mons. de Perigny, who later became the first librarian of the Baltimore Library.

Another group, whose advent was too often in circumstances of tragedy and poverty, consisted of the refugees from San Domingo, where, to the rending of the French colonial empire, were added, after Toussaint L'Ouverture's massacre at Cap François, the horrors of a race war, which seared an indelible impression on the mind of the slave-holding South. As in the earlier times Baltimore again responded to the demands on its charity: when thirteen shiploads had come in, a considerable sum was raised for the refugees, and when they arrived, many were absorbed into the life of Baltimore, to which they, too, gave contributions of enduring value. Some, like St. Memin, turned their talents to such good account that in many of

our families the copper plates and pink proofs bring back today the cherished features of those dear to us. On the other hand, some, like a Marquis de Cairon, had to look after poultry and swine, or like Louis François Picot, practice manual labor on a farm. Or a marquis might undertake to guide the steps of the youth or the fashionable in the intricacies of the dance. But such occupations were often only temporary, as in the case of Picot, who changed his name to Louis Hue Girardin, attained eminence as an educator, and, coming to Baltimore, was president of the Baltimore College and first president of the Maryland Academy of Science and Literature, organized in 1822.

Although it may well have been that local conditions were responsible, it was suggested that the San Domingan refugees brought in their train a ghastly stranger. In 1793 the yellow fever made its first appearance in Baltimore and turned the cemeteries into ploughed fields. A quaint advertisement in the newspapers offered to the reader read: "Just published and for sale at Butler, Hill and Hagerty book stores, A Treatise on the Autumnal Endemical Epidemick of Tropical climates—Vulgarly called the Yellow Fever—containing its original history nature and cure by John B. Davidge M.D., printed by William Pechin, 15 Baltimore Street.

"The Yellow Fever made its first appearance in the City in the month of August. The common bilious fever prevailed at the Point from June. The disease rising from the grade of a bilious to that of the yellow fever mounted its chariot of death and drove furiously through the streets sowing dismay and mourning wherever it approached conveyed by the northeast wind it scattered itself all along Federal Hill and the west end of the Basin which ever direction the miasmata arising from the stagnant water and marshes about the Point and wharves controlled by the winds took. The disease trod closely in its footsteps. It evolved in a horrid and dismal shape its venomous disposition in the south end of Hanover Street and its vicinity. After a short interval the deadly exuvia penetrated into the vitals of the city. A very considerable part of the inhabi-

tants of the Point fled into the country and some from the town also removed. The coming of the frost, however, was the only check upon the plague which continued to appear in less malignant form as the centres were cleared away and more sanitary care taken in these hot beds of disease."

In spite of all the efforts of physicians the yellow fever, alas, was to take its toll both in this and its later visitations. The beginnings of an effort to improve medical education had appeared in 1789 in the establishment of the Medical Society of Baltimore, a pioneer in that cooperation which has done so much for the betterment of humanity and for the development of medical education. But the early years were difficult and public opinion none too liberal to new ideas. For, twenty years afterwards, when Dr. Davidge, the author of the treatise above mentioned, undertook to open his new anatomical hall, near Liberty and Saratoga Streets, and to begin a series of lectures upon mid-wifery, practical surgery and demonstrative anatomy, the building was promptly wrecked and he was forced to adjourn his lectures to the county almshouse.

More encouraging as a revelation of a spirit of toleration and breadth of view was the establishment, in 1789, of one of the first antislavery societies in the country. The names of its projectors are among our most influential townsmen, many of them being Friends, but Samuel Chase, Luther Martin, John Bankson, to choose a few names at random, were certainly not of that persuasion. The very rare tract containing Dr. George Buchanan's address on the Fourth of July, 1791, gives us the name of a prominent physician, a member of the American Philosophical Society and a representative of one of our most valued families. It came at a date when the constitution was in its infancy, and proceeding from a Southern city it is a tribute to the freedom with which discussion could be held on the most vital subjects. The request for its publication was signed by Samuel Sterett, President; Alexander McKim, Vice-President; and Joseph Townsend, Secretary. That it was dedicated to the Hon. Thomas Jefferson, Esq., Secretary

of State, is equally interesting and suggests the influence of the doctrines of equality and fraternity and the rights of man, which gave a strong coloring at this time to public opinion.

However, for their relief from the more serious sides of life, the ravages of the yellow fever, the excitement of foreign wars, or the pressure of the ever-increasing affairs of business, our fathers and mothers were determined to be amused.

Society was growing far too large to be entertained for great functions in private houses or even in the Indian Queen or the Fountain Inn. The Baltimore Dancing Assembly and the Amicable Society composed of bachelors had made a heroic attempt to use Daniel Grant's ballroom. But it was found that the combination of so much gayety and frivolity seriously interfered with the devotion of the Methodists in the nearby meetinghouse, and so, in Mr. O'Donnell's house on South Gay Street, a committee met to arrange for the building of the new Assembly Rooms at the northeast corner of Holliday and Fayette Streets. Colonel Nicholas Rogers had designed the building with two stories, containing dancing salon, reception and dressing-room, card rooms, etc. A third story afterwards added furnished a place where lectures and concerts abounded, while the lower floor was occupied for a long time by the Baltimore Library Company. The managers for 1799 were Robert Gilmor, Nicholas Rogers, Thoroughgood Smith, Zebulon Hollingsworth, Mark Pringle and David Harris.

Though quite probably there had been earlier visits from the flourishing company at Annapolis, a more definite impression seems to have remained of the beginnings of the theatre in 1773 by Hallam and Douglass in a warehouse fitted up for the purpose on the corner of Baltimore and Frederick Streets. A later location at Water and Albemarle Streets was employed until the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, when these players went to the West Indies, whence they did not return till 1785. Then they had a theatre near the later site of Old Trinity Church. Meanwhile, in 1781, a brick theatre had been built on East Balti-



JAMES CALHOUN

1743-1817

First Mayor of Baltimore

1797-1804

Miniature owned by his great-great-
great-grandson

Lawrence C. Turnbull.

more Street, near Lloyd. It has recently been discovered that a French opera company gave performances in Baltimore in 1790. But a more important beginning was the establishment in 1794 of the theatre on Holliday Street, rebuilt in 1811, the ancestor of a famous playhouse.

At last in 1796 the townsfolk determined on the incorporation of Baltimore, although there had been a great struggle of the working classes against it, fearing it would bring more privileges to an already too privileged class. Fortunately for us, we had as our senators and delegates Messrs. McMechen, McHenry, Robert Smith, and Winchester, whose dispassionate counsels prevailed, and the charter was made available for one year and confirmed by an ensuing assembly. The reluctant Fell's Point or Deptford Hundred, by which title it was incorporated, came into line. The ward divisions were accomplished the next year. And so it was that after two-thirds of the century had elapsed since the laying out of Baltimore Town, the City of Baltimore appeared on the stage. Her municipal career began in good earnest under the wise régime of her first mayor, James Calhoun.

With the passing years, although the sentiment of Maryland was devoted to the new Constitution, the party battles of the era of Jefferson and Hamilton raged here, as elsewhere, as did also the internal quarrels of each party. From 1791 to 1796 James McHenry was one of our state senators. Charles Carroll of Carrollton was one of the United States Senators from Maryland in the first Congress and part of the second and William Pinkney was for a while a Representative, as was Samuel Smith for a longer time. In the winter of 1796 John Eager Howard went to the United States Senate, where in November, 1800, he was elected President *pro tempore*. When Timothy Pickering was transferred to the Department of State the Secretaryship of War was offered to Colonel Howard, but he declined the office, which seemed for a while to be going abegging, but James McHenry accepted it, because, it was said, he regarded Washington's letter as "an injunction that he could not refuse". He served faithfully, if not brilliantly,

until the unhappy temper of President Adams and the divergent loyalty to the rival chieftain Hamilton led to his resignation, upon which he came back to Baltimore where his house became a centre for the Federalist group, and a hospitable stopping-place for most of the distinguished visitors to Baltimore. Of course, McHenry, with the other Federalists, was strongly in opposition to the administration of Mr. Jefferson, as General Samuel Smith and his clan supported it. A curious avocation of the former Secretary was the compilation and publishing in 1807 of the "Baltimore Directory and Citizens Registry".

Meanwhile, in the last month of the last year of the century, there went out with it the mortal life of him who had held the hearts of his people, our Commander-in-Chief, our first President, and the father of his country. Splendid in death as in life, his example has been and ever will be a beacon light, and no man has ever reigned in his stead. The grief of the country was great. Naturally, the state of Maryland which had been so peculiarly associated with General Washington's career could not fail to make a solemn ceremony fit for the occasion. In the house of delegates of the Maryland Assembly was a young man serving his first term as a representative, Roger Brooke Taney. In after years he recalled how the two senators, one of whom was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, sent down by the senate with a message to the house of delegates, in which it was proposed to pay appropriate honors to the deceased President, made their appearance.

"The two honored Senators with their gray locks, stood at the bar of the House with the tears rolling down their cheeks. The Speaker and members rose to receive them, and stood while the message was delivered. It was no empty formal pageant. It was the outward sign of the grief within, and few were present who did not shed tears on the occasion. My eyes, I am sure, were not dry."

In Baltimore the last honors were paid with the deepest sympathy expressed from all classes. The papers of the day were in mourning, and filled with panegyrics and addresses, while a proclamation was issued by the governor for a day

of prayer and fasting, in which he admonished the people: "That they implore the Most High God to supply his loss by inspiring them with a love of liberty, and with true religion".

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN ADAMS remarked more than once, concerning that struggle in which he had borne so large a part, "The Revolution was effected before the war commenced. The Revolution was in the minds and hearts of the people; a change in their religious sentiments of their duties and obligations. . . ." In this phase of the Revolution, which Dr. Jameson has so well called a "social movement", the dark days of strain had begun to break down the former barriers of church as well as state. Therefore, there came about not only the disestablishment of the church which had been so closely allied to the English state, and the need for finding a new organization for the adherents of the Church of England in the new nation, but also greater opportunity for development, along the lines of their own character, of the other religious bodies which, up to this time, had been tolerated by the established order. In Maryland great changes were to come about: and in Baltimore the sudden rise of the town to chief importance in population and commerce of necessity produced the most favorable opportunity for the reorganizing of the religious bodies and their new development.

As the old apprehension of danger from the Jacobite influence was now a thing of the past, the friends of the Roman Catholic Church on both sides of the water were rewarded for their watching and waiting. For, after much diplomatic negotiation, by which was avoided the subordination of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States to either British or French protection, on June 9, 1784, a decree issued at Rome organized the Roman Catholic Church in the United States of America; and the Very Reverend John Carroll was made Prefect Apostolic. Just ten years before, in one of the last ships to arrive in the colony before the outbreak of hostilities, Father Carroll

returned to Maryland from his study and work abroad, whither he had gone after his first instructions under the Jesuit Fathers at Bohemia Manor. He was warmly welcomed both by the flock in Prince George's, where he built the first public chapel in the county, and also by the parish of St. Peter's in Baltimore Town. But his important work was that which he did as Prefect Apostolic, and after five years, when the approval of Rome had been obtained, Father Carroll was chosen by the Maryland clergy, meeting at White Marsh, to be the first Roman Catholic bishop in the United States: and in England, at the earnest invitation of Thomas Weld of Lulworth Castle, in the quaint chapel of the beautiful old Dorset surroundings, there gathered, 15 August, 1790, a few devoted friends of Arundells, Welds, and others, "who gave to the occasion all the pomp and ceremony which could be allowed".¹ The English Channel glittering in the sunshine, the vistas through long avenues of old oak trees, the very unusual architecture of the chapel throughout, the chaste and exquisite appointments within—all went to make a wonderful setting for this occasion, the consecration of the first bishop of Baltimore Town. Down among the splendid old trees and in the crypt beneath lie the mortal remains of those who, having given of themselves and their substance to the land over the seas, rest from their labors.

Their alms have gone up as a sweet savor. The lad who served the Mass became Cardinal Weld, and from this centre has gone out strength for many foundations. Dating back to Stonyhurst with its treasure of records, so many of which relate to our colony, of religious houses in many lands and of no small aid to our own community, is the first religious order of women to be planted in these United States of America—the Carmelite nuns.

The Carmelites had received novices from Maryland for some years in their motherhouses abroad, and our Maryland contingent realized the necessity for returning to their homes while they could, since the interference by the gov-

¹ The consecrating prelate was the Right Reverend Charles Walmesley, Bishop of Rama, with Fathers Plowden and Porter assisting.

ernment with their work was what the Society of Jesus had just gone through. Accordingly in 1790 a quartette set sail from Hoogesstraten for their colony in Maryland—Mother Bernadine Matthews, Mother Superior; Sister Aloysius Matthews, Sister Eleanor Matthews from Hoogesstraten, and Sister Mary Dickinson from the convent at Antwerp.

The account of their voyage sounds like a scene from a play; how they wore secular clothes, in place of the brown habit and long impenetrable black veil of the order, the Reverend Mother arrayed in a gay spencer which had been given her for charity, with the rest similarly appareled; how they sat at table like fine ladies with attendants behind their chairs, to their great distress at such indulgence. The enterprising captain of the ship, who had contracted to sail for certain ports, undertook a venture or two in the Canary Islands, which took him miles out of his course; the goat and the pig fell down into the cabin through the skylight; and when everything else failed, they were in danger, at ports where the Inquisition held sway, of a summons from the Holy Office on the charge of eloping with a priest, their chaplain and a cousin of the Matthews', Father Neale, who accompanied them to Maryland. At last they reached Norfolk and sailed up the Chesapeake Bay into the Potomac to their own home in Charles County where, in the partly finished house of Baker Brooke, they found their resting-place in America and once more resumed their habits and began the daily life of the order. But even the austerities of the Carmelite rule did not contemplate that they should have to brush off the snow which drifted in on them during the night through the open boards, and the solitary pan of coals which they carried into the chapel,—their only heat—was a touch of discipline not altogether contemplated. But are not these things written in the chronicles of the hearts of their Maryland people?

In an earlier chapter we have traced the beginnings of the Roman Catholic congregation in Baltimore in the coming of the Acadians, and have told how the Roman Catholic families of the neighboring plantations were able

to minister to the town population. About 1770 St. Peter's Church had been begun and though there were financial difficulties and in the early years no regular pastor, when peace came Father Sewell was in charge, reinforced later from time to time by Father, later Bishop, Carroll. In 1791 arrived Father Nagot with several of the Sulpician Order whom he had brought out with him. On the same ship was the youthful Chateaubriand, who, the story goes, had used his casuistry with ill effect on some of the students. To him we owe the description of Baltimore which he gave after they had slowly come up the Patapsco, "a river bordered with parks on each side, the town lying upon a lake at the head of it". The Sulpicians founded the Seminary of St. Mary's, the first of that great circle of Roman Catholic institutions of learning which has distinguished Baltimore. Soon the Roman Catholics on Fell's Point found it more convenient to hold services, first at the corner of Fleet and Bond Streets and then on Thames Street, and by 1796 their numbers had so increased that they were able to begin the building of St. Patrick's Church on Apple Alley, near Wilkes Street. Within another decade the overcrowding of their cramped little churches and the increased strength and prestige which had rapidly been attained, resulted in the laying of the cornerstone of the cathedral on July 7, 1806, on ground acquired from Colonel John Eager Howard. Suspended by the second war with England, the work of building was recommenced in 1817 and by May 31, 1821, the cathedral was ready for consecration by Archbishop Marechal.

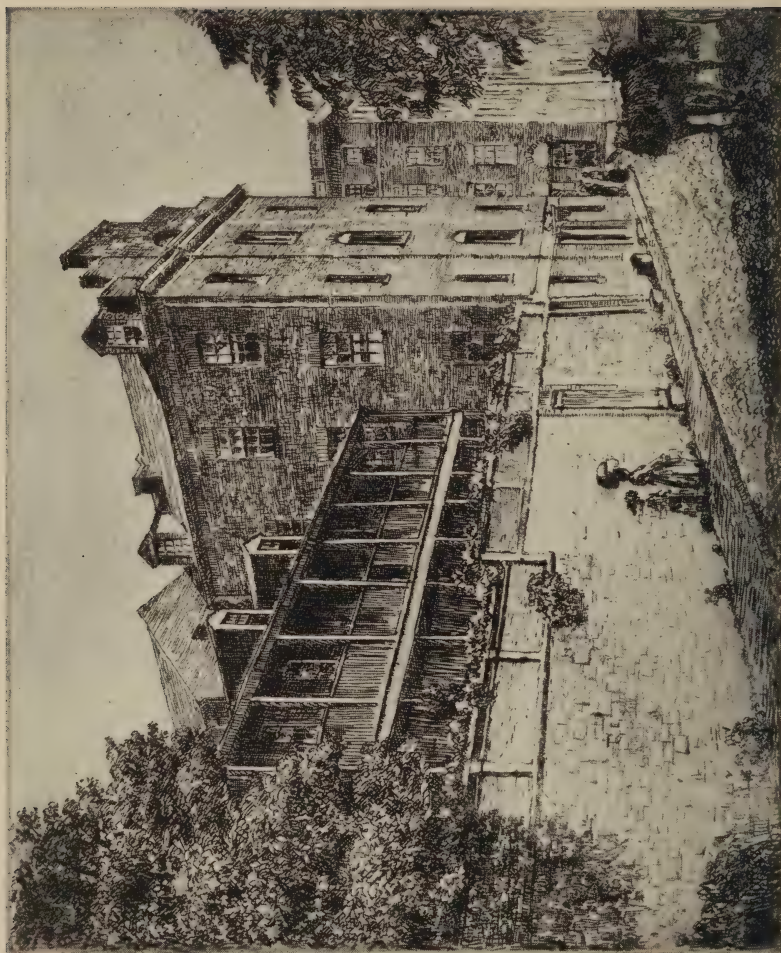
By this time the first Independent or Unitarian Church had been established and a dignified building, designed by Maximilian Godefroy,² had been built at the corner of Charles and Franklin Streets. Here the pastor for some years after 1819 was the Reverend Jared Sparks, distinguished as a historian and editor, a familiar figure as he walked the streets of Baltimore in his clerical black robes.

² Perhaps it is hardly realized that Godefroy "designed and erected the Battle Monument, the beautiful Gothic chapel at St. Mary's College, the Unitarian Church, the old Commercial and Farmers' Bank, and in collaboration with B. H. Latrobe, the Exchange of Baltimore".

Mrs. Flora Byrne, whose "Recollections of a Grandmother" have proved a mine of interesting traditions, has told how the inscription upon the Unitarian Church, "To the One God", was confronted by a text placed on the opposite wall of the cathedral, "As for us, we preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness": and in lighter vein, how, when a stranger inquired of a stage-driver the name of the larger building, he received the reply, "The Catholic Church, Sir". To his further inquiry, "And the other?" came the ready response, "Oh! that's the opposition line!"

As the Revolutionary War drew to its close there came to town, also, the Patapsco meeting of the Society of Friends, which removed from the country in 1781 to the meetinghouse at the corner of Aisquith and Fayette Streets. Four years later the yearly meeting moved from Third Haven to Baltimore, for a few years it alternated between the two places, and from 1789 on, it remained in Baltimore. In 1785, too, the Baptist Society, which in 1773 had begun a building at Front and Fayette Streets, was regularly organized under the Reverend Lewis Richards, who remained pastor for thirty-three years. Some years before the Revolutionary War, the German element, represented in the first German Reformed Church, had built on Charles Street, nearly opposite the present St. Paul's, and had as its minister the Reverend John Christian Faber. Later a division gave rise to a second congregation, and brought to Baltimore the Reverend Phillip William Otterbein, who was pastor for nearly forty years, until his death in 1813.

Of the Presbyterian beginnings under the Reverend Hugh Conn an earlier chapter has told. Under McKemie and the Reverend Nathaniel Taylor, that divine in whom the late Dr. William McIlvaine has so enlisted our interest, and with the aid of many of the non-conformist clergy, the Presbyterians had made a firm and restraining impression on our colony; and indeed in the baleful effect of the French Revolution, their stern uncompromising school of thought and counsel proved a great barrier be-



From etching by Dano Jackley
Verandah of the House of Mrs. Flora Byrne's Father, Dr. James Smith.

tween us and the infidelity which poured like a tide into the new country. In Baltimore Town the Presbyterian meetings also had been held for a while from house to house, until, in 1763, Dr. Henry Stevenson with William Smith, James Sterett, Mark Alexander, John Brown, Benjamin Griffith, Robert Purviance, John Plowman and William Spear, proceeded to acquire by lease land on Fayette Street, near Gay, for a meetinghouse. But this proved incommodious and they moved to the corner of Fayette and North, where a church building was begun, and soon enlarged. This in turn proved to be insufficient, and in 1789 was begun, and two years later completed, the commanding edifice "elevated some twelve feet above the level of the street" whose "large portico and towers contributed to render it one of the most conspicuous buildings in the city". The First Church used this building for nearly seventy years, and in the long life of the congregation, covering one hundred and ten years to the time when Scharf wrote in 1874, there had been but four pastors, the Reverend Drs. Allison, Inglis, Nevins, and Backus. Somewhat later, as the eighteenth century came to its end and the nineteenth began, one of the most interesting figures in the town was Parson Glendy, as he was affectionately called, the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. His eloquence in the pulpit, with his rich Irish intonation, remains bright in memory to this day. Mrs. Flora Byrne, who, under the pen name "Grandmother", in the decade of the 1880's, wrote charmingly for the *Baltimore Sun* of "Incidents of Other Days" well remembered his appearance and his courteous manners. "Always dressed with extreme neatness and care, he wore the knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes and powdered head, long after the fashion had ceased. He was remarkable, too, for the use of expletives, and the rounding of his periods, and his courteous inquiry 'How is your amiable mother and your respected father?' seems even now to linger on my ear, marking the man and the gentleman."

In the case of that which had been the established church in Maryland, the antagonistic influence that Governor

Sharpe had revealed in regard to the petition for a bishop, which, as early as 1756, had been presented to him, was now disappearing, though but slowly. It took some time for our forefathers to think of a bishop apart from his position as an English peer closely allied with the government which had been thrown off. The first choice of the Maryland clergy fell upon the Reverend Dr. William Smith, formerly provost of the University of Pennsylvania, at this time rector of the Episcopal parish at Chestertown, Maryland, and soon to be president of Washington College. But this failed of result; and after a convention which met in Baltimore in 1791, had unanimously elected as their president the Reverend Dr. Thomas John Claggett of Croom, rector of St. James's Parish of Anne Arundel County, and had resolved to proceed again to the election of a bishop, or bishops, at last, in May, 1792, at Annapolis, Dr. Claggett was elected bishop: and, in September, at Trinity Church in New York, he was consecrated by Bishops Provoost, Seabury, White and Madison. Thus, not only did the Episcopal Church in Maryland receive her first bishop, a man of great learning and discretion, but she also gave to the Episcopal Church at large a consecration in which both lines of succession were united: and the former disquieting fear of the non-jurors (the Stuart adherents), who felt they could not take the oath to anybody but a member of the House of Stuart and who were therefore so objectionable to the reigning Hanoverian House in England, disappeared in the union of the Scotch and English orders in one who had no allegiance outside of his own country.

Unlike the Roman Catholics, the Episcopalians did not make of Baltimore a see city. Nevertheless, Bishop Claggett was a familiar figure at St. Paul's in Baltimore, and at the new Christ Church. In his own parish he always officiated in his Episcopal robes and when performing Episcopal functions he wore his mitre. Thus in Baltimore, as on one occasion in Alexandria, Virginia, he must have greatly impressed the little boys and others "who ran after and alongside of him, admiring his peculiar dress and gigantic stature". But there is no record of such an effect due to his

powerful voice as that which, according to Bishop Meade, overtook a young lady in Alexandria, who "was so convulsed that she was obliged to be taken out of the house".

In 1784 a second St. Paul's Church supplanted the old one. By 1814 the second church building had had its day and a third church was begun, moved from the old site to the present one. Designed by R. C. Long and finished in 1817, this St. Paul's Church stood until its destruction by fire in 1854. In the early part of this period the rector was the Reverend Dr. Kemp, who in 1814 became the first suffragan bishop, continuing the while his rectorship of the parish.

Meanwhile, in 1791 there arose the new rectory, looking down over the town from its commanding location on the present Saratoga Street.

It is well known, of course, that the Wesleys in their organization of the "Holy Club" at Oxford and in the forming of the Methodist societies after John Wesley's return to England from Georgia, had no intention of separation from the Church of England. But when, in the second half of the eighteenth century, the early Methodist agents came to America and meetings began to be held in the colonies, the movement spread like wild-fire, and though at first there was still no thought of separation, that feeling of necessity developed. This was, in part, no doubt, because of the English connection, and the unwillingness of the English preachers to subscribe to the test oaths of the Americans. It was perhaps this which prevented Thomas Bond from acting on the committee of observation, to which he was chosen on February 22, 1775. In the Bond papers is a document which reveals much of the reason for the growth of Methodism, a petition from a settlement in Caswell County, North Carolina, to the right reverend fathers in God assembled in conference in Baltimore, calling for the administration of the sacraments and word of God, for which they must travel to other provinces, signed "by the unanimous consent" of the locality.

In Maryland the efforts of Robert Strawbridge, begun before 1770, had been attended with success, and by 1773

there were two groups, one at Fell's Point in which Jesse Hollingsworth, George Wells, Richard Moale, George Robinson and John Woodward were prominent, and which resulted in a meetinghouse in Strawberry Alley; while another group, in 1774, began a meetinghouse in Lovely Lane, which ran from Calvert to South Street, immediately south of Baltimore Street. In October of that year the British officer, Captain Webb, preached to that congregation. Here in 1776 was the first conference held in Baltimore.

Disturbed by the years of conflict, which brought many of the preachers into difficulty, the Methodists in the years of peace began anew, and it was in the Lovely Lane meetinghouse in 1784 that the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America took place, and Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury became the first bishops of the church.

Among the centres of Methodist influence near Baltimore Town was Perry Hall, the dwelling of Harry Dorsey Gough. When Mrs. Gough was first brought under conviction there were great searchings of spirit among the worldlings; for she came of the good old Ridgely stock, who were more renowned for their interest in politics, their possession of lands, horses, and hounds, and that general good-fellowship that marked the leading men of the day, than for exercises in fasting and prayer. Mr. Gough, too, seemed as unlikely as anyone to come into Methodistical ways, a gentleman sportsman and a typical Maryland squire; but come he did, and their quaint old house formed a rallying point for the Wesleyans in that part of the county.

The Bonds also were great towers of strength to this religious community; John Bond became a devoted friend of Asbury and a prominent preacher, accompanying Mr. Asbury on some of his ministrations. The homes of this large connection were always centres of hospitality for the itinerant ministers. Mr. Asbury died in the arms of his friend, in the house where his pastoral staff hung over the mantel of the old mansion for many a day; and the house

of Thomas Bond, in Baltimore County, especially after his second marriage to Miss Susanna Chew, long known as "Old Lady Bond", became a notable gathering place for them.

It was Mrs. Susanna Chew Bond, the vivacious lady named above, to whom in the days of her youth were addressed the verses given below:

Dear lovely maid, to the bearer send
The book which I to you did lend.
'Tis Plutarch's Lives, a volume old,
Contains some lines most worth their gold,
But not adapted to the fair
There's too much Blood and Slaughter there
Fit to cause your bright eye to flow
At scenes of horror and of woe.
Yet it's a mirror, where in you
May take in, at a single view,
The rise and fall of Empires, too,
I will not more to praise it speak
Than say that it was writ in Greek:
A language always much in vogue
With Priest, Physician, Pedagogue.
You laugh and say: why all this stuff?
Fools know not when they've said enough.
But ever scribble on and tease us;
While they, poor wretches, think to please us.
'Tis true, bright nymph, yet ere I end
I beg leave to subscribe your friend.

The plight in which our poetic writer found himself was doubtless one of frequent occurrence, when the cultivation of literature depended so largely on the material collected by a few individuals for their private libraries. Sometimes strenuous measures were taken by those of more prosaic mind than our versifier, as when the Hon. Daniel Dulany felt called upon to advertise in the *Maryland Gazette* the loss of one of his treasured volumes. It is to be hoped that there was due appreciation of the large-minded scheme called into being by the Archbishop of Baltimore, the rector of Old St. Paul's and the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in 1795 when they organized the Library Company

of Baltimore. Perhaps a model was found in the much earlier efforts which Benjamin Franklin had brought to good result in Philadelphia. At any rate, as early as 1793 there was some discussion over such a proposal for a Library Company in the Baltimore *Daily Repository*, initiated by "Philonaus" and supported by several others. The Library Company, organized two years later, was possessed of a membership that reveals the names of the best in Baltimore: and the institution flourished until it was merged in 1854 with the Maryland Historical Society.

There had been many efforts in the direction of education. Up to this date it had been usual for the youth of Baltimore to be sent abroad to complete their training; although schools and schoolmasters had not been wanting since the days when Parson Cradock had his select academy in the parsonage of Garrison Forest, in which boys from every county in the state had been gathered. The Academy at Charlotte Hall had also carried on the good work and long survived in our day under care of Major George Thomas.

In 1786 the Reverend Drs. Carroll, West and Allison began an academy for the instruction of our youth, but this did not last long, and the second Cokesbury College, which the Methodists had established in 1796 to take the place of that which had been at Abingdon, was destroyed by fire within one year. More fortunate was the effort of the Roman Catholics who secured a charter for Baltimore College in 1803.

Rather a unique attempt to found an Academy of the United States, with its centre in Richmond, and with branches in the principal cities of the Union, is found in the *Mémoire concernant l'Académie des Sciences et Beaux Arts des États Unis d'Amerique, établié à Richmond*. This brilliant scheme had been suggested by the Chevalier Quesnay de Beaupere, grandson to the famous French philosopher and economist Dr. Quesnay. Quite a large amount of money had been procured and the building in Richmond completed by Dr. Jean Rouelle. Its site was where the Carlton House stood, on the low parts of Broad and

Marshall Streets to Twelfth Street. It was subsequently used as a theatre and in it was held the meeting of the Assembly, which in 1788 ratified the Constitution of the United States and made compact the Federal Union. Our chief concern in Baltimore with this far-reaching scheme of the Richmond Academy is the list of patrons: "En Maryland à Baltimore M. Martin, Avocat Général; M. le Docteur Buchanan, fils du feu général de cet nom; M. Krochett, M. N. Bibber, Williamson, Provayance, Graves, M. Le Colonel Brent, M. Hemesley, Le Docteur Courtet". This experiment did not materialize, yet it is interesting as showing the close contact between France and America.

Around Parson Glendy was an interesting group composed of Irish newcomers; among these were the Dobbins, of whom the entire clan came out from 1798 to 1807, and of whom several formed a substantial enlargement of our city's interest in journalism. The two pioneers, Thomas and Archibald Dobbin, went originally to Norfolk, and later coming to Baltimore, were associated with the *Daily Telegram*; while those born here of the next generation, George—afterwards Judge—Dobbin, and Robert, also connected with the journalism and the literary interests of the city, will long be remembered for their just walk, equitable decisions and contributions made to the political and social life of the day.

There were many others to chronicle if time and space would permit, but one can only choose a typical instance here and there. In the graveyard of old Faith Chapel, at the head of Broadway, known today as Glendy, built to protect the resting-place of the dead from the march of the streets and the incursions of modern building, is a link with one of the romances of this period which was not revealed to us for many a day afterward. In a crypt erected beneath this chapel may be found a very handsomely cut tombstone, which bears the following inscription:

Sacred
To the Memory of
Sir Richard Lyttleton Reynell Baronet
and of
Mary, his wife.

Sir Richard was the fifth baronet lineally descended from Sir Richard Reynell, Knight and Baronet of East Ognell in the county of Devon, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland in the reign of Charles II, King of England, which Sir Richard was descended in direct line from Sir Richard Reynell, Knight and keeper of the castle of Launceston and Exeter in 1101.

Sir Richard was many years in this city and died much respected on the 4th day of September, 1829, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. Mary, his wife, died on the 29th of April, 1835, in the fifty-seventh year of her age.

This monument was erected by Major General Sir Thomas Reynell, Bart., and K.C.B. of Avistock in the county of Sussex, only surviving brother of Sir Richard Reynell.

The name of Reynell is to be found among the early descendants of the Calverts and is later connected with the Dobbins through an early marriage; but so unobtrusively and quietly had Sir Richard Reynell lived in Baltimore that few outside of those who were familiar with the family chronicles could have guessed that the gunsmith living on Water Street was the person mentioned in the Debrett's *Baronage* as the heir to the Reynell title, then living in America. And it was not until the slab was put in place after his death that the story was known.

Many of these exiles, who, like Parson Glendye, had been sentenced to perpetual banishment, grew and prospered in the country of their adoption, and as they gained wealth they gave of it to those who were less favored. About this time, at a banquet given in Dublin at Castle Square by General D'Evereux, who was one of those who went in and out among us, a devoted friend of one of our first and best loved Irish families, the chairman, Lord Cloncurry, rose and said he wished to propose the health of an Irishman who although living in a foreign land never forgot his country or his countrymen, but whose munificence was proverbial. His Lordship trusted there were many such in the United States of America, but he had singled this gentleman out as the personal and highly valued friend

of General D'Evereux—our countryman, Robert Oliver of Baltimore, the munificent friend of all mankind. This was drunk with acclamation.

General D'Evereux pronounced an eloquent eulogium on Mr. Oliver, whose heart and purse were ever open to the public good. When he had landed in America, had it not been for Mr. Oliver he might have been sunk in obscurity and passed through life unknown. A great portion of his vast fortune had been dedicated to the best purposes of our nation and the service he had rendered to suffering humanity was almost incalculable.

CHAPTER XV.

NOT only had the constant intercourse with the West Indies, and with Brazil and other points in South America, brought great wealth to the coffers of Baltimore merchant princes, but it had other far-reaching consequences. It had long been the means through which many valuable additions to our city had been received. In 1766 William Patterson had come from Donegal to Philadelphia. Having entered the shipping business, in 1775 he sent two vessels to France, one of which returned in March, 1776, with gunpowder and arms, at a time when, Mr. Patterson declared later, it was said that General Washington had not powder sufficient to fire a salute. On his own journey from Europe Mr. Patterson tarried a while at St. Eustatius, but finding that the Dutch government could not protect Americans against the English in their trade, he went to Martinique. Governor de Graff was at "Statia", Governor Hylegar at St. Martins, the Marquis de Bullie at Martinique. Finally arriving at Baltimore Town in 1778, in the thick of the Revolutionary conflict, Mr. Patterson established himself in business there and prospered greatly.

Lieutenant Barney had first saluted the Dutch flag off the quay of St. Eustatius and received their return. Thus came the first recognition accorded the continental flag, which cost the flourishing little community dear, in the loss of their homes, the roofless houses testifying to the vengeance of the English for this rash indulgence of premature courtesy. Young Barney, while in the service of the French navy, had many such adventures, and it was in one of these daring expeditions that he met the brother of the First Consul, the dashing young Lieutenant Jerome Bonaparte, the spoiled child of an otherwise Spartan mother, who ruled her model home so well that it was said to be like a convent in its systematic conduct. For the earlier part of his



Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia.

From the portrait by Gros, at Versailles, reproduced in W. M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," in *The Century Magazine*, 1896. Copyright by The Century Co., used by permission.

life Jerome was regarded by his august brother with tolerant amusement,—“*petit mauvais sujet*”. The boy of fifteen who had been refused permission to make the Italian campaign with the army had no word of welcome for the Conqueror on his return, and actually won by his petty and wilful conduct a promise to give him whatever he might ask. “The sword of Marengo” was the modest demand, and to him it came. The acquisition at this early date of a travelling case with silver fittings, mother of pearl and ivory mountings, with razor and every appurtenance for a “whiskered pard”, aroused Napoleon. “So it is you, Sir, then, who indulge in travelling cases costing 10,000 francs.” “Oh!” made answer the incipient warrior, “I am always like that, I only care for beautiful things!”

A commission in the army was short-lived. A duel with a fellow officer, the mark of which Jerome bore to his grave, led the First Consul to change his career to that of the growing navy of the Republic, for which, as Britannia was vigorously making good her traditional right to “rule the seas”, a great need was felt. Forwarded to the rear admiral on the flagship *Indivisible*, at Brest, he bore the order: “I send you, citizen general, citizen Jerome Bonaparte to serve his apprenticeship in the navy. You know that he needs to be treated strictly, and to make up for lost time. Insist on his carrying out exactly all the duties of his profession”.

The capture of the *Swiftsure*, an English 74 gunship, gave Jerome his first honorable mention. He received the sword of the captain, notwithstanding the orders, and really to the delight, of the First Consul. “Let me be told that you are as active as a very cabin-boy. . . . Seek every chance of distinguishing yourself”, and the Tuileries soon received him into the height of the festivities then in progress.

The seventeen-year-old midshipman was ordered to the West Indies, where LeClerc, his brother-in-law, was in charge of the French possessions, and had with difficulty persuaded the fair Pauline to share what she considered a fearful exile. It was not a long one, however, for, sent

to quiet the islands after the massacre of San Domingo, LeClerc died there of yellow fever, and Jerome was transferred subsequently to *L'Épervier* under young Halgan, commander. But after reaching Martinique and St. Lucia, illness which was the nemesis of this expedition at last overtook Jerome.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, sacrificed to the imperial will, a mistake which later harassed Napoleon at St. Helena, had said: "Moi, je compte sur la Providence", and the hospital called by that name was filled to repletion. As soon as Jerome was sufficiently recovered, the course was continued. St. Pierre was sighted. In leaving this port, they hailed a merchantman to whom Jerome endeavored to speak, and conveyed his desire by a shot across her bow. She proved to be an English vessel and an officer was sent aboard her with his apologies. This virtual act of war moved the commander Villaret Joyeuse to frenzy and he insisted that the First Consul should hear of this complication from Jerome himself. The lieutenant declined to risk a French vessel for his return and waited for a neutral craft. So *L'Épervier* sailed out and was promptly taken by the English, who were overjoyed at their supposed capture of the brother of the First Consul.

Meanwhile, lured by the interesting stories of the new nation which had been in so many ways allied with France, Jerome at the moment of his supposed capture was sailing up the Chesapeake Bay to the port of Norfolk accompanied by Meyronnet, one of his brother officers from *L'Épervier*; Lecamus, a Creole; his former secretary, Reubel, whose people had been active in the French Revolution; and his physician. Meyronnet went at once to Philadelphia to charter a vessel, while the two others repaired to the seat of government to look up the French Commissaire Pichon.

Suitable accommodations had to be provided for the very unexpected guest and Pichon hearkened gladly to the plans for departure from Philadelphia, imploring Jerome meanwhile to conceal his identity. But an invitation from his former acquaintance Joshua Barney, whom he had



Mme. Jerome Bonaparte
(Betsy Paterson)
from Wharton's *Heirlooms in Miniature*.
Published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

known in the French service, completely nullified all the endeavors of the anxious Pichon, whose troubles were only now just beginning. In a few days the guest from the French Republic was writing, "My name is no longer a mystery in Baltimore. This has not caused me to alter my plans nor my manner of life".

Pichon continued his endeavors to persuade Jerome that "the very unhealthy town of Baltimore" was undesirable for him and urged a northern tour, but Jerome could not have been expected to relinquish this, his first chance to play the prince. So no slurs as to the health of Baltimore or the reputation of his friend Barney moved him other than to reply that he had discerned enough to choose his own society.

All doors were quickly open to him. The adoration inspired by the First Consul was at its height, and that a Bonaparte should be in our midst meant much not only to those who, like Jefferson and his friends the Smiths, General Sam and Robert his brother, had worshipped at the shrine, with many others who had been in constant contact with France, but as well to all men. Society was never more brilliant in Baltimore, current events on both sides the water never more exciting, and the group of lovely girls who had attended Madame La Comte's pension,—Mary Chase, Maria Martin, Marcia Burns, and Henrietta Pascault (one of the refugees from San Domingo, only awaiting the arrival of her lover Reubel),—made a circle of friends at once who gave their verdict on Elizabeth Patterson, the beautiful creature who was the centre of their circle. Jerome had bewailed the fact that he must of necessity make a *mariage de convenance*, but he was assured by her devoted friends that Elizabeth Patterson combined all the qualities which he could desire, and was in addition "the most beautiful woman in the world". So that by the time an opportunity came for a meeting, he had already given her the title of *ma belle femme*.

At the September races, for which a new course had been opened on Whetstone Point near the fort, when Mr. Harrison's horse Hamlet had won the four-mile, Lieutenant

Bonaparte saw for the first time Miss Patterson. Her buff-colored silk dress, her hat with long ostrich plumes, her pure Grecian contours, her exquisitely shaped head, her large dark eyes, a peculiarly dainty mouth and chin, the soft bloom of her complexion, beautifully rounded shoulders and tapering arms, all combined to form one of the loveliest types of womanhood. The handsome young Frenchman drew about him the young men of the place—Barney, John Comegys and others, while the usual festas were inaugurated. So that with such setting one can fully realize that neither threats nor coaxings were sufficient to move Jerome in the direction of his native land.

At Judge Chase's ball, her gold chain caught in the buttons of his uniform and seemed only the outward sign of her willing captivity, although it is said that she gave but haughty reception to the man who had thus come into her happy girlhood. All the world looked on with breathless interest at this love affair of two continents and it was not long before her hand was desired by the Marquis d'Yrujo, who having won his own beautiful American wife, was very well affected to this courtship. Dinners, balls, dances were in order, and Baltimore was at her gayest. Not until October did Jerome pay his much delayed devoirs to President Jefferson, and asked his good offices in the approaching marriage. The President was so good as to pardon him with the sentiment that no apology was needed from one so near the idol of the day. After great searching of spirit, so far as the family was concerned, the invitations were issued and the unhappy Pichon was disconsolate at his own future prospects. He had reasoned and threatened and quoted French law, but to no purpose.

Letters flew hither and yon. Mr. Patterson called a halt and withdrew his consent; and although the cards reached both ministers, French and Spanish, for the marriage on November seventh, there were complications enough and to spare, and finally Jerome wrote Pichon that the affair was off. Elizabeth had departed for a visit in Virginia.

So again the representative of France endeavored to get the brother of his ruler on a French frigate lying at Balti-

more, but *Le Pursuivante* did not have that honor. Jerome preferred the royal reception which he had in New York. Talleyrand had been notified that the day was saved, and upon Jerome's return to Baltimore on December 1st, M. Pichon, overjoyed at the felicitation, advanced a sum of money from his consolation fund, and all seemed well. On December 24th, however, another advance was made, just in time for the trifling expenses incident to the marriage ceremony of which the formal notice accompanied the receipt for the money, when Lecamus wrote: "Sir, I have the honour to inform you on behalf of M. Jerome Bonaparte that his marriage with Miss Patterson was celebrated yesterday evening. He charges me also to tell you that he is awaiting with impatience the 4000 dollars which you are sending him. His engagements are becoming pressing and his household will soon be in need. He begs you, therefore, to be so good as to dispatch this sum to him as soon as possible."

So it was: the wedding had taken place in the stately old Patterson house on South and Gay Streets, with all the pomp and solemnities of the Roman Catholic Church. They were married by the Rt. Rev. John Carroll, Bishop of Baltimore, Primate of the Church in America. The mayor and all the polite world were present, Lecamus and Sotin, who had succeeded d'Hébécourt at Baltimore, and other dignitaries. Descriptions of the costumes of the contracting parties were carefully preserved. Indeed the groom's wedding suit was kept by his wife to the day of her death,—a purple coat of satin, skirt lined with white satin, reaching to his heels, with knee buckles and with diamond buckles on his shoes. In such an array and with his powdered hair, he must have presented a rare and gallant sight.

Madame, the bride, wore a gown that had done service before, for she wished, to use her own words, "to avoid vulgar display"; and "truth to say", she writes, "there was little as possible of any gown at all, dress in that day being chiefly an aid to setting off charms to advantage". It was, for the information of those interested, one of those exquisitely embroidered French robes, so dainty and so light

that one of the guests averred he could have put the costume in his coat pocket. The wedding certificates were all duly signed and sealed by the contracting parties, with the proper witnesses. To her family it had been a matter of greatest concern, and every obstacle had been thrown in her way. So that when later the Emperor of the French saw fit to write to His Holiness the Pope that everything had been done in the most surreptitious way, that the ceremony had been performed by an obscure Spanish priest, the documents were ready in rebuttal.

President Jefferson had written Chancellor Livingston, then minister at Paris: "Mr. Patterson is the President of the Bank of Baltimore, the wealthiest man in Maryland, perhaps in the United States, except Mr. Carroll; a man of great virtue and respectability; the mother is the sister of the lady of General Samuel Smith", which seemed final. It is usually supposed that there were no attendants for bride or groom, but through the courtesy of Mrs. Henry Rogers, a letter was sent the writer from the family archives of Miss Comegys, then regent of the Mount Vernon Association. This was a letter from John Comegys, descended from Augustin Herrman and the brilliant circle of families of which he was the centre.¹ Mr. Comegys wrote his brother in March, 1804: that in December he was called on to attend at the marriage of Mr. Jerome Bonaparte as "right hand" man, and as it was a very high compliment, he could not refuse, although not very con-

¹ With this letter of John Comegys, who attended Jerome Bonaparte as "right hand" man, came the following paper:

In the presence of J. Carroll, Baltimore,
Sottin, vice consul of France,
Alex Le Camus (afterward minister of affaires etrangères en Westphalia
Comte de Furstenstein)
Jean Comegys
Josié Barney
Commodore.

With the certificate of the religious ceremony read with license—I have this day united in the holy bonds of matrimony conformably to the rites of the Holy Catholic Church Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the first consul of France, with Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of William Patterson Banker of the City of Baltimore, and of Dorcas (Spear), his wife.

J. + Eveque de Baltimore.

venient. Dinners and evening parties had followed as Mr. Patterson, whose daughter Mr. Jerome Bonaparte married, was the head of one of the most notable families in this city. He also attended the wedding of Mr. Patterson (this was Robert), a good friend of his, with all the parties given them, concluding with a dinner with the President of the United States.

The journey to Washington was made by coach, and as not infrequently happened, there was a runaway. No damage was done, as the bride chose an opportune moment to land in a snowdrift.

Turreau was then the minister of France. The wrath of the First Consul had fallen heavily on Sotin, but Turreau entertained them in Georgetown in January of 1804, consoling himself by letters to M. le Marquis de Perigord-Talleyrand, while Robert Patterson went abroad to place matters clearly before the First Consul. He found the family urbane, but the First Consul was implacable, and in April Jerome was notified that no money would be forthcoming. He was to return at once to France and all transportation was to be forbidden to the bride. It was difficult for them to realize that Napoleon could not be softened by the sight of "the most beautiful woman in the world". So the ensuing time was spent delightfully in and about Washington and Baltimore. A tour to the north was equally a royal progress and the departure of the French vessel without him did not trouble the lieutenant.

A start was finally made for the *Didin*, then, with the *Cybèle*, in the port of New York, and they embarked. War between England and France having been declared meanwhile, it was found that the British frigates *Cambrian* and *Boston*, with a sloop, were at the mouth of the Hudson. On remonstrance from our Government, they moved to Sandy Hook, but it was evident there was no escape, so the couple disembarked and visited Niagara.

If the news of the events of May 18th, when Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor, had not accompanied the next order, Jerome might have been willing to become, as had been contemplated, an American citizen. Or if they had not

missed General Armstrong, who was going out to replace Chancellor Livingston, Madame Bonaparte might have entered France as a member of the family of the American minister, and so would have seen Napoleon. But in their next venture took place a wreck off the coast of Delaware, when by her own order she was thrown into the lifeboat. This, however, only seemed to bring out her fine courage, though she scandalized her aunt when she discovered food for fun in the plight in which they found themselves, arrayed in motley costume, seated in a cabin near the shore, having lost their all and four thousand dollars to boot. Her sedate relative upbraided her with the fact that when she should have been on her knees, giving thanks to a kind Providence, she was devouring roast goose and apple sauce, with mirthful accompaniment.

The wealth of Mr. Patterson was utilized and the *Erin* was fitted out suitably for their journey to Lisbon. Jerome had already been visibly affected by events in France and was longing "for the flesh pots of Egypt". In his letter to Du Cres, he writes: "I beg you to be so kind as to give my brother the enclosed letter. I explain to him my situation in this country, which daily becomes more cruel and I urgently ask for orders to leave it. You have yourself been long in this part of the world, and can, best of all people, explain to him how out of place my life is here. . . . The great events which today occupy the world's attention do not prevent my brother, I suppose, to send me news of himself and of my family, as soon as I could wish".

During a reception on board the *Didin* he had been addressed as "Your Imperial Highness". This concluded the American sojourn. Arrived at Lisbon, the full measure of the Emperor's wrath and vengeance was made apparent. No mercy was to be shown Jerome unless he absolutely abandoned and repudiated his wife. Madame Bonaparte had with her, her brother, Mr. Patterson, and her physician. She saw that Jerome's journey without her was inevitable and they made their plans accordingly. Their farewells were spoken, as they both thought for a little while, but in reality forever. She only saw him once again and

they never exchanged another word. That the lieutenant was sincere in his intention to return for her, his visit to Madame Junot proves; for meeting them at an inn on the road to Lisbon he breakfasted with the party and in leaving said with tears: [The Emperor] "is kind—he is just. Even admitting that I had committed a fault in marrying Miss Patterson without his consent, is this the moment for inflicting punishment? And upon whose head will that punishment light? Upon that of my innocent wife? No, no; surely my brother will not outrage the feelings of one of the most respectable families of the United States; and inflict at the same time a mortal wound upon a creature who is as amiable as she is beautiful". Taking from his breast a golden miniature, he showed therein the ravishing face of Elizabeth, so strangely resembling, as Madame Junot said, his sister Pauline, but with more fire and animation. He comforted himself, too, that after much contention in the family, Christina, the first wife of Lucien, was finally greatly loved by Napoleon. When ordered by Napoleon to give up his wife, Lucien had written, "Rather than descend to such infamy, I would be capable of immolating my son and daughter with my own hand. If you order it so, I will quit Europe, but I will never leave my wife and children until I lose my life"; and Jerome averred "I am determined not to yield". Alas, Napoleon would take no risks in seeing Elizabeth, nor would he receive Jerome until he should promise unconditional submission.

It took only twelve days to end the drama, and the uncertain glitter of a crown in the distant future outweighed the honor of a man. This was the turning point. He had never a chance to redeem himself.

Meanwhile the *Erin*, good ship of the American Republic, was having strange and unfriendly experiences in the Texel Roads. She was placed under guard of a French man-of-war, although peace reigned between the nations, and her clearance papers showed her to be a neutral vessel. Sylvanus Bourne, then consul at Amsterdam, soon relieved the situation, and after Madame Bonaparte had looked into the muzzle of the French guns for a week, the ship set

sail for England, where through the good offices of Lord Hawksbury and the promise of a suitable guard from William Pitt to protect her from the curious mob gathered to see her land, she finally reached "the haven where she would be". She spent a while in peace and quiet, waiting for the summons that never came, but comforted by the arrival of her son, Jerome, who made his appearance on the stage July 7, 1805. All the ceremonies attending the birth of a prince were observed to testify to the event, and at the first possible moment the baptism took place with a right royal lot of sponsors—the Very Right Rev. John Carroll of Baltimore, the Rev. G. Beeston, Rector of St. Peter's Church, and Mary Caton; while the witnesses were Eliza Bonaparte, Elizabeth Caton, Louisa Caton, Margaretta Patterson.

Meanwhile letters galore from Jerome assured her of his undying devotion. She was to refuse nothing to the Emperor, who lamented that she should have tarried in London. "For", said the potentate, "Miss Patterson has been in London and caused great excitement among the English—from which she has rendered herself more culpable". One laughs when one thinks how impotent he was to control such a woman. But later came the formal request that the marriage should be annulled. The adverse decision of his Holiness, the Pope, stands out in bold relief against the ages. Napoleon, however, found a bishop who was more pliable, but as those learned in the law remarked, it was only by an act of political complaisance that the King of Westphalia and the Emperor of Russia were persuaded that Jerome Bonaparte was free to contract another marriage. At all events he espoused, on August 12, 1807, the Princess Frederica Catherine of Württemberg, and in the month of December of the same year was crowned King of Westphalia. In the following year he made demand for his son. He writes: "*Chère Eliza*", that events will never efface her from his memory. She is to count on a happy future and be assured that nothing will ever make him forget the tie which binds her to him, etc., etc.

Naturally Madame Bonaparte declined to commit her

son to Lecamus, envoy of the King of Westphalia, and in her grief and dismay lest they should be parted, she made known to the Emperor her desires for herself and her son Jerome. But for this the king reproached her and revealed his plan for her happy future. He offered to her the principality of Schmalkalden, with a dower of two hundred thousand francs, and the title of Princess of Schmalkalden for herself and Prince for her son. One delights at this distant date in her amiable reply: "Westphalia is not large enough for two queens, and as to the annuity, she preferred to be sheltered under the wing of an eagle rather than to be suspended from the bill of a goose"; and in her well known answer to Napoleon's proposition in giving her the 60,000 francs a year on condition that she should relinquish all claim to the name, "that she would never consent to barter a name which had been made so famous". This quite won the Emperor to the appreciation of so much *bel esprit*, and his last offer was to know what he could do for her, with the promise of the title of Duchess, which she signified her willingness to accept, but which was soon lost in the ensuing years.

Madame Bonaparte, however, realized that it was time she should dispose of her rights and ties, to which the King of Westphalia so feelingly attested from time to time. Accordingly, she applied for a divorce according to the law of her own country, and in 1813, six years after Jerome's second marriage, such a decree was passed by special act of the Maryland Assembly, "*a vinculo matrimonii*", with reservations for her rights and the rights of her son.

Here, sheltered among her own people, she watched with interest the victorious career of the man who so nearly owned the whole world. Her son Jerome charmed his father's family by his keen appreciation and his wonderful sagacity for so young a boy. To these qualities he added a delightful manner and geniality. It was fortunate that she had so protected herself, for it was not long before the one-time Emperor was pacing his forsaken beat on the lonely island, while the King of Westphalia found himself a bankrupt "king without a kingdom". Indeed the day

came, when even the family name of which he had so cruelly attempted to deprive her was proscribed in his own land and the *Compte de Surveilliers* and the *Compte de Montfort* were the only titles borne by these kings in exile.

It is interesting for us in our survey of old Baltimore to have the story told that through Colonel King one of the beautiful Eastern Shore houses had already been fitted up in preparation to receive the former Emperor in the ship which, so the legend goes, Stephen Girard had sent to La Rochelle for him. But his degeneration was swift, he lacked the power to use his once overwhelming will. "He sits and reads" all the time. St. Helena was waiting for him.

The visits of Madame Bonaparte across the water were frequent, and wherever she went she had a little court of her own about her. Her beauty and wit captivated all.

Mr. Patterson's will revealed the fact that he had made some change in the disposition of his estate, giving signal proof that he considered this alliance as anything but an honor. Strange to say, the property he left Elizabeth appreciated in value, and with her own accumulations from her frugality, she gathered a fortune quite royal. On the day when she met Jerome in Florence with the queen and small Mathilde his daughter, she recognized the man who had been her husband by his likeness to their son, Jerome of Baltimore, and simply laid her cloak open so that he might see how gently time had dealt with her beautiful figure; the queen having but little shape of which to speak. She saw him no more. At her home Madame Patterson Bonaparte had in her circle all the notable people of the day, such as Albert Gallatin and Daniel Webster, and abroad the Prince Gortchakoff, the Russian minister at Florence, afterward prime minister, the Princess Galitzin, Madame Récamier, the Duchess d'Abrantès and hosts of others. While in Italy, she met members of the Bonaparte family, Pauline, Madame Mère and the different generations. As we have seen, the Junots had insisted that Madame Patterson Bonaparte was the double of Pauline in figure and face. In the case of her son Jerome, the resemblance was positive. So late as in 1867, John P. Kennedy was our commissioner to

the Paris Exposition, when he wrote that he saw Prince Napoleon, who bore the most extraordinary resemblance to his half-brother in Baltimore, not only in feature and expression, but also in gesture and manner. When seated at the table with him, he could scarcely avoid addressing him as an old friend. Young Jerome preferred his own land, and while the proposed marriage with his cousin Charlotte, the daughter of Joseph, who lived in New Jersey for quite a while, had the sanction of all the family, he made his choice from his own countrywomen. Madame Bonaparte would have been better satisfied if her son had made a foreign alliance, but before her death she must have rejoiced that he had so chosen.

Her loyalty to Napoleon was unswerving. She realized she had been sacrificed to political considerations, and when her presence was desired at the Court of Louis XVIII, who had expressed sympathy for her treatment at the hands of the Corsican usurper, her pride made answer that she declined to pass as the victim of imperial tyranny, that she had accepted the kindness of the Emperor and that ingratitude was not one of her vices.

Born to rule, imperious from her girlhood, fate and destiny gave her the desire of her heart. That the man of her choice was faint of will and infirm of purpose may perhaps be now forgiven him since the overpowering will of the First Consul had overshadowed everything within reach. Looking back over her life, one can only believe that she was more fortunate as the uncrowned queen of Jerome's first and best affection, than she would have been amid the uncertainties of the kingdom of Westphalia, the ephemeral dynasty so insecurely founded.

For us in old Baltimore, there is only reason to felicitate ourselves on our heritage,—that no entangling alliances or rococo wills interfered with the development of a type which gathered up all the best of the virtues of Madame Mère with the stern integrity of William Patterson, that our Bonapartes were not dependent on a foreign country for their fame, but were known the world over as American citizens pure and simple, without fear and without reproach.

CHAPTER XVI.

SAMUEL CHASE, born April 17, 1741, in Somerset County, Maryland, was the only child of the Reverend Thomas Chase, one of the honored rectors of old St. Paul's Church in Baltimore.

Tutored by his father, and given the best of opportunities in Annapolis for the law, he made rapid progress. Impetuous, as in the days when his clarion voice rang out in the turmoil of the Revolution that "by the God of Heaven he owed no allegiance to the King of Great Britain"; daring, as in the days when the leaders in London had said, "The head and front of this Rebellion is a boy named Chase"; from the date of his return to the Continental Congress in 1774 to his appointment by President Washington in 1795 to the Supreme Bench, he had a large share in the making of the new nation.

After a notable career, in 1804, "solely on political grounds", he was impeached through the bitter enmity of John Randolph. After a debate rarely equalled, it did not take long to procure his acquittal. The array of his counsel was one of the most brilliant ever known to us, and Luther Martin, Robert Goodloe Harper, Hopkinson and Key made a record for dignity and eloquence. Martin's professional triumph was great, especially in his closing speech. He refused to accept a fee for this defence of his devoted friend, and Judge Chase never forgot it. In later years when Martin's potations had been deeper than usual, he became so arbitrary and offensive in the court that someone drew up a commitment for contempt and handed it to the judge, who replied with much feeling, "Whatever my duties as Judge, Samuel Chase can never sign a commitment for Luther Martin."

Aaron Burr later availed himself of Martin's talent when indicted for treason. Martin had no special sympa-

thy for Burr, substituting for it his hatred of Mr. Jefferson. Five months were consumed in this battle. William Wirt was chief prosecutor, at Mr. Jefferson's express request. In spite of the brilliant and cogent work of Wirt, then one of the greater lights in the legal firmament, Burr was acquitted,—a foregone conclusion since he had covered up well all traces of his nefarious plots and plans. Some of the consequences were far-reaching. The result was far from popular and the Baltimore populace had determined to spare neither judge nor counsel.

Not long after the trial, at a dinner party in the fine old house of Martin, then in South Charles Street, strains of martial music were heard. Burr, Blennerhasset, and Judge Marshall were among the guests. They rose to acknowledge the serenade. Instead, the mob, always ready for a sortie, came on to the tune of the Rogues' March, with effigies of the three officials. Their banners announced that his Quid Majesty, the Judge; Blennerhasset, the Chemist; and Lawyer Brandy Bottle would all be hanged on Gallows Hill, then on Aisquith Street, at a certain hour. So they went their way, the stuffed figures were burned and the mob subsided. The chief actor, however, was compelled to shorten his ill-timed visit to Baltimore. Threats of personal violence were made and for some days Martin's house was under guard. But when Aaron Burr had departed, the popularity of the town came back to Martin.

He was a familiar figure in the streets of Baltimore in his best estate; abstracted, short of sight and given to his books even on the street, and his apology to the cow which crossed his path is well remembered. He had left only shortly before this the old Fell mansion near the Maryland Hospital, where the Johns Hopkins Medical School now stands, having occupied it directly after the death of the owner. Here he had lived the happiest days of his life, and the heroic painting of the family, covering many feet of canvas, gives us not only the costumes of the day and the setting of the times, but also the generous proportions of his family of three generations. Painted by Charles Edge Pine, it has been one of the characteristic portrayals of the

times. Mrs. Martin's beauty is set forth, while the Attorney General is arrayed in the court costume with the plentiful lace ruffles so indispensable to him, in which he shows to his best advantage.

Perhaps no career has ever been more remarkable than his, who during the strength of his manhood was credited and perhaps justly with the gross intoxication of the day, but nevertheless challenged the admiration of all. He seems to have been ever on the unpopular side, to quote from his biography presented by a member of his family to the Woman's Literary Club in its early days: "Had he sided with the majority, had he not so violently opposed the ratification of the Constitution of the United States, had he not been so intense in his hatred of Jefferson, and above all, had he not taken to his bosom and defended with all the power of his eloquence, that fascinating, but unscrupulous man, Aaron Burr, his story would have been a different one."

His defense of Judge Chase will long be remembered, and it was this eloquent effort which caused him to be regarded as one of the most remarkable of the group which had occupied the old Court House, just at this time passing, with the valedictory of the old régime, which had occupied its dingy and unalluring quarters, but which had been irradiated by their presence.

When filled with people, it had long been a source of alarm, on its precarious perch upon the stilts over the running stream. On one unusually interesting occasion, a German merchant of great respectability, large of stature, stentorian of voice, rose and said in deliberate accents: "'May it please de court I tink dere is de most eminent dancher; de shtofe pipe has sunk very conshtderably.' *Sauve qui peut* became the order of the day; and spectators, witnesses, parties, lawyers, bailiffs, judges, went pell-mell, . . . into the street."

The theatre was in the height of its glory, with Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and Mr. and Mrs. Warren. In Holliday Street, the old wooden walls resounded with the applause of hundreds, in a blaze of lights, the orchestra frequently

assisted by amateur talent, and a brilliant assembly saw Hamlet played. Mrs. Wood, says one of the veteran players, though somewhat inclined to embonpoint, had a beautiful head; her voice was full and soft as velvet. Cooper was considered the perfection of action.

In a forest of large oaks on the square now bounded by Fayette, Paca, Eutaw and Lexington, Judge Chase welcomed the young people of the day. This beautiful home on the edge of the town was the gift to him of his devoted friend John Eager Howard. Judge Chase, with his red cloak, old-fashioned coat, knee breeches with diamond buckles, and his cocked hat and with his gigantic size, was an object of great admiration, to the young men especially. He was wont to address them very bluntly, as in the case of an invitation to dinner, which the young traveller was so unfortunate as to forget, and when with great frankness he admitted this, the Judge roared, "What! Sir! forgot an invitation to dine with ME? I admire your candour, Sir, but d——n your politeness."

The visitor was forgiven, however, and was asked to escort the daughter of the house, Mary Chase, to the ball that evening. He speeded home, put himself into the hands of *friseurs*, and in his black satin inexpressibles, long vest and coat de *rigueur*, with his hair duly powdered, escorted "the beautiful girl whose eyes sparkled with intelligence and animation", conducted her in the old English phaeton to Gay Street, the polite end of town, where he was introduced in the handsomest manner to the elegant lady who gave the ball, to the Misses Caton, and to Madame Bonaparte, who gave him a very gracious salutation. As she leaned on a marble slab under a large mirror (we should have called it a pier glass), all eyes were turned to her as the queen of the evening. Small in stature, delicate in appearance, she was Venus herself.

Society at this time was indeed fortunate in the presence of many renowned warriors and delightful barristers and counsellors. There was indeed a wonderful roster of the men who, many of them, had taken their terms at the Temple, for which the day was now passing—Mr. Mc-

Henry, Washington's secretary, and his young nephew who had been abroad with our minister to France, and to whom we owe much in the Law Reports so much in use today; Pinkney, sent abroad as envoy to Great Britain, where his diplomatic achievements were almost as unpopular as John Jay's had been; General Harper (who had married Catherine, second daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton), unrivalled in admirable political information and genuine knowledge, with the deportment and manners of a fine gentleman of the old régime, he had attained prominence as an orator, in Congress, before he came to Baltimore.

Winder might be compared to Cicero, Jennings to Demosthenes, said the enthusiastic Brackenridge, a young visitor whose contemporary account of Baltimore affords a valuable picture. Jennings was made public prosecutor. His life in the gay world of Baltimore followed upon his education in the Temple. He had made the tour of Europe on foot like Goldsmith. Below the average size, of perfect symmetry, tasteful in dress, he had a fine head like that of Alexander Hamilton. His speech against Baptiste Irvine, on the occasion of the presentment for contempt of court, was one of the finest displays ever known. It had occupied five hours in delivery, his audience enchained. There was Mr. Purviance, "a perfect model of a practising lawyer, well read in the law". His duties as attorney and advocate were performed with great fidelity, as well to the court as to his private practice. Among the clubs of the day, one formed of the students of Luther Martin contained such names as those of Magruder, Heath, Maxcy, Kell, Gwynn, Boyd, Donaldson and McMechen.

A sort of Jacobin gathering was that of which the Baptiste Irvine mentioned above was the principal person. He would have vied with Santerre or Danton and disgusted even the moderate Jeffersonian Brackenridge "with his low and illiberal ideas and the merciless cruelty of this priest of democracy. Nothing could be more intolerant or mercenary" than the greater part of this mob which was doing much to foment the troubles that came later.

Political excitement ran high. The embargo had just

been passed, and it was alleged by those who opposed it that thousands of persons were suddenly thrown out of employment and ships lay rotting at their wharves. To keep this great army entertained a barbecue was planned, one of those special forms of diversion where public opinion held full sway.

In a grove about two miles east of the town, an ox was roasted whole; great quantities of bread, barrels of beer and whiskey were placed under the shade of the trees. The people were addressed, says Brackenridge, by Samuel Smith, "a tall, fine looking man, with a strong clear voice, well suited to field oratory", pleasing his audience, "who frequently interrupted him by shouts of applause". He made defence of the embargo; and referring to the stagnation of business and the decay of the ships with their cargoes in port, he declared in cryptic phrases that it was "better to cry over than to cry after them".

On a somewhat similar occasion, some liquor imported under a British license had been purchased by subscription, and was sentenced to a bonfire. The spectacle was brilliant and lurid; "the liquor ran out in blazing streams, like the lava of a volcano, and stood . . . in puddles or ponds". Rivers of liquor flowed down the streets. The mob caught what it could not drink and carried it away. "Crowds of idle sailors and drunken vagabonds filled the streets", ready "to vent their fury upon anything in their way", and this was the beginning of those unhappy scenes which took place later.

But there were efforts to utilize our own resources and the Athenian Society was a home venture which offered prizes for the best products in our industries, formed a stock company which proposed not only rewards for the large firms, but extended them to individual applicants. It was hoped that this would assist in the manufactories instituted just after the Revolution and in this crisis of unemployment all efforts were made to keep business in circulation.

The impressment of American seamen and the piteous appeals of their families might have moved stones, and

finally after numerous overt acts of unwarranted authority, there seemed nothing for our credit and renown as a new-born but sturdy nation but to fight. Meanwhile the political fires continued to burn fiercely and the bitter ingredients of personal abuse and party prejudice fed the flame.

After the prosecution of Baptiste Irvine, editor of the *Whig*, matters went from bad to worse. The rival newspapers grew more and more violent and when, in obedience to the fighting contingent which appeared in Congress and fairly forced the President to a declaration of war, the *Federal Republican* proceeded to comment with great bitterness on the situation, the mob was roused to a partial destruction of the property of that organ.

On Saturday morning rumors were afloat and a belief entertained that public meetings held at Pamphilon Hall had determined to silence the press; whereupon the mob attacked the building and tore it down systematically, having fire hooks and apparatus used for such purposes. The Mayor, Edward Johnson, and Judge Scott used their best efforts, but the mob, led by a Frenchman, was well organized and relentless.

The inevitable result followed. The men who had barricaded themselves against the mob found that they had roused the sleeping echoes of the Reign of Terror. They offered to capitulate and were urged to seek safety in the jail, then used alike by city and county. The military, which should have protected them, showed only a disposition to leave them to their fate. At the jail they were received by two self-constituted wardens, butchers by trade, Mumma and Maxwell, who were only waiting their opportunity to dispose of their hapless victims. The scenes which followed read like pages from the records of the Conciergerie or La Roquette and make us quail at this long distance for such a page of horrors in our history.

General Lingan, one of the oldest and most respected citizens, with a record of bravery and endurance in the late war of the Revolution, was killed under circumstances of the greatest atrocity, while Mr. Hanson and General Lee never recovered entirely from their mutilations. There were other

gentlemen who had come in from their country seats to endorse their party. One of them, Ephraim Gaither, from Montgomery County, escaped through the crowded corridor of the jail and making his way to the Three Tuns Tavern, got his horse and rode for his life to Greenwood, the ever hospitable home of Allen Bowie Davis, so beloved of men in Church and State, where he was sheltered until this dreadful tyranny was over and past. Another of our well known citizens, John Howard Payne, endeared to us from the song which has never grown old, "Home Sweet Home", was secreted in the safety of Tusculum, that quaint building long used for the quarters of the Delphian Club. But few were so fortunate, for houses were burned and the ships in the harbor were not safe from the fury of the mob.

It seems incredible to us of today that although the ringleaders were brought to trial, they were actually acquitted. It was long before these stains on the fair fame of our town were removed. These chronicles are written for our edification.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN at last the effort to preserve a peaceful neutrality, the idea of which Mr. Jefferson had inherited from the administration of General Washington, proved to be utterly inefficacious against the belligerent powers of Europe, the conflict of British orders in council, French decrees, and American acts of Congress gave way to one of powder and shot.

While in the West the conflict of the whites with the Indians and the desire to expand into Florida and to annex Canada were largely responsible for the war fever, in the East it was rather the disregard for the rights of those whom naturalization had made American citizens but who nevertheless were impressed by the British navy, and the inconsistent and often unreasonable injuries to American shipping, which raised a desire for war. Yet a whole section, that of the New England states, and a whole party, the Federalist party, opposed the war: and what with bad financing and too much politics, the Federal government seemed, at the end, to be tending to an impotence like that of the days of the Articles of Confederation.

The chief energies of the United States were directed towards Canada: and it was on this frontier that most of the military events took place. Within two weeks from the declaration of war, a company of Baltimore City and County artillery, under Captain Nathaniel Towson, marched for the Canadian field. After Hull's surrender Maryland tendered to the President a number of companies. The government had no money, however, to send them and a considerable sum was raised locally. Perhaps there was less enthusiasm in regard to such efforts, as it had already been declared that one cause of the jealousy between the militia and those who had their commissions in the regular army proceeded from the feeling that we

had no right to send help to Canada or to provide officers to decorate Howard's Park, because every man would soon be needed at home. So many were the disappointments and disasters in the campaigns against Canada that every success stood out by contrast.

Therefore, the arrival of the news of the victory of Commodore Perry on Lake Erie followed by the coming of the hero himself roused Baltimore to the greatest enthusiasm. Commodore Perry enjoyed the performance at the "Circus" and the audience rose again and again to give the hero great ovations. A banquet was awaiting him. On February 1, 1814, the great room at the Fountain Inn was made ready, with a committee of two "republicans", "two federalists", making, says the historian, "four Americans". The table was shaped like the stern of a ship, with the legend "Niagara" upon it, and as on a quarter-deck sat the presiding officer, Edward Johnson, Esq., "with the HERO, commodores Lewis and Barney, and . . . captains Spence and Ridgely". In front of these was a bundle of eighteen arrows, held with bands, on which were the names of the many victories won by these brave commanders. A top-gallant mast and yard arose from these, with a banneret on which was inscribed, "We have met the enemy and they are ours".

Over the whole was suspended the American eagle, bearing to his beak the legend, "A nation's gratitude the hero's best reward", and, says the chronicle, "this effigy was so managed that with outstretched wings it passed, occasionally over the company". The music gallery was filled with "gentlemen amateurs" who discoursed from time to time.

Toasts were in order, with such inspiring sentiments as, "May Union, the Palladium of our political safety and prosperity, be the primary object of patriotic desire"; "the Mission to Gothenburg, may it produce a speedy and honorable peace"; and "the 10th of September, 1813, rendered ever memorable in the annals of our country, by the decisive and glorious victory on Lake Erie". The HERO gave, "Commerce, may she continue to disperse her favors

with a liberal hand, in her favorite Port, Baltimore. [Nine cheers].”

On his retirement, his health was given: “Erie’s first and great hero, Exegi monumentum, ERIE—PERE-nnius” [*sic*], with nine cheers.

Then came such volunteer toasts as that of John McKim, jun., “Palsied be the heart that would rejoice at the successes of the enemies of their country, and withered be the arm and the tongue, that would act against the honor and indivisibility of the United States of America,” while Christopher Hughes, senior, called for “Fifty 74s well manned and fitted, a convoy to American commerce and Commodore Perry”.

On the ocean, fortunately, affairs went better than on land, and a series of naval victories did much to compensate for the disasters in the field, until the last year of the war, when the British fleets had established a pretty effective blockade of the American coast.

That all the ships in Baltimore had not rotted at the wharf as a result of the embargo, so much condemned by those who opposed Mr. Jefferson, was made manifest in the War of 1812. For within four months after the declaration of war there had gone to sea from the little town of Baltimore, we are told, no less than forty-two armed vessels manned by from twenty-eight hundred to three thousand men. These were the privateers which did such terrible damage to British shipping. If statistics are to be trusted, Baltimore furnished during the three years of the war no less than fifty-eight out of a total of two hundred and fifty sail to these privateer ships, which were provided, under the Act of Congress, with letters of marque or commissions from the Federal Government. Baltimore’s quota not only exceeded that of New York but that from any one city. There was hardly any sea upon which these privateers did not operate: and the story of their voyages in many cases reads like an ancient viking saga in modern form.

Of course there was a risk of complete loss if one’s vessel fell into the hands of a British cruiser, and that fate was one which it was the principal effort of the privateer to

avoid. But success was almost certain to result in great profits: and thus, strangely enough, the war with all its disadvantages marked a step in the progress of Baltimore. When, in the latter part of the war the British fleets established a strict blockade of the American ports, the activities of the privateers were perhaps lessened, but they did not cease. Their operations were merely conducted on more distant seas. Sometimes, as in the case of Barney, the same man would be at one time in command of privateer and at another, a regular officer in the navy. To the navy, we may recall, Baltimore's ship-building had contributed the frigate *Constellation*.

But closest and most important in the history of Baltimore was the endeavor of the British government to follow up their blockade of the Atlantic coast with punitive expeditions against the coast towns and countrysides nearby. It was the day after Christmas, 1812, that the British proclamation was issued for a blockade of the Delaware and the Chesapeake Bays: but not until the following February did the fleet of Admiral Sir George Cockburn enter the waters of the Chesapeake. Later Admiral Sir John Warren followed with some more ships. The effect of the blockade was evident in the reduction of Maryland's export trade from \$4,500,000 in 1811 to \$238,000 in 1814.

While Admiral Cockburn professed to deplore the unnatural war, attributing it to French influence, he swore vengeance on Baltimore as the fountainhead of opposition to the British government. This sentiment was reflected in England where a London paper, it is said, announced later that "the truculent inhabitants of Baltimore must be tamed with the weapons which shook the wooden turrets of Copenhagen". Cockburn doubtless would have visited Baltimore sooner, but for the fact that his inquiries as to the fortifications resulted in the disclosure that some heavy guns from a French man-of-war in the harbor had been mounted at Fort McHenry. So in April, 1813, though he threatened Baltimore, he passed by, as he did again in the middle of the summer. But if Baltimore was then spared, the Bay islands and little Frenchtown near Elkton were plun-

dered, and Havre de Grace was burned, while small parties later committed depredations in the Potomac and Patuxent Rivers.

It has been said that Admiral Sir Charles Napier remarked years afterwards that "Cockburn could not be too much detested, he was a blackguard and a robber who had disgraced himself in America". Certainly the actions of the British, or of some French troops in their employ, at Hampton in Virginia on June 25, 1813, seem to have approximated atrocities.

Between the summer of 1813 and the following spring Baltimore was busy with the fitting out, for the defence of the Chesapeake and its confluent streams, of a flotilla of gunboats, authorized by the Secretary of Navy, under the command of Joshua Barney. Towards the end of May, 1813, Barney with his flotilla went down the Chesapeake to the Patuxent, where, after some fighting, he was blockaded by the superior force of the British and where his flotilla was ultimately burned at St. Leonard's Creek, to avoid the taking of it by the enemy.

In the spring of 1814, the overthrow of Napoleon permitted the British government to decide upon a much more aggressive war in America, with reinforcements to Sir George Prevost in Canada, and with the addition to their naval strength in the Chesapeake of a very considerable body of seasoned veterans of the Peninsular campaign. It is quite evident that one purpose of this more vigorous activity in the Chesapeake was retaliatory, to exact compensation for similar American attacks in Canada: but the purpose was also political, as one writer has said, "to bring the Republican government into such disrepute and scorn that it would have to make peace on British terms, or yield to a revolution favorable to British interests."

On the 19th of August, the expected forces of the British under General Ross came up the Patuxent to Benedict, from which point Barney sent John Stewart Skinner on a Paul Revere ride, to warn the Capital of their approach. Hatless and breathless he rode into Washington and finally convinced the authorities that Washington was the point

of attack. The most inconceivable apathy had prevailed, and no one could persuade the administration that the city was doomed. "Why," said the President, "should they destroy Washington?" Many answers might have occurred to him. Washington was the nation's capital, with its fine new buildings not quite finished; it was the place of deposit for the government archives, which contained the history of the Revolutionary War; it was the theatre of the diplomatic drama or comedy, which had ushered in the young court life, where the English minister, Mr. Merry, and his wife had been too democratically treated by Mr. Jefferson.

Thus begins the sorry story of Bladensburg. Whether what happened was due to the incompetence of the Secretary of War, General Armstrong, or to the lack of initiative on the part of General Winder, or to the neglect of Congress, or ultimately to the unfounded confidence of the American people in militia soldiers, we shall leave to others to decide. At any rate, the hastily gathered militia forces, about a thousand from the vicinity of Georgetown and Washington, about six hundred infantry and one hundred cavalry from Virginia, something over three thousand Maryland soldiers, including a few companies of artillery and a few hundred cavalry, together with a little over three hundred United States infantry and a small force of cavalry, and with Commodore Barney's force of six hundred, in which were included one hundred and fifty marines, all were routed and overcome by an expeditionary force from the British ships with about four thousand men. The kernel of the disgraceful matter seems to lie in the interference of the President and Cabinet, who appeared upon horseback, and in a resulting conflict of orders for disposition of the troops on the field. General Tobias Stansbury, a veteran of the Revolutionary War, was in command of the Baltimore troops, who were being placed in the front of the battle. The failure to stand left General Stansbury profanely raging. For a long while after, when it thundered with peculiar severity, the country people declared they could hear General Stansbury swearing. There is not much more to tell. Those who wanted to fight were restrained by the

orders to fall back, and those who did not took to their heels, and for some time afterwards the sentiment of the public was revealed in the signboards placed on the battle-field—if so it might be called—as to the courage or laxity of the leaders of the day. The one redeeming feature in the midst of the general debacle was the brave stand of Barney and his men, who really fought.

The surgeon of Pinkney's riflemen, Dr. Samuel Martin, who kept a memorandum of his experience of this invasion, was wont to tell the story of Barney's capture. He had stayed with the wounded officer and both were taken prisoners. When General Ross found that Dr. Martin was a surgeon, he ordered his immediate release, placed every facility at his disposal and the two became great friends, so that the veteran of ninety would say, to his last days, "A perfect gentleman, Madame, a perfect Christian gentleman, I do assure you".

From Bladensburg the British went on directly to Washington since there was nothing to stop them. As they entered the city there came from the house of Robert Sewall a shot that nearly ended then the career of General Ross. His horse was killed under him. He must have had some premonition of danger to come, for while Cockburn roamed up and down the Avenue on an old white mare, whose foal followed at her heels, General Ross did not appear again.

The discipline was wonderful; instructions were to touch no private property, and only those houses from whence shots had come were burned at once. Fifty men marched silently through the avenue, each man carrying a long pole, to which was fixed a ball the size of a large plate. When they reached the Capitol, each man was stationed against the window with his pole, and at the word of command, the charge was made, the windows were broken, the wild fire thrown in so the conflagration was instantaneous. In ten minutes the city was alight and the heavens reddened with the blaze, but one might have heard a pin drop.

How the news of the capture of Washington struck the British ministers may be gathered from a despatch written September 27, 1814, by Lord Liverpool, Prime Minister,

to the Duke of Wellington, which Mr. Frederick M. Colston has included in his article on *The Battle of North Point*. . . . "Sir A. A. Cochran, General Ross and Admiral Cockburn", wrote the Earl of Liverpool, "are very sanguine about their future operations. They intend, on account of the season, to proceed in the first instance to the northward and to occupy Rhode Island, where they propose remaining and living upon the country until about the first of November. They will then proceed again southward, destroy Baltimore, if they should find it practicable without too much risk, occupy several important points on the coast of Georgia and the Carolinas, take possession of Mobile in the Floridas, and close the campaign with an attack upon New Orleans". Admiral Cochran in an official report advised the government that as "the approaching equinoctial moon made it unsafe to proceed out of the Chesapeake", Major General Ross and he had resolved to use the intermediate time to advantage by making a demonstration on the City of Baltimore, which might be converted into a real attack, should circumstances appear to justify its arrangement, and which could soon be made. Lord Bathurst wrote General Ross that it was desirable to make that part of the American people sensible to the war who were the most responsible for it.

So the English, triumphant in their successes at Washington, and regarding Baltimore as easy to attack, embarked again, and having made a feint at the Potomac, sailed into the Patapsco and landed, early on the morning of Monday, September 12, at North Point.

Ross advanced having burned the century-old homestead of Thomas Todd, who had taken the pony express, which was used to carry the messages from that distant point to town and back again; and so our unwelcome guest took for his headquarters the next plantation, Shaw's, with its large mansion. In the selection of his headquarters, he ordered the family upstairs and took possession of the lower floors. One of the British lieutenants met Eleanor Shaw on the staircase and attempted to embrace her. She leaped from a

window. General Ross ordered him under arrest and sent him back to the ship.

The marauding parties went through the neighborhood, plunging their bayonets into everything that looked attractive to them. Their curiosity was rewarded when, as a final touch, they ran their sharp points into what proved to be a novelty to them, a hornets' nest, which had far-reaching effects, and their language was not choice, as they cursed the "white headed flies". In their travels about the neighborhood, they went into Lodge Farm, the early home and burial place of the John Eagers. Here they used their bayonets with artistic effects and cut an elaborate tracing of the Union Jack in the wall on the mantel, which was cherished for many a day by the family of Captain Leakin, who afterward lived at Lodge Farm, until the devouring flames later consumed house and legend. Walnut Grove, the old colonial home of Judge Thomas Jones and his family near Welshman's Creek, served as a hospital. Feather beds were ripped up and the cases used for oat bags and dragged on sledges to the ships. All the men of the family were away on duty, and of the two slaves in care of the house one climbed into the chimney, where he remained. But Dick was caught and conducted the party personally, if not willingly, about the neighborhood.

At Dr. Trotton's they repeated their destructions. The house still stands and is used by the Sparrows Point Steelton Company. Mrs. Trotton had buried her silver and had set some young cabbage plants over it. They left a note for her: "We have found very good cheer with Mrs. Trotten and hope she will be at home when we return."

The Steuart house came next, and among the things taken away was a large red morocco-bound prayer book from which Mrs. Steuart (born Rebecca Sprigg) read the family prayers daily. Here Mr. George Law, a cousin of the house of Steuart, from Ireland, was very much at home. In this mansion the prayer book always rested on the window sill by the staircase and when it disappeared with the British army, it was greatly to young Law's distress. Years after in a coffee house in London, Mr. Law

was dining, and on the other side of the partition of his private room he overheard some people speaking of the Battle of North Point, or Long Log Lane as it was really called, and one of them, evidently a military man, related his experiences and said that his conscience frequently misgave him whenever he saw an old prayer book that he had brought away with other things, that he felt keenly his conduct had been unworthy of an officer and a gentleman, and that he very much wished that he might have the chance to restore it to its former owner. Mr. Law at once left his place and with apologies said that he had unintentionally overheard their conversation, and asked the name on the book. "Rebecca Sprigg", said the English gentleman. The officer assured him of the great relief he had in this opportunity to return it, and in this wonderful fashion was the old red Book of Common Prayer brought back into the family.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MEANWHILE Baltimore was busy. On the very day of the fight at Bladensburg, August 23rd, a meeting of the citizens in the council chamber had formed a committee of vigilance and safety, whose minutes, treasured by the Maryland Historical Society, have been published in the valuable work of Mr. W. M. Marine, *The British Invasion of Maryland*. Besides this formal record, the newspapers and family traditions have preserved many recollections of the busy activity of these days in Baltimore. Here local energy did what it could to make up for the disastrous lack of preparation that had laid Washington open to the enemy.

Fort McHenry, which had been known as Whetstone Point in the earlier days and which, as we have seen, Lieutenant Reeves, calling it Fort Baltimore, had described as in very good order in 1781, had been renamed after the Secretary of War, and had been materially built up through the activity of the mercantile interest in Baltimore. Now it had been put in a fine state of defence. As a result of General Smith's application to the Federal Government there had been secured cannon of twelve and eighteen pounds, four on the fort side and eight on the point opposite Fort McHenry, with furnaces for heating shot. Bridges over all the streams from Baltimore had been removed. The houses near Fort McHenry had been pulled down. Entrenchments were thrown up on Loudenslagers Hill, long the abbatoir of the city overlooking the Philadelphia Road, and they were well and thoroughly done for they may be seen today. Captain Leakin of the 38th infantry of the regulars had been engaged in constructing an abbatiss and had nearly lost his life by a falling tree. A little earlier in the day General Sam Smith in charge of all the military forces, had written to the committee of



Ridgely House, at North Point.

supplies: "I pray you to man and despatch the barge belonging to the merchants, as low down the river as will enable her commander to see the top of Ridgely's house on North Point, and on observing her signal from the steeple, to hoist a flag of any kind, fire a gun, and return to the Fort to note the signal hoisted".

We are fortunate in having a picture of this house, built by Captain Charles Ridgely and described in his will. This house was standing only a few years ago: it has since been destroyed by fire from lightning.

The preparations were forging ahead, companies coming in from the neighboring towns, and many of our foremost young men had taken their commissions in the regular army.

Boys of tender age, fine old gentlemen whose years debarred them, all were ready for the fray. A wheelbarrow brigade had been formed. Exempts from the necessary service and free people of color, anything that could carry a gun, and every creature that could hold a spear were to assemble on successive days at appointed places.

On Sunday afternoon, September 11, three guns boomed out from the court house and gave the signal that the enemy was at hand. A considerable force under General Stricker was ordered by General Smith, who commanded the forces of defence, to proceed out the Philadelphia Road to Long Log Lane, which was reached about eight in the evening. Camp was made at a point near the head of Bear Creek. Although we read of several "regiments" in General Stricker's force, yet it was really composed rather of a collection of independent companies, some uniformed and drilled, some merely enrolled and in their daily clothes. Nearly all were militia, and with the exception of companies from York, Hanover, and Marietta, Pennsylvania, and one from Hagerstown, all were from Baltimore.

Although no effort was made, apparently, at intrenchments or defences of any sort, General Stricker's arrangements were far better than at Bladensburg and next day, on the whole, the militia gave a better account of themselves. In a brush between the riflemen and the advancing

column of General Ross, the latter was fatally shot. At once Colonel Brook took command of the British forces.

It is curious how impressions vanish, and people of a later day insist that it is impossible for things to have happened of which there were eye-witnesses. Thus, for years there was no question of the fact that General Ross had been shot by two lads, Wells and McComas: but afterwards witnesses were adduced to assure us that this was a great error. It may be well to say here that Dr. Samuel Martin, of whom we have already made mention, had been assigned to the battalion of these riflemen; and he averred all his life that he had seen the encounter which laid General Ross low. The two boys were apprentices to the Jenkins, in the saddlery business; he knew them by sight, and not only saw them fire the shots, but witnessed their death in the return fire, and took from the field on his own horse the wounded Sergeant Alexander MacKensie, shot by the enemy in the volley which followed. He also saw Lieutenant Andre of the Union Yagers fall from the fence from which he fired his last shot. There was never any contradiction of this during the lives of these men, and as a little girl, as late as 1870, the writer has heard Dr. Martin tell the story again and again. He lived to be over ninety years of age, and his stories of his adventures were very interesting, as he was one of the typical men of the day.

On the American side the Fifty-first Regiment, forgetful of orders, broke the line and part of the Thirty-ninth also fell into disorder. As it was impossible to rally the men, the American force, after two hours of sharp fighting, retreated to Worthington's Mill. The enemy rested for the night on the field of battle and next day, the 13th, took up their march. But the progress was impeded by the trees that had been felled and placed across the road, and they covered only ten miles. By this time Colonel Brook had been fully impressed with the existence of systematic fortifications, too formidable to attack without the cooperation of the fleet. Thus was vindicated the hard work which had been done in the land defences of Baltimore. But communi-

cation with the fleet brought the news that naval cooperation against the town and camp was found impracticable by reason of the closing of the harbor by the vessels which had been sunk for that purpose. Therefore, Colonel Brook on the 14th retraced his steps, beginning his march at three in the morning and later, passing over the battlefield of two days before, he embarked his troops once more without molestation.

Meanwhile on the night of Saturday the 10th the British fleet had appeared at the mouth of the river Patapsco and on Monday, the 12th, during the day and the same night sixteen ships, including five bomb ships, came up to within two and a half miles of the Fort. Next morning began the bombardment at a distance of about two miles: while the American commander had the mortification to find that his shot and shells all fell short of the British ships. An hour after midnight it was discovered that a British detachment in barges had slipped by in the darkness to attack by land, but heavy fire from Fort Covington and a six-gun battery nearby, together with that from Fort McHenry, defeated this attempt. Next morning, the 14th, the bombardment ceased. The ships soon after got under way and proceeded down the river. Baltimore was safe, at least for the present.

These are the bare facts based upon official reports. But there is much more to tell through the witness of contemporary observers.

One of the heroic women who stayed in the city whence most of the women and children had been removed gave her personal recollections to the writer. The orders were, she said, that there was to be no light in the town on any account as it would only serve to guide the fire of the enemy. The rain was falling heavily and the darkness could almost be felt. Those who had been delayed in reaching the Fort had to keep their guns dry under their coats and it was as still as death. Just before day dawned there was a scream of a shell from the fleet and from that moment "it was like the very gate of Hell". The writer's grandfather, Captain Leakin, who was in the Fort, although not officially

present because of his serious injuries, used to say that the Fort was admirably garrisoned and equipped; the forces were alert and although the distance was too great for much execution to be done the guns in the Fort under Colonel Armistead were fired ever and anon as much to let the watching city know that we were still holding our own as for any blows we might deal the enemy. In the Fort a dead line had been drawn and orders given not to go beyond it, but one of the women who had slipped in on some errand of supply in violation of these orders crossed the parade ground when a shell caught her and cut her in two. In the night when the British tried to slip by the Fort and assail it in the rear and began a vigorous cheering, and Fort Covington from the left and Fort McHenry from the right poured in shot and shell upon them the screams of the wounded and the groans of the dying could be heard in the town.

In the report in *Niles's Register* the opinion was expressed that probably never before in any given time had so many rounds been fired in such close succession.¹

James Ellicott of Baltimore wrote the morning after the bombardment to his "Respected Cousin, Joseph Ellicott", of Batavia, New York; and after summarizing the events of the last two days and noting among the citizens who had been killed James Lowry Donaldson and James N. McCulloh continued: "However, for some cause unknown, but to the very great joy of everybody, this morning at 8 o'clock they [the British] weighed anchor, and have gone down the river ten or twelve miles, where they now remain at anchor in full view of the city.

¹ By a very curious coincidence, September 13, 1814, the very day of the British attack, Colonel John Foncier, writing from Philadelphia to James McHenry of Baltimore, "our French Government being returned to our old beloved sovereigns, it is my duty to go back to my country", asked from the former Secretary of War a letter of recommendation: recalling to McHenry "the flattering remembrance [*sic*] of the Satisfaction of the citizens of Baltimore, while I was building fort McHenry". He added in a postscript, "It is a painful idea to me, that the beautiful city of Baltimore be exposed to the disasters of War; but my mind will be a little solaced, if Fort McHenry does answer the purpose for which it was established, and affords me the Satisfaction of having contributed to your defence". It appears therefore that in the defence of Baltimore there was another illustration of the debt of America to France.

"The troops at the same time, or previously, perhaps, under cover of the night, left their encampment, retreated, and it is said have reembarked without any other engagement, and they [we] are now relieved from the threatenings of the enemy for the present, and I hope forever. The city ever since the appearance of the enemy has been in the greatest confusion and alarm. Many have removed their families and goods, and almost every store shut up; but I hope now to see more tranquillity, and that we may again resume our usual business without further molestation, tho' I am not without strong fear that they will again return as soon as they secure reinforcements. It is confidently stated that the commander of the British troops, Gen. Ross, was killed in the engagement.

"The bombardment of the fort was a scene interesting, terrible and grand. During the whole of last night we were able from the tops of the houses in town to trace every rocket and shell from the time it left the mortar until it struck or exploded in the air, but now my curiosity is perfectly satisfied with such scenes, and I have no wish that they should ever be resumed in this place for my amusement. It is supposed they threw 1,000 to 1,500 shells during the bombardment and with a precision utterly surprising."

Another vivid picture of the hopes and fears of those in Baltimore comes from distant Tennessee in letters hitherto unpublished, which were written by David Winchester of Baltimore to General James Winchester of Cragfont, near Cairo, Tennessee. General Winchester must have read these letters with eager interest for he himself had been the much criticized leader of that Northwestern army which was butchered by the Indians and the British under Proctor at the River Raisin in January, 1813. On August 21, 1814, David Winchester wrote to his kinsman:

Within the last 6 or 7 days a very large British force has arrived in the Chesapeake, making with what was previously in the Bay 52 sail, including Brigs and schooners. . . . A ship of the line is now at the mouth of our river in full

view of Fort McHenry. These active operations have, as you may suppose, suspended the little business that was doing. Not knowing when it may be our own turn to defend our own firesides, you may readily suppose we do not feel very easy. . . . The seat of war being now so near me I shall occasionally inform you of what is going forward.

A letter dated August 25th gives an account of the affair at Bladensburg and continues:

For the honour of my country I regret that the enemy should be in possession of the Capitol of the U. S. and that they did not pay dearly for their temerity is doubly mortifying. But to my sorrow it is not to end here—we expect every instant to hear that they have taken up the line of march for this place and if they do we are gone—we have not a single company of regulars either here or in our vicinity—our own militia although brave to a fault, are outnumbered by the mercenaries of our enemy, and you know that any raw militia we can bring in from the country will afford us no protection—under such discouraging circumstances what is to be done. If the town is ravaged which I solemnly believe we have not the power to prevent—I shall be totally ruined to a certainty.

To me you may be sure this is the most awful moment of my life, not because, if this place is defended, that I shall put my life at hazard in common with my fellow citizens, but because I am positively sure we shall not succeed, and because if I fall in its defense those who highly respect and are dependent on me will be left in poverty—and if I survive I shall have the mortification of being a bankrupt—than which I could death [*sic*] with much more firmness. All the valuable goods and women and children are now leaving our city seeking safety in the upper country.

N. B. $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 P.M. I am informed from a source I think entitled to credit that the President and heads of departments returned to Washington *yesterday* and that the government will be reorganized there.

Again on September 11th:

The enemy have at length appeared before our river in great force—the fleet consists of upwards of fifty sail—at

what point they intend to land at [*sic*] no judgement can now be formed. We can muster upwards of 15,000 men—great confidence prevails in our ability to repel them—and if our troops will but stand there can be no doubt of the issue being what every American could wish.

On September 18, 1814:

I wrote you on the 11th Instant, on that day in consequence of information that the enemy had landed a large force in our river a little above North Point;—The Brigade under the command of General Stricker took up the line of march to meet them about 3 o'clock P. M.—I shouldered my musket as a private in one of the Company's attached to it; we marched about 8 miles and lay upon our arms during the night—at daylight in the morning we advanced a mile and formed the line of battle, in an open wood not unlike Howards Park. . . .

Then after an extended account of the action at North Point the writer continues:

Early on Teusday morning the enemy opened a tremendous fire from their shipping on fort McHenry, chiefly with Rockets—the Batteries kept them at such a distance that they did not reach any part of the city though it is said a bomb fell within a hundred yards of the Frigate that was . . . [illegible] . . . some months ago—all their powers were exerted against the Fort without doing it any important injury—it is computed that at least 1200 bombs were discharged at it, a vast number fell in it and exploded over it—and yet strange to tell not more than 6 men were killed and about . . . wounded. The bombardment was kepted up untill about 3 O'clock on Wednesday—the weather during the whole of this time remarkably favourable to the operations of the enemys against the Fortifications with the rain falling at times in torrents and the wind at east, gave him an opportunity without . . . to place his vessels where he pleased . . . 2 o'clock on Wednesday morning under cover of the rain and the extreme darkness of the night the enemy whilst directing his fire at Fort McHenry passed a Bomb vessel and a number of barges with 1200 picked troops from their ships up what we call ferry Branch

towards the Annapolis ferry—as soon as they had gained their contemplated position they gave three cheers which were answered by three cheers from the fleet—at this moment they were no doubt in high spirits believing the city to be at their mercy. Their joy, however, was short lived for the six gun batteries of which it seems they had no knowledge that were erected last summer opened upon them a most terrific fire which caused them to retire with great precipitation and no doubt great loss. Immediately on the failure of this last effort the army broke their encampment and retreated to their ships and embarked the whole of their forces.—And I have now the pleasure to inform you that the last ships got under way this morning and are sailing down the Bay—never I hope to return—where they will next make their appearance God knows—This is a day of great exultation to Baltimore.

And then with truly patriotic generosity the writer adds:

Although I consider what I have related good news—I have if possible still better to relate—

On the 11th Instant commodore McDonough captured the whole of the Enemys Fleet on Lake Champlain—the contest has been the most sanguinary that has taken place this war. . . .

P. S. A flag from the fleet come up yesterday states the loss of the enemy in their affairs with us at 700 killed wounded and missing.²

Certainly no incident of the bombardment of Fort McHenry is or ought to be more familiar to Americans than the writing by Francis Scott Key of the “Star Spangled Banner”. The account which is derived most nearly from Mr. Key himself is that which Chief Justice Taney, a brother-in-law of Mr. Key, prefixed in the form of a letter written in 1856 to the volume of Key’s poems, and which Mr. W. M. Marine has reproduced in the volume published by the Society of the War of 1812 in Maryland, *The British Invasion of Maryland, 1812-1815*. When the

² Because of the bad condition of the manuscript it has been necessary to reconstruct many of the words in this letter.

British army passed through Upper Marlboro on the return from Washington to their ships they carried off prisoner a Dr. Beanes, a highly respected physician who lived handsomely in one of the best houses of the town. Admiral Cockburn and some officers of the army had occupied this house as their quarters and had treated Dr. Beanes with due courtesy. But some action of Dr. Beanes in the capture of certain stragglers who appeared after the main body of the British had gone through seems to have been regarded by the British as an evidence of broken faith on the part of the physician: so he was taken off. Mr. Key had undertaken with the sanction of President Madison to assist the friends of Dr. Beanes in an endeavor to procure the latter's release before the fleet sailed, and Mr. John S. Skinner accompanied Mr. Key on his mission. Nothing was heard from Mr. Key for several days: but when he finally made his appearance at the house of Judge Taney he related the circumstances under which the verses of the "Star Spangled Banner" had been composed. General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, when Mr. Key reached them at the mouth of the Potomac, were at first indisposed to grant his request but finally agreed to release Dr. Beanes. But Mr. Key was told that both he and Mr. Skinner would be detained with the fleet until after the attack on Baltimore: and they were so detained on the frigate *Surprise*, commanded by Admiral Cockburn's son, Sir Thomas Cockburn. When the fleet reached the Patapsco Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were sent on board their own vessel with a guard to prevent them from landing and were allowed to take Dr. Beanes with them. Fortunate at being anchored where the flag of Fort McHenry could be seen from the deck of the vessel Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner remained on deck during the night. When the bombardment suddenly ceased some time before day they did not know whether the Fort had surrendered or whether the attack had been abandoned and paced the deck in painful suspense, watching with anxiety for the return of day and looking every few minutes at their watches to see how long they must wait for it; "and as soon as it dawned and the Fort was light enough to see objects at a

distance their glasses were turned to the Fort, uncertain whether they should see the Stars and Stripes or the flag of the enemy. At length the light came and they saw that 'our flag was still there' ". The movements of the boats between the shore and the fleet showed that many wounded men were carried to the ships and soon he learned that the attack had failed, the British were re-embarking and that he and his friends were free.

Mr. Key added that he had begun brief notes on the back of a letter which he happened to have in his pocket while he was on the ship and that he finished the poem in the boat on his way to the shore and wrote it out as it now stands at the hotel on the night he reached Baltimore. Next morning Judge Nicholson, whose opinion as to the poem Mr. Key had asked, was so much pleased with it that he had a printer at once strike off handbill copies: and "he, Mr. Key, believed it to have been favorably received by the Baltimore public. . . ."

So much for Judge Taney's account. Judge Nicholson failing in his first attempt to have the poem printed at the shop of Captain Edes took it to the office of the *Baltimore American*, where Mr. Samuel Sands, later well known as editor of the *American Farmer*, was then an apprentice boy. It was he who had the honor of first setting up and printing the "Star Spangled Banner".

It seems probable, from a well-established tradition, that the choice of the tune to which the "Star Spangled Banner" has always been sung was made very casually by two brothers who had come down from Lancaster with the Pennsylvania soldiers, and who by their jollity and mirth-provoking spirits had become great favorites. This military body from Pennsylvania had arrived too late for the bombardment but the handbills were off the press and one of the Durangs procured one of these. After some experimentation with a printed song book he came upon the old song "Anacreon in Heaven" for which Dr. Samuel Arnold of Oxford is said to have written the music. The tune must have been popular for it was used, apparently, for many other songs than "Anacreon in Heaven", at least this

is the impression which one receives from the rare little two-volume book *The Baltimore Musical Miscellany*, or *Columbian Songster*, published in Baltimore in 1804, which in all probability was the very work from which Durang took the tune. So Durang sang it in the restaurants and coffee houses. On the 20th the verses were published in the newspapers and by that time were on everyone's lips. The theatres next took it up and in November Mr. Hardinge performed it in connection with a reproduction of the bombardment.

A reflection of the popular feeling of joy was to be seen in the ballads and songs which the failure of the British attack brought forth. A rare example of these popular ballads was published several years ago in the *Maryland Historical Magazine*, from which we reproduce three stanzas. It is entitled "Dennis's Advice to Admiral Cockburn."

Now Cockburn, my dear, will you just lend an ear,
And take the advice of old Dennis M'Clure,
Who long has been viewing the mischief you'r brewing,
In Chesapeake Bay, and this town to be sure.
He thinks, you'r so crazy, and can't well be asy
Since blood, rapes and plunder, have gain'd you renown,
That you cast on our city, your Bull's eyes, so pretty,
Arah! would you be plundering Baltimore Town?

* * * * *

Oh! yes, my dear honey, you want all our money;
Our banks they are rich, but be asy, my dear:
Our Baltimore lads, by the help of their dads,
Know how to defend them, and that's very clear,
Would you know a plain fact, they'r of *Irish* extract,
Not aisily curb'd by a threat, or a frown;
Tho' with Yankeys and Dutch, they are mix'd pretty much;
Free citizen soldiers of Baltimore Town.

* * * * *

Now Cockburn is gone I'll an end to my song,
So fill up a glass, I will end with a toast.
Success to the boys who, regardless of noise,
When danger's at hand will remain at their post.
Come, fill up more liquor, success to bold *Stricker*,
To *Sterett*, to *Fowler*, *M'Donald* and *Long*;
To *Armstead* and others, to wives and to mothers,
Likewise to the girls of Baltimore Town.

The check which the British received through the failure of the bombardment and the retreat after their success at North Point not only saved Baltimore for the moment but heartened the other cities on the coast through the demonstration of what real preparation could do. It is true that neither the British fleet nor the British expeditionary force had been seriously damaged—except in the death of General Ross: but they had failed in an important undertaking. Coupled with this came the knowledge of the American success at Plattsburg and the news of both, reaching England at the same time, led the government to propose to the Duke of Wellington to take command in America. The Duke was willing but not enthusiastic, believing it was wiser to make peace. But more important was the effect upon the debate which was in progress across the Channel in the city of Ghent. Here the five commissioners of the United States had been engaged since August in efforts at peace-making which had thus far been productive of little good result. In the very year that the war began both sides had made moves towards peace but had not overcome the difficulty of the matter of impressment. Then as the result of the offer of the Czar of Russia to mediate, though Great Britain declined that offer, came the decision to confer about peace with the selection of Gothenburg as the place, the transfer to Ghent, and the long wait for the coming of the British commissioners. It has again and again been pointed out what a peculiar peace that was which was signed on December 24, 1814 “remarkable in that it touched upon none of the issues that had produced the war”. At the beginning each side had been positive enough, but by June, 1814, the American insistence on Canada was no longer obdurate and even impressment faded into the position of a non-essential in view of the probable pacification of Europe. Therefore, after this time the Americans stood only on the integrity of their country. Twice the American commissioners made ready to leave Ghent and go home because of the excessive British demands but in October the news of the Chesapeake and of Plattsburg, together with a threatening situation in Europe, brought a

modification of instructions and the negotiations, renewed in November, reached a favorable conclusion on the day before Christmas.

With the proceedings at Ghent the city of Baltimore possesses the reminiscence of a strong personal tie. No one, indeed, of the five commissioners, Adams, Gallatin, Clay, Bayard, and Russell came from Baltimore, but the secretary was the younger Christopher Hughes of whose father we have made mention above. In the very delightful studies which Mrs. Emily Stone Whiteley has made of the work of Christopher Hughes, it is revealed how Hughes was born in Baltimore in 1786, educated for the bar, and in 1811 married to Laura Sophia, a daughter of Senator Samuel Smith: and how after his appointment to be secretary to the American commission the young man made himself liked as well as useful: and how for a quarter of a century or more thereafter he filled diplomatic posts in Sweden, in the Netherlands, and again in Sweden.

While no great work of diplomatic accomplishment lies to the credit of Hughes and while he filled no highly important post he became one of the best known of American diplomats. This was not due merely to his length of service, nor entirely to those qualities of "quick observation and accurate judgment, great facility and great assiduity in the transaction of business (and entire devotion to the interests of his country)" which John Quincy Adams attributed to him, but, in particular, to the geniality of his spirit and his wit, or in other words, to his likeableness. He could make puns for the King of the Netherlands, he could take a fall out of the stolid seriousness of the Earl of Durham, and he could seize on General Scott's "hasty plate of soup" to dub the vainglorious general "Marshall Tureen". Prolix indeed his letters were, especially as he grew older: but in all he was, as Mrs. Whiteley says, "a fellow of infinite jest and, like most jesters, a kindly, courageous soul".

CHAPTER XIX.

THE century began with the love affairs of the French Lieutenant and our Baltimore maid. It had not progressed very far before another series of brilliant marriages edified Baltimore circles and indeed the world at large. Charles Carroll of Carrollton had in 1786 bestowed his second daughter Mary, Polly as she was known to her circle, upon a handsome and dashing young Englishman Richard Caton, whose forebears had intermarried with many of the stalwart soldiers and statesmen, through Norfolk, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and other counties of the realm.

The Sage of Carrollton introduces him to us in a letter to a disappointed suitor: "My daughter, I am sorry to inform you is much attached to, and has engaged herself to a young English gentleman of the name of Caton". Evidently he might have wished it differently arranged, but like a true philosopher which he always appeared, he made the best of it, and in the autumn of 1786, they were married. He was of her own faith, and that was a large factor in the unions of the day. Not only so, but his forebears had been notable at Agincourt, with a company of archers at Flodden Field, and one bore a glorious title "Le Caton Fidèle" as Governor of Calais under one of the Edwards.

In the pre-Reformation days they had given of their abundance foundations for many religious houses and certainly one abbey, and contributed monks, abbots and priors to the communities.

With an unusually handsome father, and a mother distinguished for her beauty, her amiability, and the charm which called forth the admiration of General Washington, the homage of the republican court, and has found record in the famed portraiture of Edge Pine, the four little Caton maids justly inherited their beauty. They spent their early days at Brooklandwood, the gift of Charles Carroll to his

daughter, and a lovelier spot than this, which crowns the highlands of Baltimore County, would be hard to find. Here, in their early years, was presented to them as their Christmas gift, a little negro handmaiden, Henrietta Johnson.

In the old house built by Christopher Deshon, a San Domingo immigrant, the finest of old houses in Old Town, and the one now identified as his town residence, where he died, they had all the advantages of town life, and grew up with the place which their forebears had started on its way.

In the second generation there grew up quite a little colony radiating from Doughoregan Manor, the country seat near Baltimore, which had been begun by Charles Carroll, in 1717, and which remains today to testify to the splendid possessions which they accumulated. To the beautiful little Homewood house Mary's brother, Charles, brought his bride, the daughter of the Hon. Benjamin Chew, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. Her sister Peggy performed many journeys hither until the grave and dignified Colonel John Eager Howard brought her home to Baltimore County.

He was somewhat delayed in his courtship by the serious wound which he had received in the Revolutionary War and owed much to his devoted friend, Dr. Cradock, who not only nursed him back to health under his own roof, but kept the fair Peggy in touch with her brave (after Angel André had run his short race). Within easy riding distance was Cold Spring, where William Patterson spent some of his summer days. Here, too, Jerome Bonaparte had brought his bride; from here Robert Patterson rode over to Brooklandwood for the girl wife who was destined to come so close to the other conqueror of so much of the world, the Duke of Wellington; while the little son of the King of Westphalia played about with the children and Henrietta Johnson, who to the day of her death wept over the sorrows of Madame Jerome.

It was in 1816 that Mary [Marianne] Caton married Robert Patterson, who had made his first trip abroad in

order to protect his sister's interests at the Court of France. His second tour was his wedding journey, and with the bride and groom went her two sisters, Elizabeth and Louisa, with the faithful little maid to whom the soil of England brought her freedom.

They could have chosen no more wonderful time for their visit to England. The world was revelling in its peace, and wars and rumors of wars seemed to lie behind us. Sir Charles Bagot, who represented Great Britain in Washington, had been chosen because of his peculiar diplomatic talents and personal amiability, which rendered him acceptable in every detail to the American people. His wife, a daughter of Lord Mornington and niece of the Duke of Wellington, gave the Pattersons their letters to the hero of Waterloo. Among their first hosts in England was the Earl of Leicester, whose name, Thomas Coke, will be ever dear to Americans for his staunch friendship during the Revolutionary War.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson were spending some time at Holkham before leaving for the continent. Coke writes: "There is a most beautiful and lovely woman in my house by the name of Patterson, an American, with her sisters the Misses Caton. The fascinating and lively deportment of Mrs. Patterson will speak for itself, she is so extremely amiable and natural in her manners as to engage the admiration of everybody, she is an ornament to her sex and has a claim to every attention that may be shown to them in this country. I shall ever lament the day she leaves us".

The Duke of Wellington lost no time in presenting Mrs. Patterson at Court, and the "first gentleman of Europe", who conceived himself no mean connoisseur of beauty is said to have exclaimed: "Is it possible there can exist so beautiful a woman". And Richard Rush was scarcely allowed to present his credentials at St. James's when the Prince felicitated him upon his beautiful young countrywomen. Even Lord Byron was moved to apostrophize her in *Zuleika*: "The might, the majesty of loveliness".

The Caton sisters had really been fitted by their life at home for a broader outlook than prevailed here at that



The Three American Graces,
 Louisa Caton, Duchess of
 Leeds; Elizabeth Caton,
 Lady Stafford; Mary Caton,
 Marchioness of Wellesley,
 Granddaughters of Charles
 Carroll of Carrollton.

time, and an English chronicle states, "Mary, allied by marriage to Napoleon, could yet sustain a lifelong friendship with the Duke of Wellington; admired by the Prince Regent, could charm Coke of Norfolk, his implacable foe; and friend and correspondent of Byron, could yet remain pure and unsullied in character". It could be said indeed of the three sisters as it had already been said of Madame Bonaparte, that their discreet and dignified behavior had preserved them from any breath of scandal.

A most signal proof of the devotion of the Duke of Wellington was his consent to celebrate the first anniversary of the battle of Waterloo in going over the ground with them. They did not then realize what this would mean to him, but, later, at dinner, his great depression and heavy sighs made it evident that the expedition had aroused memories of the day when, seated as immovable as a statue on the field, he had seen his favorite regiment cut to pieces; and had recalled the words he had then uttered: "My God, all destroyed. It seems as if I should never sleep again".

It was not long before his gallant aide-de-camp, Sir Felton Bathurst Hervey, won Louisa Caton's heart. Bride and groom spent some time on the continent with the Duke and the rest of their honeymoon at Walmer Castle.

A very pretty tribute was paid to our fair Baltimoreans by the Duchess of Rutland, who, at the Court of George III, with her sisters the Duchess of Gordon and the Duchess of Devonshire, formed a group of beauties, when she declared that for beauty and dignity, the "three American graces", exceeded all the lovely women she had ever known.

Sir Felton did not, however, live long, and Colonel Ogle Tayloe brought home the news of his death in 1820. His widow with her sister, Miss Caton, went abroad, and remained on the continent, the Pattersons returning to Baltimore. When in 1822 Robert Patterson was gathered to his fathers, and Mary decided to rejoin her sisters, she left many forlorn on this side of the water, and Coke's American correspondents filled their letters with the lamentations of afflicted swains at her departure.

On their return to England Mary met for the first time the Marquess of Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the brother of the Duke of Wellington.

He made no secret of his admiration for her; indeed, so prompt was his offer after her arrival in Dublin that she declined the honor. The Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland pointed out, however, that her duty to her church required her to marry the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, that Providence had selected her an instrument of good, while George IV always declared that the marriage was designed for the conciliation of Ireland.

The match was the wonder of the day. She was really the only queen regnant in the British Isles, for the queenless court of George IV could not approach the Irish court, presided over by this beautiful American Irish girl who thus came back to her own. In the land from which her fathers fled, she reigned a queen.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of the 27th of October, 1825, the gossip of the day tells us, the carriages of the Lord Lieutenant drove up to the hotel where Mary and her sisters were staying. The servants in their state livery, sky blue coats lined with white satin, richly embroidered waistcoats with gilt buttons, ornamented by a shamrock in the middle of a star, the mounted escort still more brilliant, as the cortège drove through the Dublin streets, decked in her honor, it seemed indeed a royal progress.

After a sumptuous banquet at Phoenix Park, the marriage ceremony was performed the same evening before a brilliant assemblage by the Lord Primate of Ireland.

The account of the ball at the Rotunda during these festivities has been preserved: "At ten o'clock the Viceroy entered the magnificent saloon with his beautiful marchioness leaning on his arm. They were received with acclamations, and all eyes were fixed upon the viceroial pair as with slow and stately steps they advanced up the saloon, followed by a brilliant suite. . . . A throne, surmounted by a magnificent canopy of scarlet and gold, was erected at the extreme end of the reception-room; here they seated themselves, while their suite formed a hollow square around it,

to exclude the crowd of spectators from a too near approach. The Marquis of Wellesley wore . . . a rich uniform profusely decorated with orders. The marchioness was dressed simply in white, but looked every inch a queen . . . dignified, but . . . easy in her manners. Her figure was exquisitely proportioned, her arms and shoulders were beautifully moulded; her features were classical, her profile delicate and distinguished, her complexion fair and lovely beyond description, . . . and her nose, that difficult feature, was straight and Grecian in form."

In the presence of King William IV some one wishing to annoy Lady Wellesley asked, "And where is it that you come from? The land where they guess, where they reckon, or where they calculate?" The King instantly responded: "The Marchioness comes from the land where they enchant".

Our last glimpse of the Caton sisters comes when Lady Hervey married the eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, through which alliance she became Marchioness of Carmarthen, the first American woman to wear the strawberry leaves. Later, Elizabeth, the second of the sisters, married George William, eighth Baron Stafford, one of the oldest families in England.

On the retirement of Lord Wellesley from Ireland, he became the chamberlain of William IV, and Mary, lady-in-waiting to Queen Adelaide. At the death of the Marquess of Wellesley, she continued to occupy her apartments in Hampton Court, and might have been seen driving about, with her faithful Henrietta on the front seat.

CHAPTER XX.

IN 1824, ten years after the defence of Fort McHenry in our second war with England, our city shared in a vivid and touching reminder of the War of Independence. For the United States welcomed as a visitor, nearly fifty years after his first coming, General Lafayette.

John Quincy Adams, at the time Secretary of State and soon to be elected President of the United States, was travelling toward Baltimore from Philadelphia, where he had witnessed the reception of General Lafayette by that city. By invitation he joined Lafayette's party on the steamboat from Frenchtown, and rising on the morning of October 7th in sight of North Point, he had barely time to breakfast when four steamboats crowded with passengers came down from Baltimore to meet and escort the General. Amid much shouting and cheering "we proceeded up the river with the four boats, two in front and two in rear of ours, and at equal distances". "We landed in barges at Fort McHenry", Mr. Adams continues. "The barge in which the General went, and in which I accompanied him, was rowed by six captains of merchant vessels. At the fort, the General was received by Colonel Hindman, the commandant, in handsome military style. . . . The tent used by General Washington during the Revolutionary War, borrowed from Mr. Custis of Arlington, was spread there, and beneath it the General was met by Governor Stevens of Maryland, who addressed him in a respectable speech which he answered with his customary felicity. Mr. Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the three surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence, Colonel John E. Howard, one of the highly distinguished officers of the Revolutionary War, and several other veterans of the same class were there—all deeply affected by the scene, which was purely pathetic."

"Purely pathetic" indeed fitly describes the whole of the ensuing celebration. Although the mayor had given caution that in the attentions paid to the General the most earnest respect be shown to his advanced years, it is remarkable that Lafayette survived the welcome which he received. At Fort McHenry, which he had known as Fort Baltimore, was gathered to receive him the remnant of his contemporaries of the Revolutionary era, together with those who had arisen for the defence of their country in the later war. The fine array of the survivors of the Maryland line, escorted by the very newest company of our soldiery, accompanied our guest through the streets of the city over which he had passed in the hours of his deepest trial. In the mounted military escort were Major General Harper and his staff and many officers, including the well known names of Stuart, Robinson, Sheppard, Miltonberger, Heath, Eads, Leakin, Stiles, Barry, and Hoffman. The Society of the Cincinnati was represented by General Samuel Smith and Colonel Paul Bentalou.

Besides the dignitaries, there were Sergeant Everhardt who, it was said, had once been instrumental in saving Lafayette's life in battle, and Mr. DuBois Martin, "a citizen of Baltimore who provided and commanded the vessel which first landed Lafayette in America", but perhaps most affecting was the General's inquiry after his old friend, his "friendly and patriotic commissary", Mr. David Poe. He was told that Mr. Poe was dead: but he had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Poe and of expressing to her in the most grateful terms, his lively recollection of the friendly assistance that he had received from her and her husband. For all who were presented to him the General had a gracious word: and tradition preserves a reminder of his diplomacy in his inquiries and comments: "Married, Sir? Yes? Happy Man". "Married, Sir? No? Lucky Dog".

There was a great procession. Beginning at the intersection of Forrest (now Charles) and Montgomery Streets, he passed under welcoming arches through Light, Lee, Sharp, Pratt and Paca Streets to Baltimore and Eutaw, where was the principal "city arch". At the Baltimore Street bridge

was another arch with paintings and commemorative figures. Then the procession continued through Baltimore, Bond and Pratt Streets, up Gay, to the Exchange. On Gay Street were lined the boys of the different schools.¹ At the Exchange there were addresses and many of the veterans were introduced to the General. After more processioning and more salutes which finally overcame the composure of the General, he was escorted to the Fountain Inn.

Of course there was a great ball, which was given the following evening. Not only were the Assembly Rooms ready for the occasion, but a communication had been made between them and the Holliday Street theatre. A flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the hero. The walls were tapestried with crimson drapery, supported in a series of festoons by upright spears, from whose points were suspended civic crowns, forming a pleasing and classic frieze. At the upper end was a couch on which the General was seated, canopied by a tent-like fold of blue drapery thrown over the shaft of a projecting spear, from whose point pended a crown of laurels. On the drapery at the back of the General was a brilliant "F" glittering with thirteen stars and opposite was the orchestra where, as Lafayette entered, the band of the Fifth Regiment played "Washington's Grand March". Beneath the orchestra was a mantelpiece on which was placed a bust of Hamilton, and on the fireboard, as it was called, was a map of the campaign of Virginia. The Governor of Maryland was already present. About nine o'clock, the General was conducted into the theatre through a superb arch at the extremity of the stage with the whole array of beauty and decorations in full view. As he passed through the arch the gaslight flashed like magic into a blaze equal to day, the band playing as he entered "Lafayette's Grand March". He was then led around a circle of boxes filled with well-dressed ladies and presented to them, and as soon as he had made the circuit, the signal was given for the dances and instantly the "hand-

¹ On the margin of the page in a much battered copy of Scharf's *Chronicles* which tells of the school boys is written in the hand of the patriarch, the Rev. Dr. George A. Leakin, "I saw him".

somely chalked" floor was covered with the beautiful and gay.

The supper was set in five long tables. An oval table crossed the upper end of the center one, furnished in a richer style than the rest with superb French china, candelabra, vases, lamps, ormolu, candlesticks and vessels of silver of which elegance, loaned to grace the occasion, many relics remain to this day. Toasts followed, and just before the ladies retired, General Lafayette rose and asked permission to offer the following toast: "The Baltimore ladies; the old gratitude of a young soldier mingles with the respectful sense of new obligation conferred on a veteran." The ladies rose and made their deepest curtsies and, says the chronicler, the effect "is not to be described".

His visit in America lasted through the year. Lands and bounty were afforded him by Congress and his return was made in state upon a man-of-war.

As Mr. Gilmer in 1844 had read to the Maryland Historical Society, his recollections of sixty years earlier, so in 1880 the Hon. J. H. B. Latrobe gave his reminiscences of Baltimore in 1824. By way of introduction to his theme, Mr. Latrobe sketched the Baltimore which met the vision of Lafayette when he visited us in that year. To one coming up the harbor at that time, the only building on the left from the Fort to Federal Hill was the town powder house; on the right beyond the Lazaretto, much the same was to be said, except for some houses where the Philadelphia turnpike crossed Loudenslager's Hill. "What is Canton now, was then little better than old fields as far as the marts of the shipping which hid the houses of Fell's Point from the approaching visitor". According to Mr. Latrobe's recollection, "there were no Bay steamers then to line as now the west side of the basin. The wheat, oyster and wood pungies reigned supreme in the cul-de-sac of the port". Then, starting with the corner known as Cook's,—the northeast corner of Baltimore and Eutaw Streets—Mr. Latrobe reviewed the appearance of the western limits of Baltimore Town. There was a range of warehouses in this vicinity "that often wanted tenants in consequence, it was

said, of being too far out of town". On the corner of Paca Street was the General Wayne Inn and a "scant sprinkling of insignificant houses on either side of Baltimore Street westward". To the west was the McHenry estate and Willow Brook, the country residence of Mr. John Donnell.

From Cook's corner, eastward, "Lafayette commanded a view of Baltimore Street to the Bridge over the Falls, the houses on either side being not unaptly compared to a country militia on a field day—ranked without regard to size, clothing or bearing".

Mr. Latrobe was most detailed in his description of "the court end of the city", which was "then in the middle of it, on Gay Street, south of Baltimore": and he locates the houses of Robert Oliver, R. L. Colt, William Gilmore, Colonel Tenant, Judge Purviance, General Harper and Messrs. Robert Gilmore, Dugan and Hollins. Nearby, in what is now Exchange Place, lived John Donnell and Robert Gilmore, Sr., and on South Street, William Patterson: while on Gay, north of Baltimore, was the town house of John Ridgely of Hampton. In Old Town, opposite Claggett's brewery, was the house built by Christopher Deshon, an emigrant from San Domingo, which at the time of Lafayette's visit was the town residence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. East of the bridge on Baltimore Street were the two McKims, Isaac and William. On the west side of Monument Square were the dwellings of Smith and Buchanan; on Fayette Street, those of Alexander Brown and Dr. Birkhead; on Holliday Street, George Brown and the Wilsons and John McKim. Dominating the heights, now, was the Cathedral with the Unitarian Church on the slope between it and the Washington monument. "This last, surrounded by its scaffolding, was in Howard's woods; and a rough embankment of earth, taken from the foundation of the structure, projected southwardly into the ravine now occupied by Centre Street and was the beginning of what is now Charles Street. To the east of the Cathedral the eye ranged 'the meadow', . . . taking in the old castellated jail, the penitentiary, and the roofs of the houses in Old Town, and resting on the range of hills on which

stood the Maryland Hospital. Improvements at this time on Charles Street did not extend beyond Mulberry Street. . . ."

In like interesting detail Mr. Latrobe sketched the characteristics of the newer section for outside trade by land, from Howard Street out Franklin and Pennsylvania Avenues, where one saw the great Conestoga wagons and the famous inns of that part of the city.

He noted the many nationalities which made up the people of Baltimore. Among the merchants Robert Oliver represented the Irish and William Patterson the Scotch, while the Williamses were originally of Welsh descent. Pascault, Didier, Deshon and D'Arcy show the French influence: Von Kapf, Brune, Mayer and Hoffman, the German. Of the lawyers, too, he had much to say. Pinkney was dead, but Taney, Wirt, Harper, Winder, Meredith, Glenn, Mitchell, Richardson, McMahan, Schley, Nelson, Dulany (Grafton), Gwynn, and, closing the list, Johnson were affectionately recalled.

Then after some words about the "sights of Baltimore"—the gas works, Peale's Museum, the Holliday Street theatre, and the library, Mr. Latrobe reminded his hearers of the interesting fact that the fashionable promenade in 1824 was not on North Charles Street, as it was when he spoke, but on the banks of "the canal", or millrace, some twelve feet wide which fed the pump house at the corner of Saratoga and Calvert Streets. With a few paragraphs upon the society of Baltimore fifty years before the time of his discourse, Mr. Latrobe brought his sketch to a close.

Mr. Latrobe, we have said above, noted the absence in 1824 of the numbers of steamboats which later formed such a characteristic of the harbor. But, as we have seen, it was one of these new craft which brought Lafayette to Baltimore, instead of the gallant steed which had borne him down to the Head of Elk on his first visit to us: and other steamboats were in the Patapsco to welcome him. Thus for some years prior to 1824 the waters of the Bay had been bearing the first steamboats, of which one, the *Chesapeake*, Edward Trippe, master, had been built at the

end of McEldery's wharf, while another, the *Eagle*, ran like the *Chesapeake*, to Frenchtown on the route to Philadelphia. As early as 1813 both ran excursion trips. In 1817 was built in Baltimore, the *Virginia*, to run to Norfolk. But much more important was the beginning, in 1817, of the activities of George Weems who, like his father, David Weems, was one of the typical sea captains of the early days. He saw the possibilities of the new source of power and established the Weems Steamboat Line. The steamboats of this and other companies soon plied the Bay and the rivers with so much more speed and so much more certainty than had been possible for the sailing craft that the *Chesapeake* and its tributaries were awakened to a new commercial and social intercourse. Thinking in terms of the automobile, the skeptic of today may wonder that such deliberate travel as that of the steamboat could be of any avail. But there are those who can testify to the delights which came to eager souls who, in the round trip on the Weems's steamers, had time not only to make their observations but to chronicle them, and who, in this only means of intercourse with the remote parts of southern Maryland, found quite the equivalent of the meteoric European trip of today.

But it was many a year before the steamboats displaced, for the more extended voyages, the tall masts of the clipper ships; and the waterside, especially that of Fell's Point, continued to be one of the greatest points of interest around Old Baltimore and perhaps was the last to yield to change. That most beautiful of all sights, a ship in full sail, has vanished, and the houses of the old sea captains are gone, but the memories of them still linger today in the writer's mind. Her father, the patriarch, dearly loved this portion of his cure in what was then East Baltimore. Most unique and beautiful too, were the furnishings of the homes which housed the men who went down to the sea in ships. The heavy oiled wall paper, where were portrayed lords and ladies on their hunting expeditions, with falcon on wrist and with dogs at the horses' heels, making their way through the thick forest—all this was really educational to

the children who absorbed through the pastoral visits on which they accompanied their father in these journeys many advantages in art and geography. The quaint old china, also, the Bohemian glass in decanters, tumblers and slender pitchers, found not only in the red but in the strong contrast of a delicate yellow, and the musical clocks, the echoes of which still remain, are very delightful remembrances in this work-a-day world. There were the old ship chandleries, in which anything and everything might be bought, and which gave forth delightful odors of spices, coffee and other foreign products, together with the good clean smell of the oakum which filled the lofts; whence, through the telescope, one had a wonderful view down the river to the Seven Foot Knoll. In the flotsam and jetsam of such chandleries and shops were the parts of wrecks of ships, and it was somewhat startling to see an extremely human figure and be told that it had been the figurehead of a brave ship which sailed out of Baltimore with its presiding deity to the fore, as in later years the *Mary Whitridge* made her successful voyages with the matron of the family as her guide.

The men who brought the ships into port, with great knowledge of currents and channels, constituted a class of their own. Many who followed the sea were the younger members of the very large families descended from some of our most substantial settlers of the early days, to which the names of Vaughn, Hebb, Tongue and others go back. The pilots were an independent group and it was not until a comparatively late date that they were organized. The church attendance of the captains, mates, and sailors was unusually good, and prayers were always offered for their sailing. Sometimes the messages asking such petitions were rather confused, as when an assistant minister, young and near-sighted, read with an omission of commas that edified those who heard him, "Captain Johnson about to go to sea his wife desires the prayers of the congregation".

But with all the increasing prosperity of Town and Point and the rapid growth of wharfage, institutional buildings, monuments and mansions, Baltimore continued to possess

that added enrichment of a suburban countryside, a survival of the old plantation days that has left a permanent stamp on an urban community. Of this characteristic we have a charming estimate written, just at the time with which this chapter has to do, by one of the most distinguished residents of Baltimore, William Wirt. Of what he had seen on a morning walk which had brought him two and a half miles out of Baltimore to take breakfast with a friend, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Wirt penned for his daughter this delightful bit of description:

"After feasting my eye . . . I turned round my face to resume my walk into the country, when all its soft beauties burst by surprise upon me. For while I had been looking back on town, bay, and fort, the sun had risen and was now so high that its light was pouring full upon hill and valley, field and forest, blazing in bright reflection from all the eastern windows of the hundreds of country houses that crowned the heights around me, and dancing on all the leaves that waved and wantoned in the morning breeze. . . . The sites of the houses are well selected—always upon some eminence, embosomed amid beautiful trees, from which their white fronts peep out enchantingly; for the houses are all white, which adds much to the cheerfulness and grace of this unrivalled scenery".

In his sketch of Baltimore in 1824, Mr. Latrobe, besides listing and locating the town houses of some of the principal citizens of that day, mentioned a few of the estates which surrounded the town and of which some were beginning to be drawn within its expanding borders. Such were Willow Brook, the Donnell mansion in the vicinity of the present Franklin and Union Squares, and the McHenry estate, called Fayetteville, situated in the neighborhood of the present Baltimore and Fremont Streets. A part of the tract was later comprised in the Winans place, Alexandroffsky, whose name links the railroad history of Russia with that of Baltimore. From some of the travellers whose accounts we have cited has come mention of others of the country places of earlier days, such as the mansion of William Fell, which we have seen later in the possession of

Luther Martin, and the Lux place, Chatsworth, which, like Mount Clare, received the notice of John Adams. Chatsworth was located to the west of Green Street near Franklin, "half a mile from town". Of Mount Clare we shall have more to say below. Of Auchentorlie, which belonged to Dr. George Buchanan, one of the commissioners who laid out Baltimore in 1729, and a part of which, later known as Druid Hill, came into the possession of the Rogers, we are reminded today in Druid Hill Park: as Patterson Park recalls the gift of William Patterson on Hampstead Hill, and Greenmount Cemetery the beneficence of Robert Oliver. Homewood, still beautiful in its design of the year 1800, has been mentioned in our account of the Catons. It serves as a connecting link between the city residences and the country life of the Carrolls at Doughoregan Manor, Brooklandwood, the distant Carrollton in western Maryland and their Annapolis properties. The Ridgely place, also, the beautiful Hampton, still remains well outside the limits of the city. All these serve to remind us of the country life that persisted long after the founding of our town. To write in detail of all, even if it were possible, would take too many pages of this book. But as we say good-bye to the Baltimore of olden days, there are a few mansions which, by reason of their representative character and the signal importance of those who dwelt there, seem to merit some further words of comment.

Montebello, situated about two miles north of Baltimore Town in the very region where Mr. Wirt stopped in his morning walk to survey the beauties of the scene, was the estate of General Samuel Smith. General Smith's forebears had been among those families of Scotch and Irish origin that arrived in Baltimore around the middle of the eighteenth century. By the time of the Revolution Samuel Smith's father was regarded as one of the wealthiest merchants of Baltimore. Samuel Smith himself went with Smallwood as Captain, became Lieutenant Colonel, and, after the heroic defence of Fort Mifflin, of which we have already taken note, was honored with a sword by a grateful Congress. That the working of iron, which had played

such a part in bringing our town of Baltimore into being, was still significant in the city's growing wealth was evidenced when Samuel Smith's fellow townsman, James McHenry, wrote of him that he was "largely in the iron works, a man of great wealth"; but the remainder of McHenry's comment "without skill in public affairs" was to be contradicted by the political activity long and varied, if not always happy, which fell to the lot of General Smith. Together with his brother Robert, Samuel Smith was as prominent in Democratic party politics as McHenry was on the Federalist side. He represented Maryland in the House of Representatives from the Third to the Seventh Congress, inclusive, and again from the Fourteenth to the Seventeenth, and in the Senate from 1803 to 1815 and from 1822 to 1833.

According to Griffith's *Annals*, General Smith had built in town on the north side of Water Street, in 1796, a house on a plan of his own design which was "executed" by John Scroggs, Robert Stewart and James Mosher, builders. But already before this, as early as 1792, he had begun to buy land for the estate which he afterwards called Montebello. There is a tradition that the house was being built when the French, under Marshall Lannes, defeated the Austrians at Montebello, in June, 1800, and that the General, a great admirer of the French, named his place in honor of this victory. Mr. Lawrence Fowler, to whose energy we owe the careful study of the architectural design of the residence, has suggested that it may have been the visitations of yellow fever that drove General Smith, like others of his townsmen, to build a safer mansion in the suburban hills. At any rate, land was secured from many older plots—from Gorsuch's Folly, Sheridan's Discovery, Broad's Improvement, Ensor's Choice, Merryman's Chance, Lovelace's Addition, and Orange, until over five hundred acres had been accumulated. Here was built the mansion "gayer and more villa like" than Homewood, but with details of interior working which suggest that the "same men must have 'executed' the work at both places". Here, during the long period of forty years of General Smith's political life,



Charles Carroll, Barrister, of Mt. Clare.

he and his wife, Margaret Spear, "a beautiful and imperious woman", welcomed to the hospitality of Montebello, among other eminent Europeans and Americans, General Lafayette, the Duc de Montebello and Prince Achille Murat, and the Presidents of the United States, with whom General Smith was associated. In 1835, when the bank riots menaced Baltimore, his fellow citizens summoned him for the restoration of order and made him mayor: and the expression of a grateful people has survived in the words which closed a contemporary manuscript life of Samuel Smith:

Washington saved his country
General Smith, his city.

Of Mount Clare, the house of Charles Carroll, "chyrurgeon"—as he described himself—we have seen glimpses already, especially in the mention of it by John Adams. In some of Dr. Carroll's early daybooks, historical treasures which are now being published in the *Maryland Historical Magazine*, one reads at the head of the page the legend, "Laus deo In Maryland". Just what was the meaning to him of this special thanksgiving we shall perhaps never know. A slender link of connection with the old world in contrast with the complete removal of his life to Maryland appears when to his relative, Daniel O'Carroll, who kept the prefix of the name, and who seems to have been expatriated, like Dr. Carroll himself, the latter wrote from Annapolis in 1748, that, although now the only son of his family, he did not expect "to inherit Clanlisk, Ballibrit, Leap, Castle Town, or any other Part or a Foot in Ely O'Carroll"—the last, the age-long inheritance of his clan.

Charles Carroll, always known as the Barrister, took the distinguishing title as the line of his name was multiplied until he begged for the identification, which was given him. From his rooms at the Middle Temple, Garden Court Library, Stair Case No. 2, London, he came to Maryland in 1757, just in time to receive his father's last instructions. He lost no time in taking up the government of his domain,

in the season occupying his home in Annapolis, but gravitating more and more to his Patapsco home, as he still calls it.

The house remained in the family for a much longer period than any other of its age, and was finally purchased by the Park Board of Baltimore who deserve an immortal reward for their care and the restoration of the old building. The Maryland Society of the Colonial Dames of America was indeed fortunate in procuring through the courtesy of the Park Board the lease of the property, for the purposes of an historical museum. As a result, so little has the structure been changed, that if the Barrister could step out of his coach and four—the coach not too low hung and with springs chosen for the rough road—he would not feel a stranger in his old house. Time fails us to give more detail. From old prints there seems to have been only one wing with perhaps a small balcony thrown from a window or door which still remains on the interior at the turn of the staircase. When it was restored by the city officials, a very good reproduction was given of the side offices common in the period. The staircase is very beautifully placed, going up from the small square hall into which one enters from the columned portico.

When the Barrister had brought home with him his bride, Margaret Tilghman, daughter of Matthew Tilghman, Esquire, described as a young lady of great merit, beauty and fortune, the invoices of his importations increased. But these must be read from the descriptions in the Mount Clare book to be found at the "Mount". It is to be noticed that some of the furniture and many of the manuscript account books, silver, lace, etc., are the originals. The long subterranean way which led from the house to the wharf at the river was used for various purposes. Now, for the sake of safety, this passage has been walled up, together with its mysterious little chamber twelve by ten feet in size, close to the house, the use of which is unknown to us. The terraces remain as made by the Barrister and are cared for by the Park Board.

Charles Carroll, Barrister, though he took a part of



From etching by Robert H. Fisher

MT. CLARE

singular importance in the pre-Revolutionary days, was one of those who refused to believe that independence was to be the final outcome. As Mr. Delaplaine has shown in his *Life of Thomas Johnson*, when Sir Robert Eden desired to maintain friendly relations and accepted the Barrister's invitation to a notable dinner at the latter's house at Annapolis, this was the last feast at which the erstwhile friends ever sat together. Charles Carroll lived to see the surrender of Yorktown.

The forebears of Colonel John Eager Howard had also accumulated wealth in the pre-Revolutionary days, and when the colonel returned to Baltimore after his valiant service in the battles of the Revolution, he, too, prepared to build him a more stately mansion. We are accustomed to think of those days as quiet in contrast with our modern life, but it appears that at the close of the war, the unrest of the hour made it difficult to procure labor. So the north and south wings of Belvidere were completed in the heart of Howard's Woods and occupied in 1783, while the central part was not finished until sometime later. This notable contribution to the cordon of beautiful old mansions surrounding the town seemed to gather up within its stately frame all the memories and traditions of the Revolutionary period, and witnessed many a reunion of those who had shared the brilliant achievements of Long Island, Princeton, Monmouth, Germantown, and all the long honor roll of Revolutionary battles.

In 1841 a short reprieve from entire destruction was given to Belvidere when the well-known family of John S. McKim purchased it and exercised the old-time hospitality as long as the march of modern progress would permit. They were the last to keep the doors of the old estate open and have left memories in keeping with the old mansion.

In this case we have to lament that it is only in picture and printed page that Belvidere can be reproduced. For where the great gate stood are rows and rows of modern houses, and in relentless march the streets have long ago gone out through the grounds of the beautiful old mansion with its deer park behind it. The dairy so well known

to former generations disappeared in débris and dirt when Charles Street was graded nearby. Howard's Woods which were long the Park of the town where lovers sauntered and little children plucked the tiny purple "Quaker Ladies" are now gone before the march of progress. But John Eager Howard sits upon his charger at the head of the last boundary of the old line of his estate. He faces the site of his old home and, with the towering shaft of the Washington Monument in the background, while bronze and marble endure, he will tell the future generations how Maryland contributed to the vision of America her best and dearest, her wisest and most worth while.

It would seem to be a safe conclusion, as we look back over the years which metamorphosed Baltimore from a straggling village into a cosmopolitan city, that one of the basic causes for this evolution was the growth of her commerce: and that there was added to this, most happily, a combination with the life of the southern plantation, as it developed in the colonial period in the Chesapeake tide-water region. To this happy mixture we owe, no doubt, that quality which led N. P. Willis to describe Baltimore as the "social Athens" of America, a quality which, we like to hope, it has not altogether lost. But the contact with the outside world brought to us, not merely the possibilities of wealth, but stimuli of an intellectual sort. A community which was built up out of so many factors could not be provincial.

Of the intellectual life of Baltimore as it existed between 1816 and 1825, a highly interesting reminder came to light a decade ago when, to the Maryland Historical Society, were presented the records of the Delphian Club, carefully preserved by its secretary, Dr. John Didier Readell. Many Baltimoreans of today well recall the Tusculum, otherwise known as Gwynn's Folly, a building designed by R. C. Long, which stood on Bank Lane, behind Barnum's Hotel. The Delphian Club, organized in 1816, held meetings in the houses of its members and, in its later years, found in the Tusculum one of its favorite haunts. William Gwynn, like so many others of our early citizens, an Irishman by



From etching by Don Swann

First Monument Erected in Honor of Washington.

birth, was the editor of the *Federal Gazette*, and became the last president of the Delphian Club. Mrs. Flora Byrne, to whose recollections of a "Grandmother" reference has been made before, recalled how her first impression of poetry came when she was a very little girl and Mr. Gwynn and a Mr. Carr, about to enter their carriage, exchanged with each other the salutations:

"Well, Mr. Carr,
Here we are!"

and

"Well, Mr. Gwynn,
Shall we get in?"

Among the other members of the Delphian Club was H. M. Brackenridge, an author of considerable note, originally from Pittsburgh, upon whose description of Baltimore lawyers and Baltimore politics just before the War of 1812 we have drawn so largely. To the Club belonged also Winder and Latrobe, while R. G. Harper, F. S. Key, William Wirt, J. Howard Payne, Rembrandt Peale, and John P. Kennedy were associates, if not members. An important group consisted of three young writers, John Pierpont, John Neal and Paul Allen, all New Englanders, and all well known in literary history. Pierpont, later pastor of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston, and grandfather of J. Pierpont Morgan, was a poet of some ability. John Neal, after the failure of a business venture, contributed to the Baltimore papers and magazines and wrote prose as well as poetry. His autobiography, *Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life*, throws some light on the history of the Delphian Club, and on his experiences in Baltimore generally. Paul Allen of Rhode Island, who edited various journals, collaborated with Nicholas Biddle, in the production of the first edition of the *Journals* of Lewis and Clark, and won high praise from President Jefferson. He, too, was poetical at times. Another of the presidents, Tobias Watkins, edited the magazine, *The Por-*

tico, between 1816 and 1818, in which many of the productions of the members of the Delphian Club appeared.

As the group was composed of men from many different states, so it was not narrow as to the pursuits of those who made up the club. Of the newspaper men and the lawyers we have given some account, but there were also physicians and song-writers; among the latter, S. Woodworth, who wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket", and Payne, who wrote "Home Sweet Home".

Today much revealed by the records of the Club seems to us stupid, verbose and forced. But more important was the fact that the Club brought into contact the young men of Maryland and outsiders: and its members were more important than the Club.

It was John P. Kennedy who, at a fancy dress ball, when Mrs. Byrne, then a young lady, was dressed in an eighteenth century gown, rushed up to her and said, with great *empressement*, "*Did your ladyship ever meet with the immortal Addison?*" When the young lady countered with the answer that she had received an introduction, but that same evening had fallen into a trance, from which she had just awakened, Mr. Kennedy inquired further whether she was not astounded at the advancement that the world had made. She cleverly replied, "Truly so, and in literature especially. I am now reading a novel by one of your American authors, which for graphic description, fine wit and purity of style, can not be surpassed." "Ah! madame, is that so?" said Mr. Kennedy: "Will you favor me with the name of the book?" "Swallow Barn", was the ready reply:—and Mr. Kennedy rushed off, hands to head, amid the laughter of the bystanders.

CHAPTER XXI.

Valedictory

WITHIN the past two years, 1929 and 1930, has been celebrated the Bi-Centennial Anniversary of the first founding of Baltimore Town. But it would be more accurate to speak of anniversaries, for besides that of the Baltimore Town of 1729, Fell's Point likewise took account of its Bi-Centennial, not only in a celebration but in the publication of an historical memoir. To this Bi-Centennial interest this present work has been, in a way, a commemorative gift.

A little over a century ago, and five years after the visit of General Lafayette, the coming of the year 1829 reminded the City of Baltimore that it was one hundred years old: while Mr. Griffith's *Annals* was to remind the citizens that they had a history. The most sorrowful evidence of the passing of time was to be found in the rapid disappearance, in the years just preceding, of the men who had made the city, and who had fought for it. William Fell, the Buchanans, Tench Tilghman, Dr. Wiesenthal, Mordecai Gist, Otho H. Williams, Daniel Dulany, Commodore James Nicholson, Judge James Winchester, Samuel Chase and Reverend William Otterbein had died before the end of the War of 1812: since that war, Colonel Nathaniel Ramsay, James McHenry, Lieutenant Colonel George Armistead, Commodore Joshua Barney, Reverend Dr. James Inglis, General John Swann, William Pinkney, William H. Winder, Robert Goodloe Harper, General John Stricker, Luther Martin, Bishop Claggett and Bishop James Kemp, John Eager Howard, Archbishop Carroll and Archbishop Marechal had passed away. Superimposing on his other claims to fame, that of his great longevity, Charles Carroll of Carrollton remained, soon to be unique

as the last surviving signer of the Declaration of 1776. Very consciously, he bridged the time from the old to the new, leaving his retirement again and again at the call of his fellow citizens, to lend his presence at the initiation of some enterprise that looked to the future.

Such an occasion was utilized to dignify the Centennial Celebration of August 8, 1829. The citizens assembled in Monument Square, where in front of the eastern end of the Court House, were rows of seats for the dignitaries and in the centre a rostrum surmounted by a portrait of Mr. Carroll with an appropriate inscription. After prayer by the Rev. Mr. Snethens, an oration by William George Reed, and the rendition of "Lafayette's Welcome", "Hail, Columbia", "Washington's March", and "Yankee Doodle", by a full band, the exercises in the Square were terminated. But another feature of the day was a procession which left the Masonic Hall in St. Paul's Street and marched to a spot a short distance west of the Falls turnpike road, and south of the first gate, which was reached at about eleven o'clock. Here was another platform with a rostrum, and here the throng once more listened to various prayers, and an address by E. L. Finley. Then the procession, crossing Jones's Falls at the turnpike gate, "came down on the East side of the Falls, passing the Lanvale Cotton Factory, to the York turnpike"; and "entering the City by this Avenue, it passed down Gay to Baltimore Street, and thence to the Masonic Hall, where it was dismissed".

The occasion for this latter celebration was none other than that of the laying of the first stone of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad,—which stone was later removed to the general office building of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Calvert and Center Streets. It forms no part of our plan to enter into the history of this, or the other railroads which were soon to come into being; but only to point out how our first Centennial came in the very years of transition from the older economic system to that age of machinery and industrialism which has brought Baltimore very recently to its second Centennial.

In 1829, not only had both the Susquehanna and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroads been planned, but steam had been applied upon the water. Already, too, had come the whirl of busy spindles and looms and the smoke of modern iron mills, in place of the simple methods of the days of the Carrolls. Besides the application of machinery to industry, had come the beginning of the exploitation of new worlds by the fast ships, whether of sail or steam, which in increasing numbers were to go out from our harbor. The Orient was already well known, and now the revolutions in South America offered new opportunities for commercial expansion, and raised up a new set of merchant princes. Equally important, of course, was the effort of Baltimore in rivalry with other cities to secure her just share of the rapidly growing interior—the ever expanding West.

The lure of the after years is strong. One is tempted to follow the trail of the iron horse across the continent, recalled to us in the recent celebration arranged under the thoughtful management of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; to ponder upon the after development which followed that first message from Washington to Baltimore of the magnetic telegraph, and to tell of the faith and experimentation which led to final success; to watch the clipper ships until they finally yielded to the ocean greyhound; to study the conflict of sectionalism and nationalism in the dark ground of the slavery controversy, as that controversy tore the heart of Baltimore, dividing families and friends. But we must remain within the limit set and leave to others the story of Baltimore's second century. In the first Centennial celebration, of which we have just given an account, the editor of the *Baltimore American*, after a very interesting summary of the history of the city, closed with words which we think may well be here reproduced for our edification:

“In the revolution of another Century, what yet more mighty changes may have happened than those we have been recording! The brick which we have substituted for the rude logs of our forefathers, may be replaced, like that of Rome, by marble; but we hope that it may not be under an Augustus. Other times may come, but not, we trust,

another race than that which has spread over the land the dwellings of liberty, and peopled them with a manly and intelligent race, impatient of servitude."

Even in the great achievements of our twentieth century mechanical industrialism, with its evils and its blessings and its problems, there is need for emphasis on the preservation of individuality. It is for those who wish to retain a sense of the personality of the city which we love so well and who may care to look back to our foundation,—to the ancient rock in Ireland, to the migrations of town sites on the Chesapeake, and to the sturdy beginnings of our Baltimore on the Patapsco,—it is for such as these, that this story of Baltimore's earliest years has been thus set down.

LIST OF AUTHORITIES

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CHAPTER I

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CHAPTER II

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of the Council of Maryland, 1636-1667", pp. 15, 16; Sir William Brereton, *Travels in Holland, the United Provinces, England, Scotland and Ireland, MDCXXXIV-MDCXXXV*, 1844, p. 147; G. E. C. (George E. Cokayne) *The Complete Peerage*, 1910, Vol. I, p. 393.

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CHAPTER III

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CHAPTER IV

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CHAPTER VI

Concerning Governor Sharpe much information, interestingly set forth, is to be found in Lady Edgar, *A Colonial Governor in Maryland, Horatio Sharpe and His Times, 1753-1773*, 1912, pp. 28, 42, 126-128, and, as before,

in *Maryland Archives*, Vol. VI, "Sharpe Correspondence", Vol. I, pp. 210, 378, 461, 557-563. Also important is G. S. Kimball, *Correspondence of William Pitt When Secretary of State with Colonial Governors . . .* 1906, Vol. I, pp. 209, 210, 236, 243, 244, 279. See also *Maryland Archives*, Vol. IX, "Sharpe Correspondence", Vol. II, pp. 279-280. There is a sketch of the Gists, said to be taken from a pamphlet by Charles T. Cockey, in Smith-Allen, *Garrison Church*, p. 129. Very interesting notes by a most distinguished authority are to be found in Dr. Christopher Johnston's paper, "Gist Family of Baltimore County", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. VIII, 1913, p. 373ff. David Ridgely, *Annals of Annapolis*, 1841, pp. 130-131, tells of the smallpox in Annapolis. As to the Acadians see Rowland, *Carroll*, Vol. I, p. 27, and especially B. Sollers, "The Acadians Transported to Maryland", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. III, 1908, p. 1ff. Again some interesting items have been culled from the Galloway Papers in the Library of Congress. Interesting details as to Sharpe and Fort Frederick are in W. McCulloh Brown's article, "Fort Frederick" in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XVIII, 1923, p. 101ff. See also for this chapter A. M. Schlesinger, "Maryland's Share in the Last Inter-Colonial War", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. VII, 1912, pp. 119ff., 243ff. In *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. X, 1915, p. 1ff, Mrs. John Ridgely (Helen West Ridgely) has a most interesting paper "Seafaring in Time of War, 1756-1763", which tells of the voyage of Charles Ridgely, Jr., master of the "snow" *Baltimore Town*.

CHAPTER VII

For this chapter there are to be noted the following references to the *Maryland Archives*: Vol. XIV, "Correspondence of Governor Sharpe", Vol. III, pp. 137, 138, 173, 222-227, 256, 262, 273; Vol. XXXI, "Proceedings of Council, 1753-1761, Correspondence of Governor Sharpe, 1754-1765", p. 547; as to the matter of the stamped paper in Maryland, the Sons of Liberty, and the action at Annapolis, David Ridgely, *Annals of Annapolis*, pp. 138-140; Rowland, *Charles Carroll*, Vol. I, pp. 72-73; Lady Edgar, *A Colonial Governor*, p. 228. The letter of John Stevenson is from the Galloway Papers. For Washington's visits to Annapolis, J. C. Fitzpatrick, ed., *The Diaries of George Washington, 1748-1799*, 4 vols., 1925, Vol. II, pp. 34, 35, 82, 125, 196. The letter of Mrs. Bladen as to the Staffordshire ware is from K. M. Rowland, "Maryland Delegates to the Albany Congress" in *Dixie*, Vol. II, 1899, pp. 284-285. For Fell's Point much has been derived from the publication, *Fell's Point Bi-Centennial Jubilee Two Hundredth Anniversary*, with J. E. Keyworth as editor and J. H. Bouse as historian, and particularly from the article written therefor by William Fell Johnson. As to the Bonds, many interesting details were found in the papers of Miss Christiana Bond. A census of 1776 for Deptford Hundred, or Fell's Point, is in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XXV, 1930, p. 271ff. "Correspondence of Governor Eden", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. II, 1907, pp. 1ff., 66, 97, 227, 293, is taken from a manuscript volume

of Eden correspondence presented to the Society by Richard D. Fisher, Esq., who also contributed to the *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. III, 1908, p. 141ff, the interesting paper, "The Case of the 'Good Intent'" with related documents in Vol. III, 1908, pp. 386-387, and Vol. XVI, 1921, pp. 60-62.

CHAPTER VIII

The course of the Revolution in Maryland is outlined by J. Thomas Scharf in his *History of Maryland*, 1879, Vol. II, while the work of Robert Purviance, *A Narrative of Events Which Occurred in Baltimore Town During the Revolutionary War*, is indispensable for the local history. *The Proceedings of the Convention of the Province of Maryland* was published in 1836. *Maryland Archives*, Vol. XI, which contains "Journal of the Maryland Convention July 26-August 14, 1775" and "Journal and Correspondence of the Council of Safety, August 29, 1775-July 6, 1776", William Hand Browne, Editor, pp. vii, 209, 216, 432-433, throws light on some topics, as do Rowland, *Carroll*, Vol. 1, pp. 131, 141-143, Richard Frothingham, *Rise of the Republic of the United States*, 1872, p. 361, and *Life and Works of John Adams*, 1850, Vol. II, Diary, pp. 415-417. Especially valuable as the account of a contemporary is William Eddis's *Letters from America*, 1792. Concerning the maritime warfare of the Revolution, with reference to the part taken by ships from Maryland and particularly from Baltimore, Dr. Bernard C. Steiner, in the article, "Maryland Privateers in the American Revolution", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. III, 1908, p. 99ff, has well summarized the Library of Congress publication "Naval Records of the American Revolution". The story of one of these privateers is told in "The Privateer Lawrence", by Richard D. Fisher, in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. III, 1908, p. 171ff.

CHAPTER IX

Of prime importance for this chapter is Thomas W. Field, *The Battle of Long Island*, 1869, Vol. II in *Memoirs* of the Long Island Historical Society. The paper "Battle of Long Island", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XIV, 1919, p. 110ff, is of value. The poem comes from John Williamson Palmer, *For Charlie's Sake; and Other Lyrics and Ballads*, 1901, pp. 21-25, and is entitled "The Maryland Battalion in the Battle of Long Island". Reference is made also to Rowland, *Carroll*, Vol. I, pp. 138, 243; *The works of John Adams*, 1850, Vol. II, Diary, pp. 433-436; Alexander Graydon, *Memoirs, of a Life chiefly passed in Pennsylvania within the last sixty years with occasional remarks upon the general occurrences, character & spirit of that eventful period*, 1811. Marcus Benjamin has an article "Maryland during the Revolution", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XXIV, 1929, p. 325ff.

CHAPTER X

For this chapter Robert Purviance, *A Narrative of Events Which Occurred in Baltimore Town During the Revolutionary War*, 1849, continues

to be a most valuable source of information and is supplemented by J. T. Scharf, *History of Maryland*, Vol. II. Of great assistance, especially for Lafayette's movements, are Charlemagne Tower, Jr., *The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution*, 1895, Vol. II, pp. 103, 106, 232, 240, 259, 261, 440; *Mémoires Correspondances et Manuscrits du Général Lafayette*, publiés par sa famille, 1837, Vol. I, pp. 185-189, 285-299; *Lafayette in Virginia: Unpublished letters from the original manuscripts in the Virginia State Library and the Library of Congress*, Institut Français de Washington, 1928, pp. vi-ix, 13, 16, 18; and Gilbert Chinard, *The Letters of Lafayette and Jefferson*, 1929, pp. 809-819; also, John A. Stevens, *Expedition of Lafayette against Arnold*, Maryland Fund Publication, 13, p. 18; and W. C. Ford, *Writings of Washington*, Vol. IX, p. 185.

CHAPTER XI

For Lieutenant Reeves there is to be consulted "Extracts from the Letter-Books of Lieutenant Reeves, of the Pennsylvania Line", in *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, Vols. XX and XXI, 1897-1898. Of Baron de Closen one may learn in the interesting article of C. W. Bowen, "A French Officer with Washington and Rochambeau", in *Century*, LXXIII, 1907, pp. 531-538. A part of Closen's Journal, of which a transcript is in the Division of Manuscripts of the Library of Congress, is published as "French Troops in Maryland" in the *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. V, 1910, p. 229ff. The correspondence of Ann Dulany is from the delightful article of K. M. Rowland, "Maryland Women and French Officers", in *Atlantic Monthly*, LXVI, 1890, pp. 651-659. The note concerning the British band is from B. C. Steiner, *Life and Correspondence of James McHenry*, 1907, p. 43. On the proceedings at Annapolis see David Ridgely, *Annals of Annapolis*, pp. 208-214. In general, William Eddis, *Letters from America*, 1792, continues to be helpful.

CHAPTER XII

For this chapter general reference may be made to E. S. Delaplaine, *Life of Thomas Johnson*, 1927, also published serially in *Maryland Historical Magazine*; K. M. Rowland, *Carroll*; and B. C. Steiner, *Life and Correspondence of James McHenry*, 1907. The facts as to the action of Baltimore City and County in electing delegates for the Maryland Convention are taken from B. C. Steiner's article, "Maryland's Adoption of the Federal Constitution", in *American Historical Review*, Vol. V, 1899-1900, pp. 22ff, 207ff.

CHAPTER XIII

For this chapter many of the separate statements of fact are taken from Scharf, *Chronicles*. Robert Gilmore's "Recollections of Baltimore", read before the Maryland Historical Society, May 9, 1844, has been published in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. VII, 1912, p. 233ff. The selection from J. P. Kennedy's discourse is taken from Scharf, *Chronicles*, pp. 233-

234. The verses on Maryland and Baltimore are reprinted in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XIX, 1924, pp. 196-197, from *The Newport Mercury*, June 28, 1790. On the Chevalier d'Annemours an interesting paper was contributed to the *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. V, 1910, p. 38ff., by M. Patenotre, the French ambassador to the United States in 1896. The *Magazine* had already published Vol. I, p. 241ff, an article by Henry F. Thompson, "The Chevalier d'Annemours". Rowland, *Carroll*, Vol. II, p. 200, has a note on Mons. de Perigny. Rev. J. G. Morris contributed to the *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. II, 1907, p. 259ff, an article "Maryland Academy of Science and Literature", which tells of Girardin. On the theatre, R. D. Stewart (Carroll Dulany) writes on "Baltimore is Amused" in *Baltimore, 200th Anniversary, 1729-1929*, published by the *Baltimore Municipal Journal*. The writer has used also a newspaper account of Miss Louise Malloy's paper before the Women's Literary Club. Again reference may be made to Steiner, *McHenry*. Taney's account of Charles Carroll and the announcement of Washington's death is taken by Miss Rowland from Samuel Tyler, *Memoir of Roger Brooke Taney*, 1872, pp. 84, 85. Miss Rowland notes that Taney's recollection as to the second senator was at fault. He was Uriah Forrest, not John Eager Howard.

Certain documents taken from the Executive Archives and published as "Sterett-Hadfield Duel", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. VI, 1911, p. 79ff, throw additional light upon that tragic affair. The beginnings of a new historical literature, that dealing with the history of the fine arts and skilled trades, are marked in such a careful study as that represented by Dr. Henry Berkley's "A Register of the Cabinet Makers and Allied Trades in Maryland, as Shown by the Newspapers and Directories, 1746 to 1820", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XXV, 1930, p. 1ff: and in the interesting work of Dr. J. Hall Pleasants and Howard Sill, *Maryland Silversmiths, 1715-1830 . . .*, 1930.

CHAPTER XIV

Scharf, in his *Chronicles*, compiled much valuable information concerning the religious bodies of Baltimore. For Archbishop Carroll one may consult the old biography by Daniel Brent, edited by John Carroll Brent, *Biographical Sketch of the Most Reverend John Carroll, First Archbishop of Baltimore, with Select Portions of his Writings*, Baltimore, 1843. John Gilmary Shea's *Life and Times of the Most Reverend John Carroll* was published in 1888. The most recent and valuable is Doctor Peter Guilday's *Life and Times of John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore*, 1922; chapter XXI gives the account of Father Carroll's consecration at Lulworth. For the Presbyterians reference must be made to B. C. Steiner, "Presbyterian Beginnings", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XV, 1920, p. 305ff, and the same author's "Maryland's Religious History", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XXI, 1926, p. 1ff. See also "An Early Movement for the Incorporation of the Presbyterian Church in Baltimore City", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. IV, 1909, p. 228ff. The description of Parson

Glendye comes from the article in the *Baltimore Sun* cited in the text. On the changes in the Protestant Episcopal Church an enlightening guide is George B. Utley, *The Life and Times of Thomas John Claggett, First Bishop of Maryland and the First Bishop Consecrated in America*, 1913. For the appearance of Bishop Claggett, Utley cites Bishop Meade's *Old Churches, Ministers and Families of Virginia*, 1857, Vol. I, pp. 34-35. The notes on the Goughs and the Bonds and the poem sent to Madame Susanna Chew Bond come from the Bond papers, to which the writer had access through the kindness of Miss Christiana Bond. Some idea of the ramifications of the Gough-Carroll-Carnan-Ridgely connection may be observed in "Family Bible of Harry Dorsey Gough Carroll", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XXII, 1927, p. 377ff.

A newspaper contribution of distinguished value was embodied in Mrs. Flora Byrne's "Incidents of Other Days: Random Recollections of Man and Manners in Early Baltimore" [written for the *Baltimore Sun*], signed "Grandmother". There are three articles: one covering 1809-1818; a second, 1818-1828; and the third, 1828-1830. From a date mentioned in the articles the publication must have been in 1882 or 1883.

The writer (Mrs. Byrne) was born in Chatham Street, now Fayette, nearly opposite to the location of Barnum's Hotel. Nearby lived Dr. Birckhead and Alexander Brown. She wrote in her seventh decade, the first being 1809-1818. It was her father who introduced vaccination after the plan of Jenner's discovery. He was also a pharmacologist and scientist of note, prominent in the Medical Society of Baltimore.

Of Maximilian Godefroy, the talented but little known architect, some curious fragments of information may be found in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XXI, 1926, p. 273ff.

There are some interesting documents on "The Library Company of Baltimore", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XII, 1917, p. 297ff. On page 311 in the same volume of the *Magazine* are reproductions of some advertisements from the *Baltimore Daily Repository* of 1792-1793.

CHAPTER XV

The statements as to Barney at St. Eustatius and as to Mr. Patterson's early years in America are from Scharf, *Chronicles*, pp. 142 and 482ff. For Joshua Barney one may consult Ralph D. Paine, *Joshua Barney a Forgotten Hero of Blue Water*, 1924, pp. 57-59 [Salute of the flag at St. Eustatia], and 326-329 [Jerome Bonaparte and his American marriage], 345-400 [The War of 1812]. See also Mary Barney, Ed., *A Biographical Memoir of the Late Commodore Joshua Barney from Autobiographical Notes and Journals*, 1832. For the story of Madame Patterson Bonaparte, general reference may be made to the following works: W. T. R. Saffell, *The Bonaparte-Patterson Marriage in 1803*, 1873; E. L. Didier, *The Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte*, 1879; Philip W. Sergeant, *Jerome Bonaparte the Burlesque Napoleon*, 1906; and E. S. Riley, "An Historical Baltimore Romance", in *Dixie*, Vol. II, 1899, p. 508. Some items may be

gleaned from *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson* (Andrew A. Lipscomb, Editor-in-Chief), Memorial Edition, 1903, Vol. X, pp. 424, 425; *Lettres Inédites de Napoléon I^{er}*, 1897, Vol. I, pp. 47, 48; *Correspondance de Napoléon I*, 1805, Vol. X, 1862, pp. 337, 380; *Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantès*, 1832, and her *Memoire of the Emperor Napoleon*, Vol. II, pp. 273, 274; *Lettres Inédites de Talleyrand à Napoléon, 1800-1809*, 1889, pp. 70, 100-102, 120. J. G. Shea, *Life and Times of the Most Reverend John Carroll*, has on p. 511 a copy of Bishop Carroll's certificate of the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson. Interesting papers are reproduced in the legal documents embodied in *Cour Impériale de Paris. Première Chambre Appel Du jugement de la première Chambre du Tribunal de première instance de la Seine, du 15 février 1861. M. Jérôme-Napoléon Bonaparte et Mme Élisabeth Patterson contre S. A. I. Le Prince Napoléon*.

CHAPTER XVI

This chapter is based principally upon H. M. Brackenridge, *Recollections of Persons and Places in the West*, 1824. Concerning the attack on the jail and the sufferings of Lingan, Hanson and the others there is an extensive literature, which includes several contemporary pamphlets.

CHAPTERS XVII AND XVIII

For the successive phases of the War of 1812 *Niles's Register*, the establishment of which in 1811 in Baltimore was an event of itself, is a contemporary source of great value, though far from unbiased in view. Concerning the shipping of Baltimore, and particularly the privateers, Scharf, *Chronicles*, p. 354ff, gives an especially full account. The course of the War of 1812 in Maryland has been made the subject of a special monograph by W. M. Marine, *The British Invasion of Maryland*, in which are reprinted many contemporary documents. Of course there are classic accounts of the diplomatic and military proceedings and the general politics of the period in the standard histories of Henry Adams and J. B. McMaster. The letter of James Ellicott is from a newspaper clipping of several years ago. The letters of D. Winchester, of which these extracts are printed for the first time, were made available through the kindness of the President of the Tennessee Historical Society, Hon. John H. DeWitt, who contributed to the *Tennessee Historical Magazine*, Vol. I, 1915, pp. 79ff., 183ff., a valuable article on General James Winchester. F. B. Focke has some notes on "Winchester-Owens-Owings-Price, and Allied Families", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XXV, 1930, p. 385ff. The story of the Durangs is based on the reminiscences of "an octogenarian named Hendon, a native of Fredericktown, who had left Maryland for Pennsylvania in early youth", taken from *Harper's Magazine* by a writer in the *New York Times* of Sunday, September 10, 1911. The poem "Dennis's Advice to Admiral Cockburn" is printed in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. IX, 1914, pp. 70-72. Of the negotiation of the Treaty of Ghent brief accounts are in K. C. Babcock, "Rise of American Nationality", *American*

Nation Series, 1906, pp. 175, 186, and in J. W. Pratt's "James Monroe", in S. F. Bemis, ed., *American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy*, Vol. III, p. 266ff. For Christopher Hughes, Jr., the writer has followed the articles of Emily Stone Whiteley, "Between the Acts at Ghent", in *Virginia Quarterly Review*, January, 1929, p. 18ff., and "Christopher Hughes, Wit and Diplomatist", in the *Baltimore Sun*, Supplement for January 13, 1929, pp. 11-12. It was in the papers of Christopher Hughes that the five pencil portraits of Adams, Bayard, Clay, Gallatin and Christopher Hughes, executed by P. van Huffel of Ghent, were located. The story of the unearthing of these interesting pictures is told by Miss Elizabeth Donnan in "Papers of James A. Bayard, 1796-1815" in the Eleventh Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, *Annual Report of the American Historical Association* for the year 1913, Washington, 1915, pp. 9-10. A valuable brief sketch of Fort McHenry was written by James E. Hancock and published by the Maryland Trust Company, to commemorate the restoration of the Fort and its dedication as a national shrine. The reminiscences of Captain James Piper, set down in 1854, concerning the defense of Baltimore in 1814 are printed in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. VII, 1912, p. 375ff. See also F. M. Colston, "The Battle of North Point", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. II, 1907, p. 111; and John L. Sanford, "The Battle of North Point", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XXIV, 1929, p. 356ff.

John Stricker, Jr., has a paper on "General John Stricker", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. IX, 1914, p. 209ff. The interesting document, "Admiral Cockburn's Plan", published with a note by the editor in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. VI, 1911, p. 16ff., reproduces an important item in the Cockburn Papers in the Library of Congress. The statement concerning Colonel John Foncier is to be found in "Letters from the State Papers" in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. V, 1910, pp. 182-183. Another document relating to the Fort, written by J. J. Ulrich Rivardi January 15, 1795, is "Fort McHenry in 1795" in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. V, 1910, pp. 291-292.

CHAPTER XIX

Charles Carroll's comment on his prospective son-in-law is to be found in Rowland's *Carroll*, Vol. II, p. 104. For the rest of the chapter the reader will find a fuller account in E. L. Didier, "The American Graces", in *Harper's Magazine*, Vol. LXI, 1880, p. 490ff. There are items of interest in Robert Rouiere Pearce, Esq., *Memoirs and Correspondence of the most noble Richard Marquess Wellesley*, 1846, Vol. III, pp. 387-390. In *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XX, 1925, pp. 123-126, are to be found a letter of Madame Bonaparte to Mrs. Robert Patterson and one of Madame Bonaparte to Mrs. Richard Caton. In *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XVI, 1921, p. 299ff., and XVII, 1922, p. 74ff., Dr. George C. Keidel, in two articles, "Catonsville Biographies", presents, with a bibliography, most valuable sketches of Richard Caton and his wife.

CHAPTER XX

John Quincy Adams's account of his journey to Baltimore in the escort of General Lafayette is in *The Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, Comprising Portions of His Diary from 1795 to 1848*, published by Charles Francis Adams, 1874-1877, Vol. VI, pp. 424-426, or, more conveniently, in Allan Nevins's single volume, *The Diary of John Quincy Adams, 1794-1845*, 1928, pp. 330-331. Part of the account of the entertainment of Lafayette comes from *Niles's Register*. Hon. J. H. B. Latrobe's "Reminiscences of Baltimore in 1824" are found in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. I, 1906, p. 113ff. Interesting, also, is "The Diary of Robert Gilmore", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XVII, 1922, p. 231ff. Although the article of John H. Naff, "Recollections of Baltimore", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. V, 1910, p. 104ff., refers to a rather later period there is much that bears on earlier years which may be profitably compared with the recollections of Mr. Gilmore and Mr. Latrobe. Some notes on steamboats are in G. H. Pouder's article "Our Port's Commercial Growth" in *Baltimore, 200th Anniversary, 1729-1929*, published by the *Baltimore Municipal Journal*. Mr. Wirt's description of the scenery is quoted from the interesting and valuable article of Lawrence Hall Fowler, "Montebello, Maryland", in *The Architectural Review*, Vol. XVI, 1909, p. 145ff.; from which also is taken the account of Montebello given in the text. Dr. Charles Carroll's letter concerning the Irish estates of his family is in the *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XXII, 1927, pp. 376-377. Concerning the evolution of that part of Baltimore of which the Washington monument is the center, so near to John Eager Howard's place Belvidere, Mr. McHenry Howard has written in "The Washington Monument and Squares", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XIII, 1918, p. 179ff. The notes on the Delphian Club come, in part, from the excellent paper of John Earle Uhler, "The Delphian Club, a Contribution to the Literary History of Baltimore in the Early Nineteenth Century", in *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XX, 1925, p. 305ff.

CHAPTER XXI

The account of "Baltimore's Centennial, 1829", taken from the *American* of Saturday, August 8, 1829, in the *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. XXIV, 1929, p. 237ff., has been drawn upon for this chapter.

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